



MAMMY'mongst
the WILD NATIONS
of EUROPE

By Ruthella Mory Bibbins

hbl, stx

PZ 3.B46994M

Mammy 'mongst the wild nations of



3 9153 00514241 1



PZ

3

B46994

M

PLWR

MAMMY

'MONGST THE WILD NATIONS OF
EUROPE



“TO THINK OB DAT ONGODLY PLAY-ACTER IN DIS SACRED
COMP’NY O’ SAINTS, AN’ NOT A SINGLE MERIKIN
HERO ’MONGST DE LOT!”

MAMMY

'MONGST THE WILD NATIONS OF EUROPE

By

RUTHELLA MORY BIBBINS

Illustrated by

FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1904,
By FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.

Published in September, 1904.

All rights reserved.

PZ

3

B46994

M

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. WE DECIDE ON A "TOWER"	I
The wiles of modern, versus Bible kings—No relish for "lions' dens, nor a bu'nin' fi'ry fu'nace"—Mammy relents toward the "wii' nations" of Europe—The "Professor" as cicerone.	
II. THE "WALLED-OFF"	6
" 'Scendin' up, an' descendin' in de 'leviator"—The "Palm-leaf Room," and the "Turkey Saloon"—"Hol'in communion"—The " <i>me-an'-you</i> " incomplete without "co'n-pome"—The guiles of a "meresham pipe."	
III. THE VOYAGE IN A "COON-YARDER"	15
The "Bottomless Pit"—"Tryin' times"—"Rest o.ah Jurdan,"—"De Cap'n-man's commonsense"—"Dis wurl' not roun' like an' apple."	
IV. STRATFORD	19
American versus English celebrities—The "po'try-man's humble lodgment"—The "didos of dem rude, bad boys," Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott—"Misteh Shakespire an' Mis' Hathaway's gyardens not a patch on ole Mistis's"—An "on-godly play-acter"—The stage "a quare kin' o' Sabbath-school"—An artful death-motto.	
V. OXFORD	32
University "savages" and their ways—Mammy interviews "the Eight"—The "bull-dogs's sunshade"—English, as she is spoke—"American," a new world-tongue—Mammy a "Research Student."	

VI. BLENHEIM	47
The Duke and Duchess "turned out"—English and American Queens—Coronation Canopy-holders, past and present—Fickle Fate and the Marlborough fortunes.	
VII. WINDSOR AND ETON	53
Received as Royalty—A "red-rooster" Guardsman—A few "cur-towers" needed—A princely example of original sin—"Aunty-Rooms" and the "Presents Chamber"—No "home comforts" for Kings and Queens—Oxford vs. Eton ; or "grave and 'tater hats" vs. "chimney-pots."	
VIII. LONDON	66
Old World and New—Magna Charta—British Museum "Stat-oo-airy"—The "Rose-etty Stun and Pharaoh's Bathtub"—No "'njoymint in Inglish Buryin's"—The British "Crownier" and a maiden of 400 Summers.	
IX. THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY	76
Lark-Pudding at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese—We sit in the "Seats of the Mighty"—Un-han'some Cabbies and the London Inferno—Genesis of the "Stars an' Stripes"—"Martyr-cars" and "Auto-brooms."	
X. THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES	88
Mammy's First Lesson in French—"Cyan't you talk plain United States, you po' thing?"—Mammy's sympathy for Mr. Herbert Spencer.	
XI. THE APPALLING IGNORANCE OF THE ENGLISH CONCERNING AMERICA—AND BOSTON!	93
Choctaw, the native American tongue—Paris to the fore, "U. S. is spoken here"—College Yells, versus War Whoops—A Bostonian, a distinct feature in Paradise—American Slang an effective Mitten—An American Girl and the "heir-presumptuous."	

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XII. HYDE PARK ACQUAINTANCES . . . Rotten Row—Church parade, and English toilets— “Young Men to Let”—A New Scheme for “the States”—The Professor makes a scientific study of the Park lover—Mammy plans to celebrate “de glor’yus Fo’th!”	105
XIII. THE TOWER OF LONDON . . . Beef-eaters—The Crown-jewels—A new place for a garter—“Henry de Ate, de fust English Mormon”— Coats of mail versus matrimony.	119
XIV. OUR PARLIAMENTARY EXPERIENCES . Mammy takes tea with a marquis—No use for kings an’ queens an’ things in the States—The Marquis still a “seeker”—We behold the creation of a peer and are caged behind the “grille”—We take tea on the Ter- race, and the baby nearly “takes a hoop”—The “Markis’s glass-eye” and “crownet.”	127
XV. “MADAME TOO-SO’S WAX WU’KS” . “Wax-wu’ks” and the French Revolution—“De heavin’-ches’ lady”—Blue Beard and his “relics”— Smooth temper and smooth visage—“Arnychists received on probation.”	146
XVI. MAMMY’S “SHOPPING EXERTION” . Oxford circus not a zoo ; but a “bullyvard”— Muslin or “white caliker?”—“Do you mean a reel o’ thread?”—The English “so perlite fer furriners”— Cleanliness, “nex’ do’ to Godliness.”	152
XVII. THE ZOO The “camuel” and the “temp’rance plaidge”— The “ephalunt” as a “fus’ class fiah-injine”—The eagle “the right imblim for U. S.”—The pea-cock’s “Phar’see airs”—“Dem ole-time folks,” de monkeys.	161
XVIII. ST. PAUL’S “CATHEDRUM” . . . “Cherrybim an’ serryphim”—“Proper precau- tions”—Battle-field and feather-bed heroes—“A	169

nerve-rackin' sarvice"—"Good Lawd, deliver us!"
—Chapel vs. Church—Bird-carols at "the Found-
ling."

XIX. THE "WEST MINISTER'S CHU'CH—

DE H'ABBEY " 180

"A levelin' place"—"Mis' Queen 'Liz'buth, an'
Mis' Mary Scot"—"Mis'ry seats"—"De knave,"
or "de virgun," which?—A "play-acter 'mongst
de company ob saints"—"Indo'-graveya'ds," and
their merits—"Amerikin heroes, all daid heroes."

XX. AN ENGLISH SPRING 192

Top-coats and mittens in June—Icicles vivant
—Mustard-leaves and the War Office—Creature com-
forts—"I'se gwine back to Dixie"—Ongrateful
hearth-fires—Mr. Ruskin and Mammy on "travel"
—Anglo-Roman vs. American Roads.

XXI. SALISBURY 202

How Mammy came near "gittin' 'ligion" in a ca-
thedral—The only Church—A Religious Monopoly—
Sheep and goats.

XXII. ENGLISH, VERSUS "HOME-EATIN'S". 210

The fatted calf, husks and the prodigal son—
An invitation for the "Crownation"—Mammy's
weakness for a Paris confection—Paris or New York,
which?—On to "Paris-bijou"

XXIII. PARIS-bijou 219

Dernière mode—Hautes nouveautés—Mammy's
"cat-sang Frank" bunnit—The almighty dollar an
international coin—European multometallism.

XXIV. OUR "WEEK-END" AT CASTLE BEN- BOW. 230

How I "hold-up" a noble lord—A royal victim to
"buckwheat cakes, and co'n-pome"—Mammy "puts a
spell" on a King, and then throws His Majesty over

CONTENTS

ix

CHAPTER.

PAGE.

—The Marquis on view—Problem of a peeress—Mr. Punch's solution—"Tention! Coronets!"—Dixieland, befo' de war and since.

XXV. LONDON IN "CURL-PAPERS" . . . 261

London in "curl-papers"—Seat-testing—Piccadilly in "widders' weeds" and the "garbage of woe"—Mammy a malignant prophet—The "Crownation" postponed—Compensation.

XXVI. THE DAY, AND THE DEED, BUT ANOTHER MAN. . . . 267

Coronation day at Hampton court—How we "coronated"—Lost in the Maze—"Found at last!"

XXVII. CORONATION INTERLUDES. . . . 276

The King's Dinner—"Oh, what a jolly death!"—A standing need in England, a noble "kick-off"—A ducal turf-cutter—A royal bazaar—England's "sky-pilots" saved and her destiny insured.

XXVIII. THE CORONATION. . . . 285

The Day, the Deed, and the Man—A Parliamentary view—From Palace to Abbey—Side-shows—A peer's point of view—The Primate and the "widower"—A fish story and a fairy tale—A new version of Cinderella—The King is crowned at last!

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

"To Think ob Dat Ongodly Play-Acter in Dis Sacred Comp'ny o' Saints, an' not a Single Meriken Hero 'Mongst de Lot!"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"I'd Tek His 'Pinion Befo' Hangin' up a Clo'es-line Mos' Same's My Own." <i>Facing Page</i>	18
"Han'some is as Han'some Does, Young Man; But You'll Nevur Hab no Cause to Know it!"	" " 76
"Some Dem Monks is Kin to Folks I Knows, An' Neah Kin Too!"	" " 168
"'Twarn't Nuthin' But Dem Cakes Done it Nohow. Jes' Like a Man!"	" " 236
"Is Dese Heah Big Samplers Yo' Own Handywuk, Mum? Dey Sutney Does You Proud.	" " 242
"Ain' de Markis a Fine Figger ob a Man in Dem Flowin' Robes?"	" " 248
"'De Queen Looked Straight at Me An' Smiled,' So She Jubilantly Affirmed."	" " 288

MAMMY

'Mongst the Wild Nations of Europe

CHAPTER I.

WE DECIDE ON A "TOWER."

The wiles of modern, versus Bible, kings — No relish for "lions' dens, nor a bu'nin' fi'ry fu'nace" — Mammy relents toward the "wil' nations" of Europe — The "Professor" as cicerone.

"NO, honey, you'll nuver tote dis chile ovah yonder 'mongst all dem wil' nations."

This was the pragmatic veto with which Mammy greeted our proposal of a trip abroad, and which for the moment threatened to frustrate all our plans.

It was late last spring when my friends, Dr. Davenport Irving and his wife, (formerly Virginia Fairfax, my college room-mate,) found this long-cherished wish of theirs about to be consummated.

The sudden illness of Virginia's father had prevented their honeymoon journey abroad several years before; and the advent of a baby daughter had kept the twain amply occupied since.

Now baby Doris was a bouncing damsel of three, with never a day's illness in her life, thanks to her devoted black Mammy, once Virginia's abject slave, now no less that of Virginia's baby daughter.

On the baby's arrival, Mammy had been transported North from old Virginia, and proudly boasted she'd "nuver lef' Mis' Jinny 'n de baby, sence de baby war bawn."

Many a time her grandmotherly heart had been distraught with a yearning desire to see the pickaninnies in the far Southland; but Mis' Jinny's golden-haired darling held her in chains of thralldom far more strenuous than any bondage she had known "befo' de Wa'!"

"I'se like de 'postle in de Bible, kinder anxious to depart, honey; but mo'n willin' to be forebber wid you 'n de chile," she said tenderly, "an' den I jes' know de baby could 'n git 'long 'thout her ole Mammy, now could you, darlin'?"

The indignant protest of the little maid echoed fondly as her old nurse gathered her up in her arms, and with her golden locks resting in the folds of Mammy's warm brown neck the picture made a not unfitting counterpart, in black and white, to the Madonna della Sedia.

It had often been suggested that she could go home on a brief visit, for a sight of the "pic'nees," — the balm of Gilead, which she so coveted; but the suggestion was always greeted with:

"Now go 'long, Mis' Jinny, how'd you s'pose I'se gwine ter lib' 'thout my li'le Missie?"

Now, indeed, a new trouble had arisen.

Dr. Irving having served his University long and well for full seven years, was granted his year of jubilee — the Sabbatical year's absence which had always been set apart for a tour abroad.

I was visiting Virginia at the time, and since it was not now a honeymoon journey, I was at once included in the preparations.

"Of course you'll go, Carolyn!" exclaimed both Virginia and Dr. Irving, and not a hint of refusal was even listened to.

"You know we were to have gone together the very summer Davenport carried me off," added Virginia conclusively, as if that settled the matter.

And so it was agreed; and the year was, at once, divided into suitable apportionments by calendar and Baedeker.

But the year which was such a dream of anticipation to us was a yawning chasm to Mammy. It stretched she knew not whither, and in it were engulfed her precious Cornelian jewels, the baby and Virginia. Finally, when her woes found expression, we replied:

"Why, of course you are to go with us, Mammy," her refusal to accompany the baby being a contingency of which we had never even dreamt.

But would she go? When first broached to her, her answer was the decided ultimatum before quoted:

"No, honey, you'll nuver tote dis chile ovah yonder 'mongst all dem wil' nations. I 'specs dey ain' got a cheer nur a table, let 'lone a spring-baid 'mongst de lot ob 'em; an' co'se dey don' eat wid knives an' fo'ks. Umph, ketch me!"

We assured her that in some respects they had reached a state of civilization as advanced as our own.

To convince her, we produced pictures illustrating the effete civilization of the "wil' nations" of Europe.

But we found that kings and queens were but flaunting the red rag in her good democratic face.

"Humph! jes' what I 'spected," she responded convincingly. "Ef de kings in de Bible cas' Dan'l, Shadrack, 'n Bedyego inter de fi'ry fu'nace, seben times het up, an' hotter' n a wash-b'iler, an' inter de lions' den, what you s'pose common or'nery kings would do in dese onrighteous days? No, thankec, honey!

"I likes a good hot oven; but I ain't willin' ter fernish de bobbycue (barbecue) myse'f, an' I ain't hankerin' arfter no lions' dens, nuther."

"But, Mammy," we reasoned, "the Lord is just as powerful to protect people nowadays as then," and we thereupon luckily bethought us of a volume of "Cathedrals of England," upon which we expatiated with a zeal and ardor worthy of the most proselyting churchman.

When we told her all these churches existed in a country not as big as Virginia, she replied:

"Go 'way now, chillun, is dat so? Well now, ef dey's got meetin'-houses as big an' as gran' as dat, I 'specs dey cyan't all be heethens!" And we saw the momentous question of the "tower abroad" was decided so far as Mammy was concerned.

She added warningly, however, "Well, ef I go, de Perfessor 'll hab his han's full enlightenin' me what to see, an' say, an' not say. He'll be sorry fer his barg'in, I reckon, 'fo' he gits shet ob it," and she laughed heartily over the Professor's lack of foresight. He accepted the contract so willingly, however, that Mammy's last defense was broken down, and she was at our disposal.

Although the Professor is a full-fledged Ph.D., and known at the University, in dignified parlance, as "Dr. Peyton Davenport Irving," Mammy's sobriquet the "Perfessor" clings to him persistently among his intimate friends, for the reason they insist laughingly which Mammy gives, "'cause his perfessions ain't no mo' den his actions."

When he objects, and says he feels like a piano-tuner or a tonsorial artist, they respond in Mammy's loyal words, "Ah, but my dear fellow, remember, 'taint eb'rybody kin be called a Perfessor rightly; mos' folkses perfessions is mo' n dey knowledge; but de Perfessor knows a sight, an' his actions 'lustrates it. Look at de books dat man has wrote, an' de size de hat he weahs! My! but he's got a haid-piece.'"

So with "de Perfessor ob Hist'ry and Perlitical Signs," as Mammy calls him, as our guide and cicerone, we felt equal to an onslaught upon the "Triple Alliance" or any other combination which might be found to exist, when we had, as the young man remarked to Macaulay, "pinioned the Atlantic."

CHAPTER II

THE "WALLED-OFF"

"'Scendin' up, an' descendin' in de' 'leviator" — The "Palm-leaf Room" and the "Turkey Saloon" — "Hol'in Communion" — The "*mean'-you*" incomplete without "*co'n-pome*" — The guiles of a "*meresham pipe*."

AS we had a little preparatory shopping to do, some steamer chairs, a rug or two, and other nautical paraphernalia to procure, we stopped in New York for a day or so before sailing.

We stayed at a well-known hostelry (which Mammy termed, phonetically, the "Walled-off Castoria") in order, as the Professor said, to be able to compare the best on the other side with the best on this.

Mammy's previous experience of hotels was very limited, and her ideas of equipment were so enlarged by the appointments of this luxurious establishment that everything in Europe on a smaller scale, even in kings' palaces, was afterward quite below par in her estimation.

She wasted no time in becoming acquainted with the *modus operandi* of this to her fascinating institution. When we left her at home with the baby the day before our departure, we learned on our return that she had spent the morning "'scendin' up, an'

descendin' like Jacob's ladder in de 'leviator." She had made fast friends with one of the 'leviator men," whose uniform and white cotton gloves endeared him to her "'cause he favored de prayin' leader ob de buryin' s'ciety down home."

The only drawback to the morning's pleasure was "a quare 'spensation" she confessed to, "a sorter all-gone holler feelin' when de 'leviator is gwine down stairs." This became so poignant that at the suggestion of the obliging elevator conductor, she decided to "'scend down on foot, an' ride up," which seemed to relieve the situation.

It was unfortunately the day before we sailed, and the effects of "'scendin' down, an' ridin' up," did not become apparent until the morrow, when the motion of the steamer gave her a reminiscent "'spensation" of "dat all-gone holler feelin'" which recalled the "Walled-off" with painful realism.

While we were at luncheon Mammy sat outside in the gorgeous "Peacock gallery" with her golden-haired charge by her side, "the most observed of all observers." She awaited us for a time at the entrance to the Palm Room, upon which she feasted her eyes, remarking, as we made our exit: "Ain' dis hyah palm-leaf room de grandes' greenhouse you eber set eyes on, Mis' Ferginny?"

"Suppose we go and have a look at some of the other attractions of this famous inn," remarked the Professor, with a post-prandial air of satisfaction.

Accordingly we strolled across into a brilliantly lighted salon, upholstered and furnished in the daintiest of Renaissance effects.

"This is the Marie Antoinette room, Mammy," said Virginia in explanation.

"Does Mis' Mary an' her Aunt Net share dis room togerr in common, Mis' Ferginny, or does dey sleep sep'rate? I don' see no baid; jes' a pianny, an' some li'le spindly-legged cheers, what I should reckon her aunt would be 'feared to trus' herse'f to, ef she's a bit siz'ble."

"No, Mammy dear," said Virginia, controlling herself with difficulty. "This is a drawing-room, a parlor, you know, called in honor of a French lady named Marie Antoinette."

"Yass, 'sum; is dat so?" said Mammy still possessed with her previous notion. "I suppose now, de lady, Mis' Mary, war named arfter her Aunt Nett, but what did dey san'wich de ole lady's full giben name, han'le an' all, in atween fer? Dey got quare ways o' christenin' things up hyah to Noo Yawk. Dey names de main street 'Broad-way,' dat ain't as broad as de bullyvard out to de Fair Groun's down home."

"I reckon I likes de Turkey Saloon nex' do' de bes'," she said, and then we discovered she had already visited the Oriental Salon in our absence. "Dey's mo' solid comfert an' 'surance, settin' on dem divines an' ottermens, fer a lady o' my propo'tions, den dem li'le resky sofys an' cheers."

"Dey says," she went on, "de Turkeys, dey sets cross-legged on dem squar' cushions like tailors an' cobbler-men, but my! I couldn' do dat sence I'se had de sky-atticer. I has to set high wid dat complaint, I cyan't eben git down to tie de baby's shoe-

strings. I has to h'ist her up onto de burow to git her fastened up.

"Dey say dey pipes taste betteh settin' criss-cross like dat. Does you b'lieve dat, Mist' Dav'npot?"

"I shouldn't wonder if that heightens the effect," agreed the Professor, humorously.

"Well, ef enybody kin git mo' comfert out'n a meresham pipe dan I does outer my ole briar I'd jes' like to try dey fash'in," said Mammy, with eagerness.

"You might experiment with one of those double-decker affairs for height," said Dr. Irving, mischievously, alluding to the huge ottoman cushions, placed one above the other in seductive ease all about the room.

"De maid what brung me in hyah befo', tole me dat ole Chineese gent, Misteh Lee Hung Ching Chang what stopped hyah oncst, said dis room made him feel ter home right away, all dem furrin' fixin's, crockydiles, sarpints, divines, an' meresham pipes. I sutney would like a try at em befo' we leave dis place," said Mammy with so much conviction that Virginia hurriedly changed the conversation and suggested a stroll through the corridors.

Here Mammy begged us to stop "an' see de tellyphone co-op'rator," who, with his perpendicular chess-board, moved the bell-signals about as if they were men in a game. With his steel "helmet an' breas' plate," an' the receiver, not the "sword" in hand, he was a perpetual source of amusement to Mammy and the baby, who lingered fascinated while he talked as she affirmed, "to a dozen diff'runt folks to oncst."

"Who's he talkin' conversation wid now, Mist' Dav'npot?" inquired Mammy, with deep interest. "He's got a pow'fu' sight o' fine 'quaintunces, dat man is. He done tole me, dis mornin', he had messages f'om Pres'dent Rosefelt; Mis' Patty, de songstress; an' King Albu't Edw'ud, all befo' breakfas'.

"He say de Pres'dent signified he wanted to come on, but Mis' Patty had engaged de 'Pres'denshul sweet,' some weeks ago, an' she's made sich er sight o' money out'n her 'Farewell Towers' dat she wouldn't tek 'No' fer an ans'er, so es de Pres'dent couldn't git his week off any urr time dis spring, he had to give it up.

"I was mighty sorry, fer I sutney would like to ax him what dey does when de chillun has de croup in de middle ob de night. Dey says he's a master-han' at nussin' babies, 'sides all his urr odd jobs.

"Dat phoney man," she said, returning to her starting-point, "say King Albu't Edw'ud call him up outer a soun' slumber to ax ef he sent de Prince ob Whales ovah hyah, could dey take him in an' do fer him.

"He say he tole him bein' a stranger, dey'd take him in!—on'y so's he didn't come in hawse-show time, when dey has all dey can manage in de show line," and Mammy repeated the "phoney man's" confidence with much complacence.

"Him an' me's made derangement to hol' communion while you all's at dinner dis ebenin'," she went on, with much importance.

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Dr. Irving, who I could see had inwardly made up his mind to lose

dinner rather than miss "communion," and then he added, unconcernedly :

"How are you going to manage it, Mammy?"

"Oh, de gem'man tole me, 'jes' take down de deceiver in yo' room, mum; hol' it to yo' lef'-han' ear; 'ply yo' mouf' to de hol' in de wall; an' I'll do de res'." I sutney wusht Mandy M'liss Ann Piggott war heah to bear witness whilst I'se hol'in' communion down ten pairs o' stairs; she's allus th'owin' it up to me I'd oughter buy a year-trumpit, 'cause I cyan't mek' out what she say wid her ole droppin' store-teef she so eberlastin' proud ob."

Promptly upon the stroke of seven Mammy, having provided baby Doris with a picture-book, betook herself to "de machinery on de wall, de li'le box wid de long hook an' eye," as she called it, and taking down the "deceiver," held it to her ear.

"Pres'n'y," as she described it to me later, "arfter a lot o' squirty noises had went off in my year, jes' like a bottle o' fizzy sody wateh had popped off inside my haid, I heerd some' un way fer off, sayin', sassy-like :

"'Hello, hello, dar!'

"'My!' I says, ''dat's one o' dem pesky front-do' bell-boys has took his place a minit,' so I says perlite, but cool an' distant :

"'Is Misteh Telly-phome at home? I'll jes' wait roun' fer him to return back. Don't gib yo'se'f no trouble.'

"'Oh!' de voice say, 'He's hyah all right,' an' den I heerd 'Hello, Mammy, is dat you?'

"I says, as c'llected an' dignified as I could, thro' de hol' in de wall :

“ ‘Dis hyah am me, de same, thank you, Missis Seraphiner Ann Potipher. I hope I see you well.’ Den de voice rumbled off somew’ere, an’ pres’ny I heerd it come trip-trippin’ back, an’ I heerd Misteh Phoney say :

“ ‘How is you, Mammy?’

“ I ans’ered, still stately an’ distant, fer I warn’t gwine to encourage no familiarity thro’ no tin-tube, ‘I’s jes’ middlin’ tol’ble, thankee! I hope you’s de same, er mo’ so.’

“ He say he’s ‘saloobriyus,’ an’ den, ‘What does you think ob de Walled-off?’ he says :

“ I likes it purtty pass’ble,’ I says, — ‘on’y I don’ keer much fer de *cussine*.’

“ I heerd a lady in de ‘leviator say dat. ‘Peared like a fancy wu’d fer cookin’. She says she’ on’y been in to one meal yit, an’ mebbe hadn’ oughter jedge, but she didn’ like dis hyah Frenchy seasonin’ nohow, she liked hers mo’ ‘natchul an’ unta’nished.’

“ Now I been hyah several meals, an’ I thought I’d jes’ betteh up an’ speak my min’ right out on de same tack, an’ mebbe it would be a he’p to ‘em. Den I thought ef my voice rumbled roun’ de buildin’ as loud as it sounded up stairs in de room, it might git to de cook hisse’f, an’ he’p him mend his ways.

“ ‘De what?’ says Misteh Telly-phome, anxious like.

“ ‘De *cussine*, de *cussin*!’ I ans’ered, as plain as I could; den fearin’ mebbe sump’n was wrong wid de wu’d f’om its unholy soun’, I says plain ‘nough, ‘Oh, go ‘long, man. Ain’t you got no gumption, I means de cookin,’ ob co’s’e, — de *mean-you*.’

“ ‘Oh, de cookin’!’ says he, kin’er res’less. ‘What’s

de matteh wid dat? We all's got de fines' French chief on de cont'nent.'

"Well', says I, yellin' back, fer I didn't keer who heerd now, 'dat's jes' what's de matteh. Messin' up good 'Merikin gyarden sass into fancy wuks wid French flavorin' an' fixin'. Why, you all ain't had no co'n-pome sence we 'rived, an' I ain' seed a drap o' gumbo-soup nur a hoe-cake on de prem'ses. Dey's been a sight er fine fixin's but no breakfas' is replete widout a co'n-pome to my min', says I, givin' it to him straight out f'om de shoulder-blade.

"I'll mention what you say to the chief right away', he says, an' den he added, quick-like:

"I'se got a call! Ring off! Come down an' see me! Good bye!' an' he was gone; an' I hadn't a minit to tell dat youth how much de res' ob de 'stab-lishment pleased me."

Evidently feeling that she had been too hypercritical and desiring to make peace with the "powers that be" in a place which afforded her so much entertainment, Mammy went below at once.

She apparently succeeded without difficulty in propitiating the presiding genii, for when one of them solicitously inquired:

"Is there anything in particular you would like to see or do while here, Mammy?" she replied modestly:

"Yass, suh; dey is jes' one thing I'se took a notion to. I'd like to see ef I kin set cross-legged like a Turkey on one o' dem divine ottermens an' smoke a pipe, an' see ef it tas'es any betteh den what it does ingin'rally.

“Yass, suh; I sutney would like a shine at dat, jes’ fo’ de ’sper’yunce.”

As Mammy’s bid for the pipe of peace occurred just as we made our exit from the dining-room, and as we did not know to what extent “de ’sper’yunce” might prove a success or a failure, Dr. Irving interposed rather hastily:

“Ah, that’s too bad, Mammy! I fear we won’t have time now. I want to take you all for a ride about town and a last farewell glimpse of the home-country.”

CHAPTER III

THE VOYAGE IN A "COON-YARDER"

The "Bottomless Pit"—"Tryin' times"—"Rest ovah Jurdan"—"De Cap'n-man's common sense"—"Dis wurl' not roun' like an' apple."

WE sailed by a "Coon-yarder, de Can'tpainyu," as Mammy called the fleet Cunard greyhound which carried us across. Her belief in the efficacy of its name, however, soon received a rude shock.

The ocean voyage had had few terrors in prospect, Mammy remarking, with a chuckle, "Ef de whale swallers us like it did Joner, he'd a heap sight ruther git a squar' meal of'n me, den you all an' de baby, an' mebbe I'd be some good, arfter all."

When the terrors of sea-sickness finally gat hold upon her she confided to the Professor, she "wisht dat ole whale 'd come along, now, sho' 'nough!"

Later, when visiting a London museum she actually beheld the skeleton of a whale, she exclaimed: "Fo' de Lawd, Mis' Jinny, I allus 'lowed de whale warn't a big 'nough bird to swaller Joner, but sence I seed his frame, I b'lieve he could swaller a cirkis an' niver feel it."

After several days' dispensation of the unutterable woe "that never was (but) on sea (not) land," Mammy remarked pathetically, "I 'clar I knows now what de

Bible means 'bout de 'bottomless pit.' Hit means de pit o' de stummick, 'cause as fur as my feelin's goes, dey ain't no bottom dar."

On the voyage Mammy's most frequent refrain was of a suitably nautical order :

" De whale he swaller'd Joner,
De whale he swaller'd Joner,
De whale he swaller'd Joner,
Warn't dem tryin' times !"

But her chief favorite, which became more or less popular with the other passengers, according to their immunity from *mal de mer*, was :

" On the urr side ob Jurdan,
In de sweet fiel's ob Eden,
Whar de tree ob life is bloomin',
Dar is res' fo' you,"

This speedily resolved itself into a comforting couplet, consisting of the first and last lines —

" On the urr side ob Jurdan,
Dar is res' fo' you."

which she crooned repeatedly, and which seemed to afford her profound consolation.

One particularly rough evening, when I went below to make a hasty dinner-toilet, I found Mammy engaged in singing the baby to sleep, with the customary "Jurdan" accompaniment. Suddenly a sound like a boot-jack echoed heavily against the cabin partition, and a nauseated masculine voice shouted, "Oh, let up in there, old hand-organ, can't you? with your

'rest on the other side of Jordan.' What I want is rest now !"

But before Mammy had time more than to glance at me in an awe-struck way, the ship gave a dip, then a lurch, and an awful wave of the sea sounded through our neighbor's porthole which he had incautiously opened, followed by language equally abysmal.

Another moment, and "bells," and then more "bells," summoned porter and stewardess to his relief. I could never believe Mammy wholly disinterested when I heard her offer to the stewardess to "go in and he'p wipe him up," and when she returned a little later my suspicions were confirmed.

Wrapping a bolster around her head, Mammy shook till I was fearful of apoplexy. Finally, when she could speak, she said, half choked : "Ef I nuver seed a drown'd rat, Mis' Carroll, fo' de Lawd I seed one den. He was de wettes' fish out o' wateh."

The next morning, just as I turned the corner of dreamland, I heard a knock on my neighbor's door, and Mammy's voice inquiring with assumed solicitude, "Good mawnin, Misteh Jurdan, is you done foun' res' yit? Rememb'rin' how feberish you was las' night I tuk' de liberty o' bringin' you dis orange. It's kinder coolin' like."

"So you thought to quench the fever by pouring coals of fire on my head, is that it, Mammy?"

"Mebbe so, honey!" she chuckled.

When our neighbor finally appeared on deck, and we made his acquaintance, he was usually greeted as "Misteh Jurdan," with the added query, "Good mawnin, is you done foun' res' yit?"

Mammy became a great favorite on shipboard, from quarter-deck to forecastle. She exchanged many sage forecasts with the Captain as to the weather probabilities, and it was a profound comfort, when she confided to Dr. Irving after one of these conferences, "Dat Cap'n-man's got mo' sense 'n mos' men; I'd tek his 'pinion befo' hangin' up a clo'es-line mos' 'same's my own!"

Mammy was by far the most popular member of our party, and was invited to several four-o'clock teas to which we were entire strangers. She was upon deck "fo' de washin' down" every morning, though she acknowledged, "scrubbin' time" made her home-sick, and many were the yarns the Jack Tars spun for her benefit, few too fishy for Mammy's credulity. She refused, however, to believe "de man what tole me dat de wurl' was roun' like an apple. He didn' hab 'nough circumspeckshun, did he? Ef dis wurl' was roun' lik' an apple, what's to hender de watch all runnin' off, and leavin' us 'n' de ship stranded up on top, all high and dry?" she asked, scornfully.

We landed at Liverpool, which Mammy immortalized as "Liverpill"; presumably because of the relief it afforded her from the vagaries of the deep.



"I'D TEK HIS 'PINION BEFO' HANGIN' UP A CLO'ES-LINE
MOS' SAME'S MY OWN."

CHAPTER IV.

STRATFORD.

American, versus English, celebrities — The "po'try-man's humble lodgement" — The "didos of dem rude, bad boys," Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott — "Misteh Shakespire an' Mis' Hathaway's gyardens not a patch on ole mistis's" — An "un-godly play-acter" — The stage "a quare kin' ob a Sabbath-school" — An artful death-motto.

OUR first stop was at Stratford, where we went at once to the old Red Horse Hotel, in which the illustrious sharer of the Professor's patronymic, Washington Irving, wrote his delightful paper on "Stratford-on-Avon." The chair in which he sat and the poker with which he stirred the embers are still exhibited as "Geoffrey Crayon's Throne and Scepter," and the Professor confessed he would have given much to have been able to confiscate these inspiring articles of vertu. As we arrived late we spent the first evening in becoming acquainted with the situation and environs of the famous places we were to visit on the morrow.

While we were reveling in these associations we became somewhat oblivious of Mammy, whose impressions were always as vivid as if taken upon a highly sensitive negative.

Hearing so much of one William Shakespeare, to the

exclusion of the heroes of her native land, Mammy sniffed at last, in patriotic rebellion,—“Who’s dis hyah Wilyum Shakespire, you all’s talkin’ so much ’bout? I reck’n he cyan’t shake a stick at Gawge Washin’ton, er Pres’dent Rosefelt, now kin he?” We assured her that despite the significance of his name we didn’t believe he could, at present, “shake a stick” in either direction.

“He ain’ nuver tol’ no lie, nur bin a Rough Rider, now is he?” she continued.

We were fain to confess that notwithstanding the varied accomplishments of the Bard of Avon, so far as we knew he bore no spotless record as to the first particular,—but the Professor added:

“He was something of a “Rough Rider” in his day, if his adventures in Charlecote Park be true.”

This was rather beyond her, and she accordingly insisted on some more satisfactory explanation.

“But Mist’ Dav’npot, what did dis man do to git all dis notice took ob him?”

“He made poems, Mammy, fine noble ones, too”, replied the Professor, trying to fit the subject to her comprehension; but he soon found he was still quite astray in his attempt, for Mammy exclaimed in astonishment:

“Pomes! Jes’ plain yaller pomes? Go ’long now Mist’ Dav’npot! Why I done made co’n-pomes all my days, fine noble ones dey was too, an’ nobody ain’t come seekin’ whar I ’riginated at, er ’rectin’ up watch-fountains an’ theeyaters on de spot like dey done hyah.”

“Oh, Mammy dear,” interrupted Virginia looking

deprecatingly at Dr. Irving, as if she half suspected his sincerity :

"These were n't corn-pones ; they were poetry : verses, you know — like the hymns — at least, a little," she hastily added, as the Professor smiled rather quizzically.

"Verse-pomes ! Oh, yas'm, like ole Muvver Goose, an' 'When I kin read my title clare,' said Mammy intelligently.

"I tell you dey ain't nuthin' mo' rectifyin' an' comfartin' dan dat las' one," and Mammy murmured softly under her breath, as she wound the baby's golden locks around her brown finger preparatory to her morning outing :

"When I kin read my title clare
To mansions in de skies,
I'll bid fare-you-well to eb'ry fear,
An' wipe my weepin' eyes."

"Den I'll sing halleluyer,— den you'll sing halleluyer ;
Den we'll all sing halleluyer, when we arribe at home."

"I reckon he ain't wrote nuthin' as gran' as dat, now is he?" she resumed complacently, as she tied on the baby's cap, and smoothed her into her tiny jacket.

"Well, not exactly in that line," admitted the Professor, consolingly, while Mammy went off still crooning the comforting words, which echoed softly as she made her exit :

"Den we'll all sing halleluyer, when we arribe at home."

Later she joined us as we wended our way to the Shakespeare birthplace.

The house, with its sixteenth-century timbered

framework, fits like an ancient, but unpolished, gem into its old-world setting in quaint old Henley Street, and we were devoutly thankful that the attempt of the great and only Barnum to transfer it to American surroundings was frustrated, and that England was aroused in time to a sense of its world-wide treasure-trove in modest Stratford.

The "birth-room" in the little cottage held us spell-bound, hero-worshippers no less than the illustrious names still to be seen upon window and wall of the little chamber.

As Mammy did not appear equally impressed, Virginia whispered to her enthusiastically:

"Just think, Mammy, this is the very room where he was born,—the 'birth-chamber' don't you know?"

"Umph, dat's so, is it?" said Mammy, disparagingly. "Well, I wouldn't git no ways excited about it, I reckon, dis heah li'le ole tumble-down, low-ceilin' room.

"Why, honey," she went on with becoming pride, "you all was bawn in a heap-sight betteh furnish room yo'se'f, Mis' Jinny, de front spare bed-chamber in de big house down on de plantation, wid a gran' fo'-pos' bedstid, decked out wid a lace counterpin, an' deep chintz frills an' curtains all roun', fer dese two han's done em up weeks befo' de happy 'cashun come off; but nobody ain't come beggin' to pay a dime to git in an' look at dat room an' bedstid, an' it's a heap mo' wuth it den enything I seed in dese bare fo' walls," she said, looking round with condescension on the meagre surroundings. Then as

if she comprehended that more than material considerations were responsible for the homage paid to this humble shrine, she resumed :

"An' as fer smartness, honey, dis hyah li'le Willy Shakespire couldn' nuver hol' a can'le to you, chile. Why, you done know yo' pa de fus' minit you sot eyes on him, an' shuck yo' li'le fis' in his face, dat knowin' it tickled de Cun'l so he mos' had a historical fit. When he rekiverate, he say, wid a gran' bow an' fl'urish, an' his han' on his heart :

" 'Low me to present de noo mistis ob de manor. She sho'ly gwine to lay down de law an' de gospel to we all, Mammy. ' " I say,

" 'Yass, suh, she jes' natchully bawn to rule, she dat peart an' noble lookin' ! She sutney do favor you might'ly, suh. '

" 'Thank you, Mammy, I notis' dat myse'f', he say 'laughin', full his divilment : 'Same color hair, an' 'bout de same amount, ain't it ? '

" De Cun'l war 'flicted wid sparsity ob de locks ve'y airly in his ped'gree. It run in de fambly, but it didn' 'fect his han'som'ness none," she added in loyal explanation.

Then fearing lest Dr. Irving might feel slighted by her remarks, she added, as we now passed out into the small back room where hangs the famous contemporary " Stratford Portrait " of the bard .

" An' as fer looks, I reckon de Perfessor is 'nough sight betteh-featured den dis hyah po'try-man, ef dat's a true image an' likeness ob him, all dressed up fussy-like wid a big lace collar roun' his neck, an' li'le teeny weeny buttons down his frontispiece. Men must 'a'

been a heap sight vainer dem days den what dey is now, to ras'le wid all dem buttons."

On our return to the birth-room, Virginia, fearing lest I had missed some of the celebrated autographs, exclaimed, with eager enthusiasm:

"Oh, Carroll, do come here. Did you notice the names of Dickens, and Thackeray, and Walter Scott, where they wrote them on the walls and windows themselves. Isn't it too fascinating for words?"

"Ain't it too 'rasperatin', you mean, chile," interrupted Mammy, severely.

"To think o' dem rude bad boys scratchin' dey names on de front winder panes like dat. Dey'd oughter tek shame to deysel'es fer sich actions. Dey sho'ly ought! Now to think what a sight o' trouble dey gib ole Mis' Shakespire--she couldn' nuver git it off, wid dem winder panes so mighty small. I'se tried myse'f wid consecrated lye an' san'-paper, but twarn't no use. Was dese hyah her boy's playmates, an' did dey b'long to qual'ty famblies, Mis' Car'lyn?"

"The first families of England, I believe, Mammy," I responded. "But, they did not live here, they came to visit Shakespeare's home later on."

"Well, I'se s'prised at 'em all de mo' den, gwine roun' visitin' an' cuttin' up sich didos. Dey usen to say, 'Chillun should be seed, an' not heerd,' but wid dem bad boys' names scratched on de winder-panes, hit 'pears like chillun's not on'y heerd, but seed too, all de way down to prosperity, an' succeedin' gin'rations." And then she concluded with some asperity:

"I'se plum tired o' dis noo-fangled nonsinse 'bout

'spile de rod, an' spare de chile.' Ef ole Mis' Shakespeare had chastised dem y'ung rascals all roun' an' shet em up in her dark cellar I seed down-stairs un'er de kitchen, I reckon dey'd knowed how to behave de nex' time dey was 'lowed out in comp'ny."

At the beginning of Mammy's caustic remarks, Virginia had whispered to Dr. Irving:

"Do set Mammy right about this, won't you, Davenport?" But, as she went on, the Professor shook his head while his athletic shoulders vibrated in sympathy from his suppressed laughter, as he said:

"It's no use; it's no use, my dear! You can't expect me to set 'all prosperity and succeedin' gin'rations' right, in Mammy's estimation. Too great an undertaking, by far!"

While we spent the rest of our visit in examining the relics in the Museum, Mammy and Doris investigated the Shakespeare garden, where are treasured the particular flowers, Ophelian and otherwise, which the poet has immortalized in his verse.

On our way home after a visit to Shottery and Ann Hathaway's picturesque cottage, she remarked somewhat disdainfully:

"Humph! I don't think much ob his gyarden. 'Tain't a patch on ole Mistis's — not a sunflower, nur a mornin'-glory, nur a black-eyed Susan 'mongst de lot. Sickly lookin' place 'peared like to me. I likes Mis' Annie Hathaway's 'nough sight betteh. She's got color an' perfushun.

"Don' wonder Misteh Shakespeare made luv' to her, jes' to go an' set on her front steps, an' gaze at dem red gyranyums.

"I don' think much ob her spring-baid, nuther—jes' ropes an' reeds stretched across; 'dough dem 'eberlastin' linun sheets,' shows she warn't no bad housekeeper. She nuver could 'a' cooked no waffles on dat cookstove, dat's sartain; but she's sut'ny got a rare fl'urishin' gyarden!"

When we visited the cottage at Shottery we no longer found the quaint old custodian, Mrs. Baker, long known as the "only living descendant of Ann Hathaway." A few years before, when Marjorie Brooke, a friend of ours, "did" Stratford, she asked Mrs. Baker, in the all-consuming manner of the American tourist, if she might take her photo. Mrs. Baker willingly complied, a tip being in evidence; but precipitately retreated — just as Marjorie was about to snap it — to get her "Sunday bonnet!"

Now she has gone where Sunday bonnets "cease from troubling," and her spirit, undisturbed by fashion's fickle sway, or the allurements of kodak fiends, "finds rest."

Later we visited the old Guild Hall where the boy Shakespeare, whose father was then mayor, must have seen many strolling players; while overhead we found the grammar school and his schoolboy's desk where he may have written down in idle moments the first stirrings of his budding genius.

These interesting facts were imparted to us, for a consideration, by the eager custodian, and we were so absorbed in their far-reaching potentiality in the career of the dramatist that we did not observe Mammy's gathering indignation, until we had again reached the side-walk, when she burst forth:

“Mis’ Jinny, does you s’pose he pa lef’ dat five-yeah ole infant ’tend a godless play-actin’ perfo’mance?”

We were so taken aback by Mammy’s attitude toward this discovery that we were speechless for the moment, until Dr. Irving’s keen professional alertness in similar situations in the class-room enabled him to come to the rescue and explain that, in those days, the stage served the purposes of a church or a Sunday-school in the teaching of morality, and that it was altogether suitable even for a five-year-old.

“Quare kind ob a Sabbath-school! I reckon,” Mammy sniffed in zealous disdain.

Then as we crossed over to the site of New Place, she received an even ruder awakening. When we were told that Shakespeare’s London fortunes — “his overwhelming success as an actor and the sale of his plays” — had built this worthy residence for his later years until his death, Mammy turned to us reproachfully, and with righteous indignation, as she exclaimed:

“Mis’ Ferginny! I b’lieve dat man warn’t nuthin’ but a ongodly play-acter, an’ you been keepin’ it f’om me all dis time!”

The Doctor at once intervened and did his best to explain the primitive stage as a religious teacher. He told her that in those days, as the people could not read the Bible, the priests were the actors themselves, but Mammy was only half convinced. She asked pointedly:

“Why didn’t dey preach sarmonts, stid o’ actin’ plays? Why didn’t dey visit folks, an’ read em de Bible, and labor wid em? — stid o’ prancin’ roun’ all

dressed up on de stage, makin' pertend? No, suh! Don't tell me! 'Tain't actin', it's right 'yus libin dat makes folks bettel," said Mammy, conclusively, as she disposed of the Professor's carefully expounded theory.

When she learned that the last owner of New Place, a clergyman, had razed it to the ground to escape taxes and the importunities of visitors as well, Mammy condoned his arrant vandalism and remarked:

"Well, he needin' been so obstrepulous about it; but he couldn' he'p it, him a minister an' seein' what fools folks made o' deysel's a-runnin' arfter a daid an' gone play-acter. 'Twas his duty! an' I'd 'a' done it too!"

But Mammy's sense of family responsibility was sorely exercised by her discovery, and as we left the site of the demolished dwelling she slipped quietly up beside Virginia, and we heard her murmur in gentle remonstrance:

"Mis' Jinny, does you think you'd oughter go on dis way, chile? Yo' pa a deacon in de blue-stockin' Prisbyturyan chu'ch, and you all runnin' roun' ovah heah arfter ongodly play-acters? 'Tain't right, honey! an' dey might excommunicute de Cun'l de fus' minit dey gits wind ob it.

"Jes' le's skip dis place, now, an' go on to de nex' one," she concluded persuasively.

"Very well, Mammy dear," agreed Virginia, in apparent contrition. "I promise we'll leave to-morrow, only don't you think we may as well go and see where he is buried?" she added guilefully. "There isn't another such monument anywhere, I've been told."

This was an effective appeal to Mammy's unfailing interest in "buryin' places." To follow this play-actor to his last resting-place, even with belated obsequies, seemed to Mammy quite a legitimate pursuit, as it would thus effectually dispose her recalcitrant "chil-lun" to "quit runnin' arfter him eny mo'."

Accordingly, we wended our worshipful steps down the old Town Road to the church of the Holy Trinity, nestling among the trees on the banks of the beautiful Avon. Here we entered, lingering long before the exquisite memorial illustrating the Seven Ages of Man, which fascinated Mammy so much that the Professor artfully but judiciously repeated the words of the poet upon which the representation is founded, and Mammy, stirred deeply, yet against her will, turned from the window to him with her eyes moist and the unbidden words:

"Did he speak dem thoughts, Mis't Dav'npot? Well, he war a master hand at obsarvin' things, dat man war!"

The poet's lifelike bust on the wall, his grave with its curious anathema, and that of his wife, near-by, moved her greatly, though she "'lowed she didn' prove ob his settin' up so high, an' Mis' Annie so low down," till it was explained that the monument was only his bust, and that he and his wife were in reality resting, as she insisted "dey'd oughter, side by side."

After the Professor had read over the menacing inscription upon the poet's grave, Mammy said eagerly, as we were about to leave,

"Mist' Dav'npot, suh, I wusht you'd jes' tek down dat verse off'n his toom, 'bout,

'Blest be de man what spares dese heah stones,
An' cuss'd be him what stirs my ole bones!'

"I likes de soun' ob dat motto, an' I'd jes' like to hab it circumscribed on to my own toom-stone one o' dese days, I would.

"My! but he war far-seein', dat man! He's made em keep dey han's off all dese yeahs, cussin' em like dat. Was dat goose-quill in his han' what he wrote it wid? Well, dey ain't nuthin' goosey 'bout dat motto. 'Twar real foxy, it war.

"Dough I don't 'prove o' payin' 'mission fees to git into a meetin' house les'n dey's a stro'berry festibul er sumpin' doin',—I don' begredge nary red cent ob dat dime we paid to git in heah, jes' to lay holt on dat consoomin' fine tex' off'n his buryin' place"; and then she went on shrewdly.

"I teks a heap sight mo' stock in dat man's sma't-ness now, den I done befo', all along ob dat artful death-motto. He 'lowed he didn't want folks to come a-pesterin' an' pusycutin' him beyond dis vale o' tears, an' he warn't gwine to resk his looks gwine off at dat time er day an' rightly, too.

"Now, de 'Sistehs ob Laz'rus,' de buryin' s'ciety dat I b'longs to, burys in white 'scension robes, black sattin streamehs, an' white kids; an' dat's gran' 'nough fo' de fun'ral 'cashun eny day in de week, eben ef it's gib out in chu'ch; but I ask you how'se all dem fancy fixin's gwine to look a dozen er two yeahs f'om hence?

"No! I don't want nobody ergazin' at me settin' round in my spare-ribs.

"I ain't much ob a han' at cussin', but de Bible 'grees 'dey's a time to pray, an' a time to cuss,' an' so I says wid Misteh Wil'yum Shakespeare, 'When my ole bones rests, I wants em to res' in peace, — Han's off!'

"Mis' Jinny!" said Mammy, attracting Virginia's attention, "Don' you disremember 'bout dis tex' when my time comes to 'lay me down an' sleep,' as de baby says, — does yo' heah yo' ole Mammy, honey?"

"Don't let's talk about that, Mammy dear, not even in fun," whispered Virginia, rather huskily, while she gave Mammy's ample form a furtive hug, in the dim religious light, under pretense of straightening her shawl.

"Why, honey chile! I ain't gwine to shuffle off dis mo'tal coil fer many a long day yit, don' you min' me!" said Mammy, pleased at the emotion she had produced. "But it's jes' as well to be repaired fo' de wust, den it won't happen!" she added philosophically.

When, as we sauntered about the charming old edifice, Mammy realized that the magnificent memorial windows had been erected to the great actor-poet by hosts of admiring Americans, that the font in which he was christened and the register where are sacredly preserved the records of his baptism and funeral were the chief treasures of this time-hallowed sanctuary, she exclaimed contritely, yet withal a trifle dubiously:

"Play-actin' mought 'a' been erligious in dem heethen times, but dey ain't no 'ligion in de kind dey perfo'ms nowadays, prancin' an' dancin' roun' in lamp-shades like Pa'son Jenkins says dey does — an' you nuver gwine to mek me b'lieve it, nohow!"

CHAPTER V

OXFORD

University "savages" and their ways — Mammy interviews "the Eight" — The "bull-dog's" sunshade — English, as she is spoke — "American," a new world-tongue — Mammy a "Research Student."

OXFORD was our next stopping-place. The exquisite old university town was approaching the glories of "Eight's week," and the sights and sounds which greeted us in this classic center at once confirmed Mammy's previous convictions as to the "wil' nations" of Europe. Mr. Kipling's strenuous diatribe against "flanneled fools at the wicket" could not exceed Mammy's shocked and indignant feelings at "dem bare savage youths" who met her at every turn, in her Oxford wanderings.

Her first encounter with one of the Eight's crew was altogether laughable.

She had taken the baby down Broad Walk, Christ Church meadows, one morning, and was seated under the willows, where the Char meets the Isis, made immortal by Lewis Carroll's tales to "Alice in Wonderland."

She was weaving to herself a summer's day-dream of life on the old Virginia plantation, with its two hundred darkies basking within the mellow radius of cantaloupe and watermelon patches, when suddenly,

across the meadows, sounded a latter-day war-whoop, as of an onrushing host. Looking up, she beheld as she afterwards vowed, "eight long-legged savages, wid nuthin' on but dey flannens, an' dem mighty shrunk up wid bad washin'!"

"I grabbed de chile an' hid her face in my lap, so she shouldn't see no sich goin's on. I s'posed de town was on fiah, an' dese heah men, woke out ob a soun' sleep, had rushed jes' as dey was down to de ribber, as de safes' place.

"So when I seed 'em gittin' inter a li'le egg-shell boat I hurried arfter 'em, an' begged 'em to save her, ef dey warn't room fer bofe ob us.

"One ob 'em, a pleasant appearin' youth, spoke up in plain United States, an' says he —

"'Why, Aunt, we cyan't, we'se de ate (eight) an' we'se only out fer a few minits' practis!'

"I says, 'Look hyah, ain't dey no fiah?'

"'Not a bit ob it,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, sternly, 'whar's you all's clo'es?'

"'Oh, we hung our clo'es on de hick'ry limb. But don't—don't—come neah de water,' he says, sassily, an' den dey rowed away.

"An', honey, sho' 'nough, dey warn't no fiah, an' I 'spose dey come down dere to tek' a baf', but I niver heerd tell o' folks puttin' on dey bathin'-soots to home an' paradin' th'oo de streets in 'em. Boys is betteh brung up in Ameriky!"

We soon discovered that, as is the case with all colored people, the subject of clothes was Mammy's particular fetish.

"Some o' dese heah Oxford men's got too much on

'em, an' some not 'nough," she remarked to me one warm morning, as we watched the dignified gowned procession, headed by the Vice-Chancellor, march slowly into Divinity Hall for the conferring of degrees.

"I'se heerd tell dat pussy-cat fur was good fo' sore froat," she continued, noticing the ermine-bordered B. A. hoods; "but you don' 'spose all dem growed men 's ketched it at de same time, does you? Dey's so muffled up wid clo'es 'dough should n't wonder ef sump'n ail'd 'em. I thought de wimmen was tryin' ter git rid o' petticoats, an' heah's de men a-puttin' 'em on. Dey betteh gib 'em to dem pore youths I seed de urr mornin'!" she added with conviction.

The broad-brimmed black "scoop-hats" of the "bull dogs" (the proctors) appealed to her strongly, and she wondered if she could "git a pattern ob 'em, er mebbe one secon' han'. Would jes' be de thing fer Mandy Garibaldy, when she's hangin' up de clo'es, fo' she war mos' sun-struck oncst las' summer."

The Professor and Virginia had gone within the Hall to see the degrees conferred in the ancient Oxonian manner.

Dr. Irving said, afterwards, the most interesting reminder of the past occurred after the names of the youthful candidates had been called in deliciously Anglicized Latin, of a linguistic quality so fragile that the Professor remarked he wondered they dared "air it often for fear mortification would set in."

"Henricus Hobbs," "Dennisimus O'Rafferty," "Gulielmus Sprigg," were the motley Latin-English *prænomina* which saluted their ears, in this year of Grace, 1902, A. D.

“Shades of Virgil and Ovid !” murmured the Professor. “Why under heaven’s benignant canopy should it be ‘Dennisimus,’ and not ‘O’Raffertimus’ ; why ‘Gulielmus,’ and not ‘Spriggimus?’ Why the alpha and not the omega ; and why, to be consistent, do they not reckon time, *Anno urbis conditæ* (since the building of Rome)?”

While the Professor ruminated the proctors swung down the hall, reversed, and swung back again ; not, as of yore, that long-suffering creditor-tradesmen might pluck their gowns, and thereby the candidate be “plucked,” (turned down). “No, they do it now simply because they always have done it,” related the Professor, entering with proper zest into the true Oxford spirit.

Leaving Divinity Hall by the Proscholium, or Pig Market, a rare old ambulatory used for this ignoble purpose during the reign of Charles I., Dr. Irving and Virginia wandered into the aromatic shades of the old Bodleian.

Here, after having wrestled with several of the fifty ponderous tomes of the carefully hand-written catalogue, he chanced on some entries upon his favorite subject.

One work, catalogued as “Progress and Poverty, from the American of Henry George ; done into plain English by ——” caught his eye.

After pondering it a moment, to grasp its true inwardness, the Professor remarked to Virginia : “It is a noble and heroic, albeit a venturesome, task the English have attempted : to make into ‘plain English’ every world-known tongue, from classic Latin to

up-to-date 'American'; but it should always be accompanied by the 'Oxford Dictionary,' or some lesser lexicon, to explain 'plain English' to the uninitiated.

"Now I should be delighted to read Henry George in another language, and while I appreciate the tribute to 'American,' as a world-tongue, I regret that, as an American, trained in the English of Shakespeare's time, which my forefathers carried to America, I have not advanced as far as 'plain English' yet."

The Professor remarks, "English, as she is spoke" in England is a source of constant surprise to him from its striking contrasts and apparent contradictions. He says:

"Imagine a people who condemn our curtailment of 'honour,' 'favour,' and 'labour,' because of the omission of the superfluous letter *u*, and yet eliminate their vowels to an extent that is simply — "*extra'd'n'ry!*" who delight in hyphenated names, and then call Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, 'C. B.'; who designate a society 'The Association for Improving the Condition of the Indigent Blind,' and then call it the 'A. I. C. I. B.', as if it were a lesson in vowels, or more elementary A B C's. Why," he asks, "should a leading Oxford sanctuary be called the Church of Saint Philip and Saint John, and yet appear in print as S.S. Philip and John, as if to puzzle wayfarers and strangers with an unexpected mode of river-transit by the steamships Philip and John? Why all this over-elaboration to preserve a thing for which one has no use?" queries his practical American mind; but no answer echoes from out the phlegmatic past, except "things are as they are, because they always

have been." Not particularly logical nor convincing, he opines.

The paucity of descriptives in English speech is another thing that strikes him. He had understood, he says, that the supply of colloquial adjectives had been limited for years, to 'nice' and 'nasty.' Now, to his surprise, although the vocabulary has been enriched by Dr. Murray's magnificent dictionary, which supplies, in some instances, a thousand definitions to one word, yet he finds the only advance upon 'nice' and 'nasty,' in the evolution of the English tongue, to be the assuredly not over-nice substitutes—'jolly' and 'rotten.' "Of course," he says, "these may be considered by some an advance. They are certainly less subtle, more specific and to the point. But their application is so general, so illusive, as to be almost disconcerting at times."

"Fancy my surprise!" he said, "when an Oxford Don remarked rather suddenly to me in the pauses of a discussion on the abstruse doctrine of States' Rights, 'I say, those are awfully jolly boots you have on,' and then with studied depreciation of his own, he added, 'Mine are simply rotten!' I glanced casually in the direction of his foot-wear, and saw no evidences of its falling to pieces, but I supposed he knew the liabilities of English shoe-leather better than I did. Now, of course, the remark may have been simply intended as a compliment," he said. "It may have been chronic English depreciation, or it may have been only the proverbial shyness of an Oxford Don, when he has exhausted a subject; but, why, I ask, in this intellectual center, should it always

run to shoe-leather — and in such misleading terms, as well. Only yesterday I heard of a newly fledged B. A. who came back to visit his Alma Mater. He called upon the Dean of his College, and, while awaiting tea, the Dean's daughter took him for a stroll in the garden. After supporting conversation bravely for some moments there came a lull, when the B. A. announced with a guileless hope to make further conversation — 'I've just had my boots tapped' (half-soled) and then added perspicuously, 'They jolly-well needed it!'"

Dr. Irving says he thinks there will be fresh fields and pastures new for our Rhodes' scholars here; but although he has understood that Oxford is very strong in philology, he doesn't think from what he has observed that he will advise them to specialize in *language*. He fancies, also, that the dangers of "over-specialization" may have been somewhat exaggerated. One of the Dons told him of a youth he had coached, an Honorable (?) Mr. — who facilitated an economic study he had given him by copying, verbatim, the text of Dr. Walker's work on Economics, but, as he neglected to reduce the American currency therein, to pounds, shillings, and pence, the almighty dollar was again, as often before, a delusion and a snare.

On the other hand, he has learned of a noted Oxford Doctor of Music of a very highly developed specialty. When going to London to call upon a gentleman, he asked the address from a mutual friend who had forgotten the number, but who told him that the note of the gentleman's door-scraper was C sharp.

The Doctor found the street, passed critically from door to door, until he detected the scraper in C sharp, rang the bell, and found the gentleman at home!

The Professor says, from his experience of American youth, he fancies they would not only be able to use Walker discreetly, but would probably be able to stand the test of the door-scraper into the bargain.

But there are other matters, besides education, on which Mammy thinks Oxford could specialize to advantage.

Her disgust at the primitive methods of transportation on which Oxford prides itself is extreme.

"Dis is de onlies' town ob its size I knows, Mis' Carroll, whar you has ter wait 'roun all day to fin' sump'n ter tote you home," she said in an aggrieved tone, on reaching Banbury Road, after some hours' absence.

"But, Mammy, why did n't you go to Car-fax?" we asked, referring to the town center, formerly known as *Quatre Voies*, or Faces, the place where four ways met.

"Car-fac's!" she exclaimed, disdainfully, "dat's what dey calls it, do dey?"

"Well, yes, I went dere; but de fac's is dey warn't no car dere. Me an' Mis' Doris watch an' waited long 'bout an' hour; fin'ly one o' dem perlite brass button gents says,— says he, 'Dere's de cram, mum!' An' a *cram* it was, sho' 'nough!"

"I hustled de baby onter de steps, wid mad dogs a-ragin' un'er my feet, an' ole ladies as ole as me a-climbin' up a ladder, at de back de cram, jes like

Jack Tars on ship-boa'd. Why, it made me flushy all ovah, ter see my sex behavin' so. Dey only axed a penny; but I'd ruther pay a nickle, ev'y time, den see ladies jep'dize dere repitashuns dat-a-way!"

And then she added in a weary tone, "Ef we warn't stoppin' on Banbury Road, right 'long whar de cram is got to go, ef it keeps on de track, I reckon we nuver would 'a' got home, nohow."

As it happened, the fact that we were "stoppin' on Banbury Road" led to a very interesting, albeit unwelcome, revelation to Mammy, regarding her chief mentor—her guide, counselor, and friend, "Mother Goose," of nursery "Melody" fame.

No one who enjoyed Mammy's acquaintance was long in discovering that the Bible and "Mother Goose" were Mammy's two classics, or in Mother Goose parlance, "the chief of her diet." On these, to her, the Law and the Gospel, Mammy (or "Aunt Pheeny," as she was know to her dark protégées) had "riz" countless "haid's o' chillun," white and black, with an impartiality in the use of these authorities which was extremely disconcerting to her young charges when they reached years of maturity. For a long time, Virginia said, she never could remember whether Solomon or Mother Goose was responsible for the eternal verity, "If the horse won't be shod, let him go bare"; while she was equally at sea over the origin of the man who "Could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean," so with truly seer-like wisdom, "they licked the platter clean."

She said this admirable divison of gastronomic functions, and the solution of one of the most trying

of domestic problems, that of dish-washing, appealed to her as so royally wise that for a long time she attributed it to the wrong source, and Mother Goose failed to receive her proper due.

It was, therefore, a humiliating day when it dawned upon Mammy that Mother Goose, her patron saint and devoted ally, in the nurture and admonition of the infant mind, "must 'a' been English," as she said, sadly.

"The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown" had been the entering wedge to this discovery, a sort of eye-opener as to Mother Goose's native affiliations. Then came —

"Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen."

And later —

"Here sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sit his two men."

This was all a bit disconcerting to offer as intellectual pabulum to the juvenile American mind in a country where there are no noblemen, nor yet a queen, and where "Lord" Mayors were never allowed to exist, at least not in name, no matter what their tyrannical nature in fact. Mammy's first serious doubts, however, were aroused as to Mother Goose's patriotism in the line when she inquires :

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been ?"

and permits the disloyal pussy to reply :

"I've been to London to see the Queen."

"Stid er Wash'n't'n, D. C., to shake han's wid de Pres'dent," said Mammy caustically, with no regard

whatever for the demands of feet or meter, or the exigencies of poetic diction. But the conviction was forced upon her when, after a short experience with English currency, she recalled that Mother Goose based all her calculations upon pounds, shillings, and pence.

“Don’t you ricollec’, Mis’ Jinny, whar de pieman say to Simple Simon —

‘Show me fust yo’ penny!’

an’ dat Simple Simon ans’er to de pieman —

‘Deed, suh, I ’ain’t got eny?’

“But, Mammy,” interrupted the Professor retrospectively, trying, if possible, to relieve the situation, — “If I remember rightly, does n’t she also say something about

‘A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o’clock scholar?’

That would seem to bespeak her familiarity with the cart-wheel, the ‘almighty dollar,’ as our trenchant friend Carlyle called it.”

“No, Mist’ Dav’npot, suh,” said Mammy, firmly, refusing to be comforted. “She do say dat, I ’lows, but dat’s on’y fer de rhyme. She say ‘dollah,’ Mist’ Dav’npot, yass, suh, but she say ‘dillah,’ too. Now you know we all ain’t got no ‘dillahs’ nohow. I niver heerd tell o’ nobody ‘spen’in’ a dillah.’ I ain’t, nur you. No, dat’s jes’ de way dem po’try folks puts in a lot dat ain’t got no sense, jes’ to fill up de space, an’ mek de lines tail off right at de end.

“No, suh! I’s been thinkin’ ’bout it, an’ I jes’ sho she’s English, ’cause she mek de man say :

'I love six-pence, purtty li'le six-pence,
 I love six-pence betteh den my life.
 I spent a penny ob it, I spent anuvver,
 An' took fo'-pence home to my wife.'

"Den in de nex' verse, he spends two mo' pence an' says :

'Oh ! my li'le two-pence, my purtty li'le two-pence,
 I love two-pence betteh den my life.
 I spent a penny ob it, I spent anuvver,
 An' I took nuthin' home to my wife.'

"Now, Mist' Dav'npot," said Mammy, conclusively, "you know dat ain' no 'Merikin talkin': dat's a Inglishman, sho'. 'Merikins don't 'love six-pence betteh den dey life,' dey loves dollahs ! Dey ain' no 'Merikin man gwine treat his wife dat way, nohow. No ! dey ain't no 'sputin' de fac', ole Muvver Goose war an Inglishman, she war, an' she had her troubles, too !" and then she added :

"I wun'er whar de ole lady inhab'ted ovah heah. I'd go a consid'ble step ob a pilgermidge to see whar de ole wumman 'lived in her shoe,' wid all dat passel o' chillun she 'didn' know what to do'."

While we were at Oxford, Mammy's mental researches still dwelt upon "ole-Lady Goose's" domicile, and she endeavoured to recall the names of the places "Mis' Goose" had referred to from time to time in her "Melodies," or memoirs.

The atmosphere of the old University-town has been saturated with intellectual investigation for so many centuries that Mammy finally caught the stimulating afflatus. She came home one morning with

radiant visage and triumphant mien, and in the words of a "Research-fellow," or a "Prize-scholar" who has just carried off the palm, announced excitedly :

"I'se got a clue, Mist' Dav'npot, I is."

"You don't mean it, Mammy," said the Doctor, heartily partaking with a fellow feeling of her enthusiasm, without caring particularly what it was about.

Then he added cautiously, as if in these inspiring surroundings she might have stumbled on he knew not what :

"A clue to what ! Mammy ?"

"A clue to ole Muvver Goose's lodgment ! suh," exclaimed Mammy, delightedly.

"No, really !" said the professor with as much interest as if it were a gold mine.

"Where have you located it ?"

"Does you mean, Mist' Dav'npot, dat you nuver 'spicioned wid all she knowed dat ole Muvver Goose inhab'ted heah at Oxford ?" said Mammy, surprised at his lack of discernment.

"Well, Mammy, I am hardly prepared to say," replied the professor, with the reluctance of one research student for the fresh discovery of another.

"Oxford is itself, I know, founded upon the old nunnery of St. Frideswide, and many of the colleges are indebted for their very existence to lady patronesses, but I do not at present recall Mother Goose's patronymic among the number. Perhaps she was here under an assumed name ?" he queried, as if he had struck the right scent after all.

"Now, lis'n heah, Mist' Dav'npot," interrupted Mammy, triumphantly, ready to reveal her proofs.

"Ain't we all libin' on Banbury Road, right in front de University?"

"Quite right! quite right! Mammy, but,— " agreed Dr. Irving in the approved and tentative manner of the Oxford Don, groping somewhat as to the conclusiveness of the next link in the chain of evidence:

"Well, hit nuver come to me 'tel dis heah ve'y mornin', settin' ovah in de Pawk.

"Don' ole Muvver Goose say special an' pertic'lar, an' you done erpeated it many a time yo'se'f, jogglin' Mis' Doris up an' down on yo' right-han' foot, suh:—

Ride a cock-hoss,
To Banbury-Cross,
To see li'le Doris
Upon a white hoss.'

An' den you ricollec' de urr verse, 'bout

One a-penny, two a-penny,
Hot-cross buns.'

"Now, Mist' Dav'npot, you cyan't say you disremember dat!" said Mammy, drawing the coil more tightly around her hearer. Then she went on:

"An' I done axed de police gem'man jes' now comin' home crost de street, 'Does dis heah Banbury Road go on 'tel it come to Banbury Cross, suh?'

"'Hit do, madam,' he say, 'right straight to Banbury town in front de Cross, h'an' a famous place it 'am too, fer cakes an' h'ale, ma'am.'

"Now den, Mist' Dav'npot," said Mammy, assembling all the potent proofs before her, "I put it to you as a man ob l'arnin', ain't dem Banbury cakes an' dat Cross proof 'nough? Ain' you gwine to b'lieve

ole Muvver Goose libed right heah in Oxford, an' rode

‘ A cock-hoss to Banbury Cross ’

down dis same Banbury Road, whenever she'd a min' to?

“ How else'd she uver come to know about dat Cross, an' dem hot-cross buns? Jes' tell me dat, suh! ”

“ How, indeed! ” ejaculated the Professor, with such manifest conviction that Mammy hurried off triumphantly to win more recruits to her newly discovered theory of Mother Goose's residence at Oxford. After the painful discovery of Mother Goose's nationality Mammy began to entertain fears lest she should find her other “ counselor and friend,” Solomon, also a native “ Englishman.”

Dr. Irving, learning of her disquietude, inquired, “ What did you think him to be, Mammy? ”

“ Why, 'Merikin, ob co'se! — like we all, Mist' Dav'n-po't, dat man am got so much oncommon good hard hoss-sense. Why, look how he settle dat baby-question, an' foun' out which was de true heart-feelin' muvver; an' how he 'tected de boys f'om de gyurls when dey washed dey han's one time, an' de boys on'y washed to de wris's, an' de gyurls clean up to de elbows.

“ Co'se I thunk Misteh Solermun war a' Merikin, said Mammy, spiritedly, — an' ef he ain't, I don' want to know it, dat's all! ” And here Mammy's investigations as an Oxford research student came to an end.

CHAPTER VI

BLENHEIM

The Duke and Duchess "turned out"—English and American Queens—Coronation Canopy-holders, past and present—Fickle Fate, and the Marlborough fortunes.

WHILE at Oxford we bethought us that Blenheim Palace, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, was but a few miles away. As it was somewhat early in the season we were not sure that the palace would be open to visitors, and not wishing to make the trip in vain, we applied, through a friend, for information. The Duke's private secretary returned a ducal heliotrope missive, ornate with the Marlborough crest, with the message: "His Grace regrets that visitors cannot be admitted at present, as the Palace is being turned out for spring house-cleaning. A notice of its re-opening will shortly appear in the Oxford papers." Mammy took the situation to heart rather vicariously, we thought, for she exclaimed:

"Ter think ob ownin' a pallus, an' yit bein' turned out fer house-cleanin'. Dem po' young things! Wid-out a corner to put dey haid into. 'Specs deys got a real flint-hearted housekeeper, to treat 'em dat-a-way. Mis' Van'erbill ought'n nuver hab lef' de States," she ended with conviction.

It was a keen satisfaction to her, when we drove over to Woodstock, and through beautiful Blenheim Park, one evening, to behold the spacious abode of America's fair representative in ducal halls; though the heavy but imposing architecture made the rest of us agree with the verdict, bestowed by posterity on Vanbrugh's work, "Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he laid many a heavy load on thee."

It seemed unfortunate, the Professor remarked, that the £500,000 granted by Parliament, to the first Duke, to build him a residence, in memory of his numerous victories, could not have been more happily expended; for old Woodstock Manor, the site of the Palace, had long been a royal dwelling-place of English kings. Here the Black Prince was born. In the gate-house two centuries later, Queen Mary confined her ubiquitous sister, the Princess Elizabeth; while outside the gates in the ancient town of Woodstock, Chaucer dwelt for a time.

A place full of associations, hoary and historic, is the palatial home of the present Duke and Duchess. A few days after our visit, the Duchess appeared in Oxford, to open a bazaar. Tall, willowy, with lissome grace, and piquant manner, she performed the function with the winsomeness and admirable tact, which have made her such a favorite in English circles. Mammy followed her about with as much interest as did the bevy of attentive Englishwomen in her wake.

When she invested practically, in a large quantity of knitted yarn socks, Mammy's pent-up feelings at last found vent.

"I hope she won't mek' de Dook weah dem coarse

yarn stockin's," she said with much concern, as if she knew the extent to which hose might be made a weapon of domestic chastisement. "Dey's awfu' tormentin' ef you'se got co'ns, er bunyuns," she observed with much feeling.

We reassured her that they were probably for the Duke's regiment in South Africa, or for some of Her Grace's retainers about the Castle, who would not consider woolen socks in the light of an infliction.

When the Duchess drove off in the ancestral barouche, with postilions and outriders in the Marlborough livery, Mammy, who was much in evidence, dropped her a curtsy of benediction, and said :

"No wonder de Queen chose sich a stately, 'peeryous lookin' lady to he'p hol' de canerpy ovah her, w'en she's crowned."

Dr. Irving remarked that it was eminently fitting that the fair daughter of England's first daughter-land, America — an American queen, in fact — should be selected to do honor, upon the occasion of the crowning of England's Queen. He said :

"No doubt she will perform the office effectively, if less notoriously, than her predecessor, the famous Sarah, who was a notably conspicuous figure at the coronation of George II." He went on to say that he had read somewhere, that the celebrated Duchess, then quite an old lady, though still as imperious as ever, during a pause in the procession from the Abbey to Westminster Hall, borrowed a drum from a drummer-boy, and sat down upon it to rest, much to the edification of the crowd. But this was but one of the distractions upon that august occasion when the

King's crown, being much too large, fell completely over his face.

Apropos of the canopy ceremony, the Professor went on to relate, that when George III. was crowned, and the procession just about to start, it was found that two absolutely essential elements of the service, had been totally forgotten — namely, the Canopy and the Sword of State. The Lord Mayor of London graciously lent his weapon as a substitute for the latter, and persons were hurriedly set to work to improvise a rough-and-ready canopy. This occupied considerable time, and the procession, starting an hour late, consumed with the Abbey ceremony, full six hours. Effingham, the Earl Marshal, tried to apologize for the absurd blunders, by the still more absurd remark to the King, which his Majesty happily enjoyed :

“ It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect ; but I have taken care that the *next coronation* shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible.”

When the next coronation occurred the occasion was peculiarly a matter of length and endurance to the royal performer, George IV., who was so overcome for fear his injured Consort, Queen Caroline, should force an entrance into the Abbey that smelling salts and “ Dutch courage ” had to be administered to him. Finally, so overpowered did he become from anxiety and the weight of his robes that he retreated into Edward the Confessor's chapel, back of the high altar, where he was discovered, sitting without his royal robes, endeavoring to cool off !

“ We will hope that nothing untoward will occur

to make the coming coronation a more than memorable event," said the Professor, parenthetically concluding his remarks with a pertinence which we vividly recalled, in the light of after-occurrences.

When on leaving Oxford we stopped at Windsor Castle, en route to London, we found the fortunes of the House of Marlborough once more in evidence. For, while passing through the knightly halls, hung with gifts to the late Queen, from her Imperial subjects, and with banners and trophies of sanguinary and peaceful victories, we came on several of special significance. These were two silken flags, or standards, which the guide said must be renewed each year, by noon, on a certain day, by the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, as a sign of their allegiance, and the performance of this renewal ensured the confirmation of their title and estates voted to their ancestors by Parliament. The days, he believed, were August 13th and June 18th, the anniversaries respectively of the battles of Blenheim and Waterloo.

The Professor said afterward, it was like the old feudal requirements of the Maryland Charter, which obliged Lord Baltimore to render the King, each year at Windsor, two Indian arrows, as a sign of his fealty, for the possession of Maryland. He said some of the royal receipts for the Maryland arrows still existed in Baltimore, he had heard.

The guide remarked with a shrewd relish that it was very amusing to note the keen eagerness of the Dukes' factotums, who were "h'always h'on'and" to perform their vows on the fateful day, the "very minute, sir, the Castle doors h'is h'open."

Mammy said it seemed "a kind o' Cindyrelly business', like de glass slipper dat vanished when de clock struck." She said, for her part, she'd think "de Dook would 'a' slep' on de Cas'le do'-step all night, ruther den run de resk."

"An' would he an' Mis' Mar'boro lose all dat gran' Pawk an' Pallus, an' de han' le to dere names, ef he warn't heah dat day spang on time?" she asked the unruffled guide, in agitated sympathy for the "sweet-faced" American Duchess.

"Yes, h'I fancy so," he replied imperturbably.

"Well, I sutney would be sorry fer 'em," she exclaimed. "Dey'd hate pow'ful bad to lose de name, I reck'n. I allus knowed han'les was mighty onsartain; but," she added, complacently, as if in this case there were alleviating circumstances, "I spec's dough dat Mis' Mar'boro', what was Mis' Van'erbill, is got 'nough yit, to keep de wolf f'om de do'!"

CHAPTER VII

WINDSOR AND ETON

Received as Royalty — "A red-rooster" Guardsman — A few "cur-towers" needed — A princely example of original sin — "Aunty-Rooms" and the "Presents Chamber" — No "home comforts" for Kings and Queens — Oxford vs. Eton; or "gravy and 'tater hats" vs. "chimney-pots."

ON our way "down" from Oxford to London, for in 'Varsity parlance every one leaving Oxford, "goes down," whether he goes North or South, we decided to stop en route at Windsor, while Dr. Irving made a little excursion Northward to visit the ancestral home of the Washington family, old Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire. He is writing a book on "Makers of America," and loses no opportunity now to secure at first hand fresh material as to their forbears and antecedent influences whenever they happen to be English. That we might enjoy to the full our sight-seeing privileges we selected a day when it was announced the King and Queen would be "absent in London," but by extraordinary good fortune we caught a glimpse of them on our arrival at the station, just departing, as Mammy observed, "fer a day's spring shoppin' in town, I reckon."

When our train pulled in and we found a cheery broad stretch of crimson carpet awaiting our descent, and what appeared to be the whole populace in a

body, preceded by the Mayor and aldermen in robes of state to receive us, Mammy plumed herself with becoming pride, as she adjusted her shawl and bonnet gracefully, aroused the baby from a sound slumber and grasped her reluctant hand, firmly, with the remark: "Wake up, darlin' chile! Don't you see de folks awaitin'? Dey sutney got wind we was a-comin', an' come down to greet us."

Mammy alighted first, and was about to drop the assembled throng an inclusive curtsy, with her usual cordial greeting, "Proud to mek yo' 'quaintunce," when she discovered "the wind sat not in our quarter," but was speedily shifted from our sails to the waving pennons of their Majesties, the King and Queen; and so regal and imposing did the royal pair appear that we stood aside, waved our handkerchiefs, and shouted ourselves red in the face, as Mammy said, "like true-blue Englishers," "which," Virginia remarked, disloyally, "in the presence of royalty, I am."

Their Majesties looked somewhat fagged, a house-party for some days previous being, no doubt, responsible. "Nuthin' so wearin' er destructive as company in yo' own house," Mammy sagely remarked, while she condoled with them over the "whole day's shoppin' yet in store," seeming to intimate that it was necessitated for the replenishing of crockery, or upholstery, or something of the sort. But since they were safely disposed of we bent our footsteps in the direction of the deserted royal abode.

As we left High Street at the corner of Peascod Street of fragrant suggestion, and turned to climb

Castle Hill, Mammy preceded us, Doris in hand, until she reached the top and was about to swing through the gate with an air of possession, when she was curtly brought to a halt by a towering red-coated guard, who dropped his musket with a thundering echo, as he challenged her, no doubt in the ancient classical form, "Who goeth there?"

Mammy, paralyzed for the moment by this brusque salute, dropped a frightened curtsey as she murmured: "I warn't meanin' no offense, suh; we heerd at de station de King was f'om home, an' so we come up to pay our erspec's in his absence."

With the one ignominious word, "Proceed!" the big black-helmeted guardsman shouldered his musket, and tramped martially off on his mechanical toy round.

Mammy, who was quite recovered as soon as his broad red back was turned, said, scornfully: "Humph! He needn' put on so many airs, I reckon! I'd like to know what he'd count fo' widout dem red-rooster clo'es he's got on, marchin' roun' up hyah, like a tin sojer on wheels, tekin' me fer an arnychist er sump'n oncivil.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" she crowed, spitefully, as she gazed after him, much to Doris's delight.

The baby's relish for her impersonation quite smoothed her ruffled feathers, so that she was ready to "proceed" in a few moments, in her usual genial frame of mind.

We passed the old Curfew Tower, but its fateful peal of eight bells did "not ring" for us. When Virginia explained its derivation from *couvre-feu*—

"cover the fire" — or "lights out" at the timely hour of nine, and its practical workings in ensuring the home-coming of truant members of the household, Mammy got things somewhat twisted as usual; but remarked sensibly: "We'd oughter hab a few o' dem cur-towers nowadays, to drive de menfolks home on time. I reckon dey fin' it a gre't he'p hyah at de Castle to mek em put out de lights when dey has a big home-party like dat las' week."

When we reached the Castle we were taken in charge by a delightful old functionary who had been there, apparently, for generations, so accurate were his recollections of the domestic happenings during the late great Queen's reign, as well as his reminiscences of the "li'le r'yalties," as Mammy calls them. None of them, however, were half so naïve as the story told us by another dweller within court-circles, who related that one day while the late Queen was entertaining the Archbishop of Canterbury at dinner, at Windsor, she was much annoyed by the mischievous pranks of one of her small grandsons, who was finally relegated to the reflective shades beneath the table until he was ready to "promise to be a good boy again."

But Her Majesty's grandmotherly heart soon failed her and she inquired persuasively of the small misdemeanant; "Are you ready now to come out and be a good boy, sir?" whereupon the little princeling replied, composedly: "Not quite yet, Grandma!" Thinking it more disciplinary to wait until he was "quite ready" the Queen and the Archbishop resumed their profound discussion upon original sin, when they were interrupted by a small voice, which

exclaimed: "I'm ready now, Grandma!" and there-upon her royal grandson made his exit, divested of shoes and stockings, and in fact of almost his *tout ensemble*.

The narrator did not tell us, although it seemed more than likely that this was the same grandson who when sent over the way to school at Eton, finding himself devoid of pocket-money, applied to his royal grandparent for a pound. She sent him a half-pound, admonishing him to be more careful of his exchequer, and received a dutiful acknowledgment, as follows:—

"DEAR GRANDMA:—

I beg to thank you for the half-pound. Don't worry about me any more, I sold your letter for three guineas and won't require another allowance for some time.

Your affectionate grandson."

Our entertaining guide exhibited the gorgeous series of State Apartments, one after another, with explanatory remarks, which were emphasized by Mammy's discerning comments to the baby on the purposes for which the suites were intended.

The great Ante-rooms received her especial approval, as she remarked: "Dem Aunty-rooms would be a great comfort in some famblies, whar dey could sep'rate 'em off now an' den durin' a visit; ole spinster aunts kin sometimes mek a sight o' trouble ef 'nough ob 'em gits togerr, an' I'se glad de King kin 'ford de room to 'range it, him wid all his urr troubles."

She shook her head a little over the "Grand Deception Room," as she understood it; but said, "Well,

mebbe he's 'scusable. I reckon he has to resort to dat chamber sometimes to git shet ob cu'yus seekers, but it 'pears kin' o' quare to name it wid its true inducement."

She heartily commended the King's and Queen's "Closet," and remarked she "sutney was glad dey's bofe got a nice quiet cosy corner like dat, so's dey kin jes' sneak off a spell f'om vis'tors an' be at peace, by deysel's, now an' agin."

The beautiful "Presence Chamber" was, she thought, especially fitting. "Whar de guests gib 'em back presents when dey's leabin' fer good," she whispered to Doris. And the great Round Tower, "the Keep," particularly commended itself. "Whar dey keeps dey silver an' jooelry, honey," she said knowingly, and then added: "My! but many a y'ung bride I knows, would res' mo' sleepful at nights wid a keep-sake like dat on de prem'ses."

Finally the endless succession of splendid apartments wearied even Mammy's intent soul, and she exclaimed:

"What's de good ob all dis heah waste o' substance an' ri'tous libin' I'd like ter know; rooms, an' cheers, an' tables, an' baid's, all standin' roun' idle an' empty?" And then she soliloquized, significantly:

"You cyan't tek comfert in mo'n one rockin' cheer ter oncst, nur eat mo'n one fillin' squar' meal, nur git mo'n one res'fu' night's slumber at one time, wherr you'se a 'peeryus crown-haided king, er jes' a po' ornary human! I would n' hab one ob dese high-fallutin' big palluses fer a gif'. 'Tain't home, nohow! Home's whar de h'art is, an' whar you kin jes' tu'n de

latch-key, an' come in plum-tired out, shuffle off yo' tight boots befo' de fiah, stretch out in front de warm blaze, ketch yo' baby up, an' roll her ovah on de rug, chucklin' wid delight, an' let her pull yo' hair, an' hab yo' wife-pardner settin' neah-by, harkenin' to all de gran' doin's you'se planned out dat day, an' shakin' her haid sanctionin', whilst she's leanin' ovah to stroke yo' suff'rin' locks, an' gib you her approvin' kiss. Dat's home, an' home comferts, dat is!

"Ef you got a home like dat, even ef its on'y one room wid fou' walls an' a wife an' baby in it, you don' wanter go swappin' wid no King-Monarch dat uver libed. Dey cyan't tek no real comfert in libin', dem king-men, nohow.

"De King he ain't got no latch-key. He cyan't let hisse'f in late wid out raisin' de roof, an' de entiah neighborhood; er gittin' chased by one dem red-rooster sojers out on de lawn. De minit he 'pears in sight, dem sojers starts a-blowin' dey trumpits 'nough to wake de daid, jes' 'cause he stayed out a li'le mite late. 'Tain't no comfert in dat, is dey? An' when he gits inside un'er his own roof-tree he cyan't tek no real comfert even den. Ef he was to kick his boots off befo' de fiah, dey'd tek his crown an' niver gib it back to him fer his ondignified procedure. No, no matter how daid tired an' sleepy dat man is, dey say he has to hab his coat took by one Lawd ob de Baid-Chamber, an' his ves' by anurr Gem'man ob de Ward-robe; an' so on an' so fo'th, tell dey dives' him piecemeal, an' part his raiment between 'em.

"Den one has to bresh his haid an' comb his hair, so many hairs on one side, so many on turr, so dey say;

an' den some gran' bishup-preacher comes, an' preaches a sarmont at him, an' heahs him say his prayers, to see he don't lef' nuthin' out, an' finish 'em up fer him ef he done fall a-sleep by de wayside, whilst he war in de middle ob 'em. Den dey each tek tu'ns an' marches up an' prostrates deysel'es befo' him, an' wush him 'pleasant dreams,' 'sweet slumbers,' an' 'peacefu' erpose,' tell dat man's ready to th'ow his crown er bootjack at 'em — but he cyan't, 'cause he's de King. Call dat comfert? Humph! not much, I reckon!" and Mammy shook her head pityingly, in profound commiseration for this hard lot.

"An' den, Mis' Queen, po' leddy!" she went on, as if she had only covered half the ground.

"Ef she heahs dey's a barg'in sale, an' wants to go in town shoppin', like dis mornin', she cyan't go in quiet an' reticent like, an' pick up a giniwine barg'in er two, like any urr free Amerikin citizen. No, she got to go an' 'vertis' who she is, an' gib herse'f away, perched up in a big oncomfer'ble kerridge, wid high-steppers an' outside riders, skeered to death les' dey shy at sump'n an' th'ow de hull outfit. An' den she got to be a-bowin' an' 'scrapin' at ev'y passengerby, wherr she 'njoys de pleasure ob dey 'quaintunce er not; 'cause ef she don't dey put it in de papers de nex' day, dat she proud an' stuck up, an' dey won't pay her husban's sallery when it comes roun' due. An' when she gits to de store dey all flies out an' bustles roun', an' meks an' isle fer her to pass in conspicuous; an' when dey see de Queen a-comin', dey riz de price on ev'eythin', like dey does fer de 'Merikins, knowin' she's he'pless an' don' like to mek no

fuss. Den seein' she's de Queen, she cyan't say 'I don' seem to like dis shade. Han' me down dat sea-green piece, off'n de top she'f. Dat'll be a trifle betteh fo' my hair, an' cullerin', I fancy.' No, she cyan't go up to de lookin'-glass, modes'-like, an' tes' it 'ginst her complexshun, 'cause dey all stan'in' roun' watchin' ev'y move, tekin' note how she does her back hair, an' ob ev'y mo'tal thing she got on, to mek a copy. She jes' teks what dey han's out to her, wherr hit's becomin' er no, 'cause dey say ingratiatin'-like; 'You sutney does look gran' in it, mum. Baby blue is so becomin' to yo' style, so smart an' y'uthful, you know. Shall I cut it off? Thank you, mum!'

"An' when she gits back home to de Pallus, all tuckered out, she so dis'pinted when she see how she look in de glass in dat baby-blue, 'stid o' de sea-green what she wanted, dat she say to de King, 'I jes' wusht I'd stayed to home, I didn' 'complish a single thing de hull endurin' day.'

"An' de King say, cool an' onsympathizin', jes' like a man, f'om behine his newspaper:

"'What in de nation did you go an' git dat fo'? You know you nuver could weah baby-blue!'" and Mammy concluded the royal colloquy in a tone so closely resembling more familiar dialogues that Virginia and I were convulsed with laughter, and longed for the Professor to 'see oursel's as ithers see us.'"

No doubt, were the truth known, the King and Queen are as devoutly weary of ceremony as Mammy imagines, and as vastly amused at some of the performances they have to endure, as was the Queen at one time in Scotland. While at Balmoral, the little

princesses were allowed, it is said, to receive calls from the children of high-born Scotch families in the neighborhood.

One little flock had recently lost its mother and were ministered to by a dignified old Scotch nurse who was greatly exercised when her bairns were summoned, lest their entrance should not be quite *comme il faut*. In true Scotch fashion she eagerly scanned the court presentations in the pages of Holy Writ for the proper *mode*, with the result that when she and her tiny charges were ushered into the royal presence, they prostrated themselves with arms folded and foreheads touching the ground, while they exclaimed, in unison:

“O Queen! live forever!”

From the stalwart Keep where prisoners were formerly kept, but, according to Mammy, only “silver an’ jooelry” now repose, we left the upper terrace to visit the Royal Mews, or Stables, where the splendid equipment of kingly equines and equipages is to be found. Far more interesting to Mammy than the blooded Arabian steeds, or cream-colored Hanoverian ponies which draw the royal coach on state occasions, was the time-worn little old donkey which drew the bath-chair of the late Queen Victoria about the Park, and, as Mammy said, feelingly: “So ’njoyed a speakin’ ’quaintunce wid dat noble woman, de Queen!”

Mammy examined the choice appointments of the stables with great minuteness on learning that they cost nearly a half-million dollars, seeming to be disappointed that it was not more of a menagerie in extent, for, as she observed, she “didn’ see nuthin’ but

hosses dere now, but I reckon f'om de name 'Mews' dey must a' kep' de royal cats heah too, oncst upon a time."

As we retraced our steps to Castle Hill we found St. George's Chapel now open, the "fambly buryin'-place," as Mammy remarked, on learning the "neah connectin' links ob de noble daid" entombed therein.

But her interest in this edifice was as nothing to her enthusiasm for the "gran' mossoleeum to de Prince Concert," the Albert Chapel adjoining. As Mammy said truly, "its 'sumpt'yus grand'yur was a wurthy monimint, f'om a wurthy woman to a man dat was wurthy ob bofe it an' her, — dat noble Prince Concert, whose name shows dey lives was one long ha'mony, wid not a single note out o' chune!

"An' now dat noble soul," she added, "de gran'es' King-woman dat uver ruled, has gwine to jine him, an' mek de Concert dat was so replete on 'urth mo' perfec'er in heaben!"

While we were waiting for the London train we found we still had time for a hurried visit to Eton, close by, the great English public school of the aristocracy. We caught a glimpse of only one or two "Collegers" in cap and gown, but were delighted to see many of the "Oppidans" who live in "Dame's houses" and wear the distinctive Eton dress, broad collar, short jacket, long trousers, and tall hat.

Mammy did not, however, duly appreciate this study in proportions, crowned by the sanction of centuries, and when she beheld several of the stalwart Etonians endeavoring to kick the festive foot-ball, in the rigorous embrace of stiff round collar and

high silk hat she shook till the tears rolled down her face.

Then fearing she might have misunderstood the situation, she stopped to ask :

“Is dem boys bein’ punished wid dat crooel haid-gear on, Mis’ Car’ll?”

When I reassured her and told her, “No, they were only enjoying themselves,” she ejaculated :

“Law, now, you don’t mean to tell me dey wears dem chimby-pots fer pleasure? ’Tain’t boy natur! Why, dem steeple-chasers is wus den de gravy an’ ’tater hats I seed up to Oxford, an’ dey was bad ’nough, goodness knows!”

The Professor had reconciled her to “dat ridic’lous Oxford cap” by explaining its former practical uses. He told us it was also called a “trencher,” from the old French verb *trenchoir*, to dig a trench, because the primitive schoolboy had to use his mortar-board for a plate as well, around which he made a trench of potatoes to ensnare the succulent gravy with which he was favored.

“Ugh! how messy dem boys was!” ejaculated Mammy at the time, in keen disrelish for the revolting ways of the English schoolboy and his predecessors.

Now she was forced to a reluctant sympathy for the victims of “dem tall chimby-pots,” a sympathy which lasted until we reached London. Here it was diverted to the “blue-coat boys,” whose *pièce de résistance* was not a head-piece, for they always go bare-headed, but the long flowing blue skirts which encircle them like a harness.

With boyish instinct they dispose of the obnoxious coat-tails by tying them about their waists while at play, thus exposing their mustard-pot legs, encased in the bright yellow stockings which have descended to them for centuries, and which moved Mammy to cry out with laughter, as she watched them through the railings of Christ Church Hospital :

“Look at dem long-legged yaller-jackets ! Now did you eber see de like, I ax you !”

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON

Old World and New—Magna Charta—British Museum
“Stat-oo-airy”—The “Rose-etty Stun, and Pharaoh’s Bath-
tub”—No “’njoyment in Inglish buryin’s”—The British
“Crowner,” and a maiden of 400 Summers.

LONDON is the great treasure-house of the English-speaking race. Old-World associations touch the New in a breath-taking fashion.

Soon after our arrival we turned our footsteps to the Professor’s life-long Utopia, the British Museum.

As we got out of the “Tup’penny Tube,” that monument to American engineering genius which enables an “underground conductor,” for the first time in history, to wear, immaculate, a white carnation “button-hole,” we turned the corner into Bloomsbury Square, and Dr. Irving, knowing my interest in all things pertaining to “Maryland, my Maryland,” remarked: “Carroll, you may care to know that we are passing the place where Charles, the third Lord Baltimore, and the only one of the Barons who governed Maryland in person, lived. Here he dwelt for many years after the Maryland Revolution of 1688 forced him to remain away from the colony, and here he was visited, from time to time, by leading Marylanders who hoped the Crown would restore the Pro-

prietary, which eventually happened in 1715." It was deeply interesting to know of this link between Maryland, past and present, just a few score steps from that treasure-trove of the nation, the British Museum.

As soon as we entered its imposing portals the Professor naturally gravitated in search of the original manuscript of Magna Charta, perhaps to verify the statement of one of his early history pupils, that "Magna Charta said that people should not be imprisoned for debt if they had enough money to pay it off."

Virginia and I were in the meantime, distraught between the Elgin Marbles and the wonderful Portland Vase, the marvelous workmanship of which, had excited our interest during our college art course.

We learned that when this mysterious product of Grecian art, was sold, the Duke of Portland, and Wedgwood, the art potter, tried to outbid each other; Wedgwood surrendering, on condition that he might attempt its reproduction and discover the secret of the exquisite white figures in relief upon the rich blue marble of the vase.

Forty attempts did he make; but the copies only serve to show that the secret remains a secret still, to all but the art creators of the past.

No less thrilling is its history.

While standing in a conspicuous position in the Museum, an arrant vandal with one blow shattered into a thousand pieces this gem of antiquity.

These were skilfully readjusted, and the vase of 1500, stands to-day a trophy no less to the creative

genius of the past than to the re-creative skill of the present. Leaving this exquisite specimen of Greek art, in miniature, we descended to those heroic examples of Hellenic idealism, the noble fragments of the Frieze of the Parthenon, known as the Elgin Marbles.

Theseus! Persephone! Demeter! and Iris! Surely these, with noble mien, majestic proportions, and divinely flowing draperies, were Gods, indeed; fit to command awe and reverence, alike from classic Greek, or latter-day Christian.

But Mammy had other reveries. As we paused in front of these Grecian models, she exclaimed in much bewilderment:

"What ails dem folks, settin' roun' permiscuous' widout any arms or laigs. Don't it hurt 'em? Some ob 'em ain't got nuthin' but stumps, an' lan' sakes, Mis' Jinny! deys some of 'em settin' 'roun' wid nuthin' but dey haid to 'em," she ejaculated, as she descried a row of busts of Roman Emperors, deprived of all physical support, except their pedestals.

"Oh, those are busts," said Virginia.

"Yass' sum, dat's so? Was de res' ob 'em busted off in de 'splosion and jes' dis hyah lef', Mis' Jinny?" Mammy asked with bated breath.

"Well, not exactly," said Virginia, laughing. "You see, Mammy," she explained, "they preserved the most beautiful or striking portion of the person, whether it was the head, or hand, or foot."

"Oh, yass, sum, sho' 'nough! Well, now, Mis' Ferginny," said Mammy, delighted with a sudden idea, "Why cyan't we all hab a bus' made of Mis'

Doris's teeny foot fer 'em? She sutney got a sweet li'le member, dat angel chile, an' 'twud be a sight pleasanter lookin' den dese ole stumps."

Presently, as we sauntered down a corridor filled with other masterpieces, with here and there a fine Apollo, Venus, or Aphrodite, we noticed that Mammy became unusually voluble.

"Come hyah, baby! Don' you turn yo' haid 'roun now, chile! Look at dem purtty blocks down in de pav'ment, darlin'."

Finally she accosted Virginia, in accents of pent-up indignation:

"Look hyah, Mis' Jinny, does you think dis hyah's a fit place to bring dis chile? Barefaced men an' wimmen at ev'y tu'n. Ain' dey got no urr place ter fasten 'em up, nur no clo'es to put on 'em. Dey looks perished wid cold, let 'lone onseemly."

"But they are stone, Mammy — some of them dug up from the ground long years ago," Virginia answered, obliviously.

"Humph! I'd let 'em stay'd kivered up. Dat's de place fer 'em. Calls dis 'Stat-oo-airy,' does dey? Well, 'airy' is dey name, an' 'airy' is dey natur, sho' 'nough!"

"For pity's sake, Davenport," whispered Virginia, "do take Mammy round to see the mummies, or anything, to distract her attention."

Dr. Irving, reluctantly abstracted himself from the glories of the Parthenon, and obediently did as he was bid; but not having heard the previous dialogue he immediately made matters worse. Thinking to interest Mammy, by showing her people of her own

race and color, he took her to see some warlike Ethiopians, with the remark: "These are some of your ancestors, Mammy." She tossed her head high in the air and responded, indignantly:

"Deed dey ain't, honey! I seed my gran'father, an' he had as much clo'es on as you got!"

Discovering that the subject of clothes was becoming a dangerous one, we diverted our researches to the safe and innocuous spot where the famous Rosetta Stone reposes, Dr. Irving explaining, for Mammy's benefit, that this coal-black rock was the clue by which learned men could read the inscriptions on the ancient monuments, and interpret the Bible more correctly. Mammy was profoundly interested, and after registering a wish that "Pa'son Jenkins war hyah to git a new tex' f'om it," she continued: "'Rose-etty,' now dat's a purtty name! I'll gib dat name, an' whar it come f'om, to my nex' gran'chile, perwidin' she's ob de female perswashun," she added, with a chuckle.

"Rose-etty British Museum Johnsing," she said, contemptively.

"Dat's a reel high-soundin' Inglish name, now ain't it, Mis' Jinny?" and she repeated it again, with great satisfaction.

"Spec's it'll suit her, down to de groun', fer de las' pic'nees war blacker'n de Rose-etty Stun itself. Dey was twins, an' had reel Bible names,—'Pheeny' an' 'Phosy' " (an adaptation, I found out later, from St. Paul's greeting to his Roman friends, Tryphena, and Tryphosa).

"Mebbe ef she's called fer de stun dat chile 'll be

bawn a readin' an' writin' niggah," she continued. "Law, now! it 'ud be de fus' one I eber knowed on; but reck'n twarn't no harm ter try it, t'would be wu'th de resk!

"I nuver could l'arn mo'n my A B C's, 'ceptin' I was bawn ergin!

"I mus' sen' dat name home mighty quick," she went on. "You nuver kin tell when dem darkies gwine ter need it.

"Dey ain' prov'denshul, like white folks; dey don' seem ter sagasticate; de mo' blackberries grows on de bush de less deys got ter eat," she added, oracularly.

"But look hyah, Mis' Car'lyn, 'bout dis hyah Rose-etty Stun," the Egyptian characters of which she was examining with great minuteness —

"I knows my A B C's, but I cyan't mek out er single A B C nur a U. S. on it. Don' see how folks could l'arn readin' f'om it."

"But, Mammy, this was written two hundred years before Christ was born, and long before the United States was discovered, so there couldn't be anything about U. S. on it," explained the Professor, facetiously.

"Well, den, I don' tek no stock in it, ef dey didn' know 'bout us," she answered, scornfully. "Don't look like a stun, nohow — jes' like a piece ob sof' tar, dat a passel o' birds made tracks ovah, an' it got hardened so. Dere ain' no A B C's dere, er I'd seen 'em," she ended, triumphantly, and then walked off to hunt up the baby, who was making love to a tall brass-buttoned guard, in charge of the Mausoleums.

When Mammy appeared he was holding her up to

examine the stone coffin of one of the Pharaohs, and Doris remarked, gleefully, to Mammy: "Isn't zis a nice baf-tub, Mammy? Let's go get farver to buy it for Doris." Mammy readily agreed, as one of her tribulations was the baby's daily bath, in "dat tin high cheer," which she called the high-backed sitz-bath provided by the hotel for the purpose.

We discovered on our return that Mammy does not approve of the ponderous two-storied mausoleums in the Museum.

"How 'se dey gwine git out o' dem mon'sous tooms, I'd like ter know, when Gabr'el blows his trumpet in de mawnin'?" she asked, with deep concern. "'Ceptin' de mummies," Mammy complains, she "ain' seen no buryin's in Inglun wuth talkin' 'bout," owing, no doubt, to the fact that the English never hang crêpe or any emblem of mourning at their doors; the "blinds down," being the only way to detect the presence (or rather, absence) of the departed.

Mammy thinks this method very unsatisfactory, and sure to lead to complications.

She says, "S'posin' you fergit de number, an' has ter 'nquire at ev'y house in de row, fo' de co'pse. No! dey'd oughter hab some signif'cashun outside," she insists. And to one accustomed to the elaborate funeral rites of the Southern darkies who spend all their substance to b'long to de Buryin' S'ciety, and who as "Sisters of Laz'rus," or "Brothers of Mary an' Marthy," attend in a hack, adorned with white gloves and ribbons, and with banners waving, the desuetude of the English on these occasions moves

Mammy to say she "don' see how dey gits any 'njoyment outen a buryin' at all."

When, at luncheon, we were relating Mammy's aversion to mummies and mausoleums, my neighbor, a traveled English woman, remarked :

" Her dislike cannot be a circumstance compared to my own. I feel like exclaiming, ' Let no one mention mummies in my hearing — at least, not until my own mummy is settled, ' " she added feelingly.

" Your mummy — settled ? " I inquired, with an idea that mummies, buried thousands of years, were, of all beings, the most ' settled ' in the universe.

" Yes, perhaps you may not have noticed the case in the papers, though it has been in the courts for a long time. I am now in town because of an absurd appeal which the railway company has made against the damages awarded me for the young lady of four hundred summers I brought back with great expense from South America."

" Oh, how romantic ! do tell us about her, " we exclaimed, while Dr. Irving, who had been vastly amused by the reports of the case, leaned forward to gain the facts at first hand.

She told us she had wished to make some special return to the fathers of a school in Belgium for the care of her son, and endeavored, while in South America, to obtain a mummy for their Museum. She secured a most valuable specimen, a young Princess of the old Peruvian dynasty of the Incas. This ancient damsel, in her swaddling clothes, she brought safely to England. When it reached London, however, the railway authorities mislaid the bill of lad-

ing, and an employee opened this peculiar parcel, and, horrified at what he saw, rushed off to the coroner with the gruesome tale that the body of an unknown female reposed in their luggage-rooms, and he feared foul play.

Thereupon the Coroner called a jury of twelve sane, sober and intelligent (?) Britons, who "sat upon" the corpse, and rendered this "quaint verdict," which set all London agog for days with merriment:

"That this woman was found dead at the railway goods station,—Street, and did die on some date unknown, in some country unknown, from some cause unknown. No proofs of a violent death are found. . . The jury are satisfied that this body does not show any recent crime in this country, and that the deceased was unknown, and about twenty-five years of age."

"And this dictum was rendered on a lady of four hundred years' standing (or rather *sitting*, for the Incas are buried in a sitting posture) in this world-centre, by a serious-minded British jury," said the cosmopolitan Englishwoman, too much tried to defend such a benighted pronouncement even in her own country.

After the inquest had been held, and the mummy "picked to pieces" the company sent it, all unwrapped, and disembalanced, to Belgium, where the disconsolate fathers were forced by the health authorities to bury the lady in their garden. The mummy was worth several hundred pounds, there not being one "like unto her," even in the British Museum. As compen-

sation for the mummy and for the freight charges of nearly £50, the lady was awarded £75 damages. The company, however, appealed on the plea that it was not the loss of invoice which made the mummy "go bad," as the English phrase put it. They admitted that they were bound to deliver goods in the same condition as received, or make good damage done them in transit, "unless the injury to the goods arose from the act of God, the Kings enemies, or from the inherent vice of the thing itself." They alleged the mummy began to decay "from inherent vice," and would have developed signs of decomposition unfit for exhibition purposes, whether the mummy had been opened, and "sat upon" or not. The Lord Chief Justice "left it to the jury to say whether the company's negligence was the cause of the mummy going wrong," and the jury found that, after a retired and innocuous existence of four hundred years, the lady would probably have gone on to perfection, and not decomposition, had she been left undisturbed.

Notwithstanding this conclusive verdict from both King's Bench and Court of Appeal, the case had lingered along several years, and damages had not been received yet by the long-suffering plaintiff.

After this recital, the Professor said he now appreciated an article he had recently seen on "Litigious England," in which it was stated that one out of every twenty-five of the population of the "right little island" was at legal warfare with some of the rest.

CHAPTER IX

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

Lark-Pudding at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese — We sit in the “Seats of the Mighty” — On-han’some Cabbies, and the London Inferno — Genesis of the Stars an’ Stripes — “Martyr-cars” and “Auto-brooms.”

ONE morning, while sight-seeing, we found ourselves belated for an engagement to luncheon with a friend, at Doctor Johnson’s favorite resort, “Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese.” Our seats had been previously engaged at the place of honor, the old philosopher’s own table; but we dared not miss the crisal stroke of one o’clock, when the gastronomic feast of generations, the steaming lark-pudding, made its inspiring entrance. We were far too hurried to see Mammy back to the hotel, so, not anticipating any difficulty, we told her to take the next cab and drive home.

When we returned to dinner, Mammy had not yet appeared. We were becoming much alarmed when she arrived, so disheveled and breathless that for some time we could not hear her tale of woe. Then she told us, when we left her, she stood on the curb until a cab came along.

The man “druv’ right ovah to me,” she said, “an’ called out, in a pert sassy tone, ‘han’some! han’some, mum!’ I looked him squar’ in de eye, an’ says,



“HAN’SOME IS AS HAN’SOME DOES, YOUNG MAN ; BUT YOU’LL
NUVER HAB NO CAUSE TO KNOW IT !”

‘Han’some is, as han’some does, young man; but *you’ll* nuver hab no cause to know it.’

“He druv’ off, an’ he must ‘a’ put up some nonsense wid de nex’ one he met, fer purtty soon anurr druv’ up, an’ says he, in de same pert axents, ‘Han’some, han’some, mum!’ but I gib him one look, an’ sh’uck my omberel at him, an’ says in a wutherin’ tone ‘Ef you ‘rasperate me eny mo’, I’ll set de ‘Merikin eagle on you.’ ” (Poor Mammy! never considering how she could have produced this emblem of democracy in monarchical London).

“Den I begin ter think I ain’ what some folks call han’some, but I ain’ bad-lookin’, an’ I ‘spose dey don’ see ladies ob my complecshun ev’y day. Enyway, I don’ like sich remarks th’owed at me in publick, an’ when bimeby anurr o’ dem cabbies drives up an’ says, ‘han’some, han’some, mum!’ I ‘spicioned it was a put-up job, an’ I wouldn’ go a-ridin’ wid none o’ dem fresh crittchs. I’ll jes’ tek’ de Circ’ler Railway home, I says.

“Purtty soon I foun’ de hole in de groun’, an’ I went down an’ down, inter de bowels ob de yurth, an’ when de train druv’ up, I gits inter one ob dem hoss-stall boxes right ‘nough.

“I knowed de station, by de pickshure ob dem ‘Nestling Milk’ Cats, de lean brown, an’ de sassy white one, so when we come ‘roun’ to dem cats, I n’urly wrencht my arm off er-openin’ de sinfu’ do’. Jes’ as I was a-backin’ gradooal down onter de platform, ‘cause ob my rhoomatiz, de conductor come ‘long an’ gimme a push, an’ says, ‘Step in lively, mum,’ an’ banged de do’, an’ off we went ‘fore I

could say 'Jack Robinson'! Mis' Ferginny, honey! I'se bin in dat train five hours! Seben times we come 'roun' to dem cats, an' seben times I tried to back out, an' some man er turr would come 'long an' h'ist me in er'gin!

"Den I says, dey t'inks I'se gittin' in, 'stid o' out, an' I'se feared I'd go circlin' 'roun' dis heah wicked city twel de Day ob Jedgemen'. Jes' den a real kin'-face man gits in, an' I says, pantin' like, 'Good Lawd, man! he'p me out'n dis heah bu'nin' fi'ry fu'nace. What wid de smoke, an' de sulfer, an' de smell ob brimstun', I b'lieve it leads straight to de mouf ob Hell.'

"De man he lookt scairt, an' mighty glad ter git shet ob a mad wooman, as he 'spicioned I was, an' no wonder, wid my bunnit on crooked, an' my shawl a-draggin' off'n me.

"When I come up to de su'face ob de yurth er'gin, warn' de ve'y fus' thing I set eyes on one ob dem ow-dacious cabmen, a-waitin' dere at de curb fo' me,—an' soon's he ketch sight ob me de impident feller shouted, 'Han'some, han'some, mum!' De ign'rent, or'nery, po' white trash!" and dear old Mammy sat down out of breath, the whites of her eyes rolling as if she had been in conflict with a whole menagerie.

"You poor dear Mammy! you shall never go about alone again," promised Virginia, as she removed the crooked bonnet and the bedraggled shawl, while baby Doris, who had wept herself almost asleep, climbed into Mammy's tired lap, and patted her cheeks tenderly, while she sobbed: "My ownest darlin'est Mammy! I'se so glad I'se got you! I'se so 'fwaid

you was losted ! ” and the perturbed brown face grew tranquil again, as she crooned these comforting words to herself, and the little maiden :

“ ‘Way down Souf, in de lan’ o’ cotton,
 ‘ Mid cinnamon seed ’n sandy bottom,
 Lookaway ! lookaway, lookaway ! Dixie-lan’ !
 I wisht I was in Dixie, a-way, a-way,
 In Dixie-lan’, I’ll tek my stan’,
 I’ll lib, an’ die fo’ Dixie-lan’,
 Look’a way ! look a way, look a way ! Down Souf, in Dixie.”

“ Davenport, we must never leave Mammy out of our sight again in this wicked city,” said Virginia, severely. She looked as if the Professor were in some sense responsible, owing, no doubt, to the fact that he had discreetly retreated behind his newspaper, which shook several times during Mammy’s recital, as if he had the ague.

“ Well, dear, the Londoner has a cultivated eye—an eye for color, in fact, judging from the enhanced charms of many of the ladies, I observe on the street,—and Mammy is a handsome old person, even if she objects to being called so by strange admirers. Moreover, her charms are native, she neither wears ‘transformations,’ nor ‘plumpers,’ to puff out her cheeks, which I see constantly advertised in the windows, so no wonder she attracts attention. Nevertheless, dear, I hope you won’t think it necessary to appoint me her bodyguard, while we are in London. I seem to have been on duty a good bit as it is, and I begin to feel like a traveling showman.”

“ The fact is, Davenport, dear, you’re jealous ! Mammy has received more attention than all the rest

of us put together, and you know it. You must remember you are a very commonplace individual, Mammy isn't!" and with this Parthian shot Virginia left the Professor to meditate upon his utter smallness, except as a member of Mammy's train.

"You evidently think Mammy peerless," laughed I, as we started out on a shopping excursion together.

"Yes, I reckon I do," said Virginia, warmly, "especially every time I hear of the untrained crudities of the new generation of darkies. I had a letter from mother, this morning, recounting her woes.

"She had taken Pompey, one of the smartest field-hands, to help our stately old butler Olympus, who has been with us over fifty years, and his father before him. Among other duties Pompey was to receive visitors. He did fairly well for a week, when imagine mother's feelings, while entertaining callers one day, she overheard Mrs. Major Byrd Page inquire if she were at home. She evidently presented her card, whereupon Pompey darted down the hall and returned with the salver, genially confiding to Mrs. Page; 'Bress de Lawd! I done fergot de li'le pan!' Of course he was simply hopeless after that," and she laughed heartily.*

"Still, for genuine attachment I think our old-time colored retainers cannot be surpassed, nor for stunning appearance either," continued Virginia, presently.

"You know no one could be more courtly nor

* This incident appeared, in a somewhat different form, in a recent publication; but it was obtained by the author from quite an independent source, a half dozen years ago.

imposing than Olympus, Carolyn? Not even a British flunky with all his 'arms' and cockades thick upon him, can equal our distinguished old butler who is sufficiently proud to 'b'long to de fambly,' arms or no arms. Although the Fairfaxes have as good a right to a coat of arms as any in England, and by direct descent," she said, proudly, "did we care to sport our colors." Both the Washingtons and Fairfaxes were old English as well as Virginia families. You remember General Fairfax demanded the surrender of Worcester from Sir Henry Washington, when King Charles fled in disguise from Oxford, and it was no doubt the Stuart insurrection, in 1655, which drove the Washingtons over to Virginia, for they were loyal Stuarts. You know George Washington's first business venture was a commission from his friend Lord Fairfax to survey his lands on the Potomac, and their lands were adjoining for many generations."

Virginia's remarks reminded me of the Professor's visit to the ancestral home of the Washingtons, old Sulgrave Manor, and his interesting description of it when he joined us again in London. He told us of the Washington crest on the wall,—the origin of the Stars and Stripes, which Washington took from his ancestral arms to be the emblem of the new republic across the sea. This is also to be seen on the wall of old Sulgrave Church, as well as the effigies in brass, of Lawrence Washington and his wife, who are buried in this Old-World sanctuary.

When the Professor told us of these interesting connecting links, which gave to America the emblem of an historic old English family, Mammy interrupted him in puzzled concern ;

"Mist' Dav'npot, how could Marse Gawge Wash'n'ton fight all dem gran' battles he done, ef his arms was jes' stars an' stripes?"

She was evidently under the same delusion as the countryman who was told that the King's arms were a lion and a unicorn, the one on the right and the other on the left, and who was not satisfied until he saw his Majesty, and discovered that his members were of the ordinary shape, and the usual number of digits.

"Oh, his arms were his family symbol," explained Dr. Irving, "like the monogram on Madame Fairfax's gold and silver plate," with which Mammy's labors made her painfully familiar. "Washington lent them to the great New-World family of which he was the 'Father.' He loaned us his arms to help fight our battles, you see," concluded that inveterate punster.

"An' so de Stars an' Stripes come from Inglun?" said Mammy, reluctantly admitting the extraneous origin of "Old Glory." "Well, praise de Lawd! it didn' hab all dem stars on it, anyhow, when we took up wid it, now did it?" she said, with the air of a champion who has at least scored one good point.

"No, Mammy," said Dr. Irving. "It started with only thirteen when we adopted it, now it swings proudly to the breeze with full forty-five, if it has n't added another since we came over. England would, no doubt, be glad to adopt both it and us over again; but her inability to understand our little ways is illustrated by the misguided manner in which I have often observed the flag suspended here, with the 'Stripes' up, and the 'Stars' down. I fear they

would have even more difficulty in keeping us right side up with care."

Apropos of the countryman's bewilderment as to the King's arms, the lion and the unicorn, Mammy's interest in these royal emblems has always been profound.

After repeating to Doris, one morning, the accepted British version from Mother Goose's loyal lips,

"De lion an' de unico'n,
 War fightin' fo' de crown,
 De lion beat de unico'n,
 All roun' about de town,—"

Mammy stopped to inquire of the Professor:

"Mist' Dav'npot what's a unico'n, enyhow? Am it enything like a bunyon, er jes' a plain toe-co'n? F'om de pickshur in de book, 'pears like it's some quare kin' ob a horn-thing on his foreward."

The Professor, never having beheld a unicorn in the flesh, decided to "embroider" a little, and replied:

"It appears from its name, and as you say from its picture Mammy, to be an animal with only one horn or corn sprouting from its forehead."

"My!" said Mammy, enviously. "Hit's a mighty lucky animule to enjoy de co'n in sich a handy place, whar it don' tread on it none, nur cultivate no companions."

Later we heard Mammy say to the baby, that, "so long as de King weahs dem arms, de lion an' de unico'n on his shiel' an' buckler, he will be blest wid on'y one co'n, but he has to be mighty pertic'lar not

to weah his crown too tight, les'n de co'n mought settle in de middle ob his foreward, like de uny's."

Mammy insists that her memory carries her back to "de days ob Marse Gawge Wash'n'ton an' de King's arms,— when dey wo' knee britches an' buckle slippers, an' frill collars, an' shu't-fronts dat was a nat-chul caution to do up."

From Mammy's buxom appearance her actual age belies more than three score years at most, but her "reminiscent age," as the Professor calls it, covers a full century. Her memory is evidently vicarious, and made up of the recollections of older darkies, incorporated, unconsciously and without pretence, into her own. When one remonstrates with her, and protests:

"But Mammy, dear, you surely don't remember when George Washington was President," she responds with an injured air, —

"Deed I does, chile. Does you all think I'se gittin' so ole my fergittery's done got de betteh ob my mem'ry. No, indeedy!"

Her age, like that of many fairer damsels, is her tender point, but unlike the majority she craves years instead of their lack. Having, in an unguarded moment, alluded to poke-bonnets as belonging to "de time when Marse Jeems K. Polk war Pres'dint," her listener said adroitly, and with admiration:

"Mammy, how old are you, anyway? You must be a hundred to remember all you do, and yet you don't look it, either."

"Lawdy, chile! I specs I is," said Mammy pluming herself complacently, and then presently she chuckled:

"I reckon I'se like Brurr Pete Purdy, on'y mo' so."

"How's that, Mammy?" inquired her listener.

"Well, Pa'son Jinkins was gwine one day to pay his 'specs on ole Pete, an' gib him his gratifications 'cause he done hab his hunderf birfday. De Pa'son say comfortin', an' resigned-like, 'Well, Brurr Pete, I reckon you'll nuver see anuver hunderf birfday.'

"'Dunno, Pa'son,' say ole Pete, a haw-hawin' quiet-like to hisse'f, 'I'se a-startin' on my secon' hunderf a heap sight pearter'n what I done on my fust,'" and Mammy laughed uproariously at the Pa'son's rout by old Pete's subtle wit.

As is apparent Mammy is not at all sensitive about remembering "too fer back." She glories in her reminiscences, and the more hoary the better. Some of those which can be called strictly her own are far from uninteresting.

When the Professor was discussing the subject of the King's arms, she quite startled him by remarking:

"Dem was de days when de King was in de pin biz'nis, warn't it, Mist' Dav'npot'?"

"Really, Mammy," he replied, with some amusement, "I was n't aware that the King ever devoted himself to that pursuit."

"No, I reckon not, honey," said Mammy, quite undaunted. "Dat was befo' yo' time, but it's de Gospel troof, jes' de same, 'cause ev'y papeh o' pins had de King's symbol an' sup'scription on it, dat ole lion an' unico'n everlastin' fightin' fo' de crown. Dem days all de good needles an' pins come fo'm Inglun. De King did n't wuk fer nuthin' dem days, nuther. We all hed to pay a quateh fer ev'y papeh brung ovah,

an' I tells you we 'preciated dem li'le tin p'int's down to de groun', an' dey was reason 'nough in de Bible 'junction:

‘ See a pin, pick it up,
All de day, you'll hab good luck.’

“ De King he war n't a master-'prentice at de wuk, dough, fer sometimes de haids done come off, but we nuver tho'wed em away, we was too prov'denshul an' perwidin'. We jes' sticked wax haids on to em, and used em a long spell arfterwuds.

“ Dem was de days when we sha'pened broke-off needle-p'int's on de grin'stun' same as noo; an' when po' white folks had sanded flo's stid er cyarpets, an' tallow-dips stid er sperm can'les like we all quality-folks. Yass, honey, de chillun ob dis was'fu' spen'-thrift gin'rashun dat fin' ev'ything ready to dey han' don' know which side dey bread's buttered on. No indeedy!” and Mammy rocked herself to and fro after this oracular deliverance.

“ But de King nowadays, he ain't satisfied,” she continued, presently: “ He's gwine out de trimmin' an' small ware biz'nis, an' took up wid wukin' machinery in his martyr-car. I seed him in de Pawk in his broom dese sev'ral mornin's past,” said Mammy, alluding to the King's auto-brougham. “ 'Dough what dey calls it a broom fer I cyan't speculate, lesn' hit's b'cause he clares ev'ything out de road wid it, when he sweeps by, like de ole woman what ‘ swept de cob-webs out'n de sky.’ Seems like de hull r'yal fambly's got a tas' fer machinery. I heerd tell de Queen, Mis' Alexander, herse'f's got her own

martyr-car, an' de Prince ob Whales an' Mis' Whales is each got dey sep'rate 'machine,' as dey calls it. Time was when leddies was satisfied wid sewin' machines, an' stayin' home wukin' 'em. Now dey's nuver at res', les'n dey's whirlin' roun' in publick, bein' seed an' heerd ob all men, in dese noo-fangled contraptions. Hit's a wonder de people 'lows dey crowned huids to go off fractious-like on dem murd'rous boxes. Why Mis' Chumley's maid what's a friend to Lawd Pegram's valley (seem like it oughter be 'lily o' de valley,' dough dat Frenchman ain' fair 'nough fer a white lily),—well, dis valley-man told Mis' St. John, a-gloryin' in it, too, "'Is Ludship 'as been th'owed twicest; 'as been run ovah an' mangled, 'im standin' h'in de way' when de critteh took a notion to return 'ome back'ards; 'e's been half kilt mo'n oncst; an' 'e's hed to walk de hull o' ten miles 'ome when de coal-ile gib out; an' yit dey ain't nuthin' on urth my Lud would tek in 'xchange fo' de critteh.'

“ ‘Well, den,’ I says to Mis' St. John, ‘His Lawd is a fool, dat's what he is!—sasshayin' roun' de c'untry like he war possest ob de debbil. You'd think dey'd mek de Kings tek a plaidge to touch not, han'le not, de accussed thing,—meanin' dem fi'ry charyots. Mebbe de King fancies hisse'f gwine up in a charyot o' fiah, like 'Lijah, but I ain' heerd tell dat 'Lijah's mantilly done fall on him, an' he betteh not resk it, lesn' he's mighty sho he's de nex' heir to de mantle.’ ”

CHAPTER X

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES

Mammy's First Lesson in French—"Cyan't you talk plain United States you po' thing?"—Mammy's sympathy for Mr. Herbert Spencer.

"**R**EALLY, Davenport, I wish you would give Mammy a few lessons in French before we go over to the Continent," said Virginia, one day; "we don't know what sort of a predicament she may get into."

"After her experience with the hansom cabmen the other evening, dear, I hardly think she has mastered the intricacies of her mother-tongue sufficiently, to attack another," remarked the Professor. "But," he added, "I think she is trying to absorb a few French words from Mrs. Majoribank's French maid, Julie. I overheard the maid jabbering at her, in voluble Parisian, the other day,—she doesn't speak a word of English, as it happens. Mammy listened a few minutes, and then said, with a delusion common to us all, 'Ef you was jes' to speak a leetle mite slower 'pears like I could most' un'erstan' what you says. Cyan't you talk plain "United States," you po' thing?' But is there any special need for her to learn, now?" he inquired.

"Well, yes, there is," faltered Virginia, laughing. "This morning, in the drawing-room, I sent Mammy

up to bring Doris down, when that fussy old Lady Griggs stopped her, and said airily, 'Oh ! ralely, now, my good creatuah ! would you be kind enough to stop in my room, and bring down my *pince-nez* ? It's on the table, I think. I wish to do a little sewing.'

"Mammy returned in a few minutes, bringing in extension, a pair of Colonel Vivian's light gray trousers, with the explanation,— 'Dey warn't on de table, mum ; but was hangin' out'n de baid, 'tween de mat-russes !'

"Lady Griggs fairly shrieked, 'You never found those articles in my room, you dreadful creatuah !'

" "'Ain' dat yo' room at de haid de stairs, mum ?' demanded Mammy, severely.

" 'No ! I changed next door yesterday, to escape the stair-case draught, and what I wanted was my eye-glasses.'

" 'Well, 'twarn' my fault, Mis' Jinny,' said Mammy, turning to me, 'what fo' did she ax me ter fetch her "gray pants," when all she wanted was her specs' ; and she added, as we got out into the corridor, 'I think she was gwine ter men' 'em fo' de Cun'l, she tek sich a consumin' intrus' in him, oglin' him wid dem ole specs' ob her'n !' she added, *sotto voce*.

"During the dialogue the rest of us were fairly doubled up with laughter ; old General Coventry, the Colonel's Chief, shook so he tore his paper in half, and then blew his nose like a fog-horn to cover up his retreat. To make matters worse the Colonel was there, too, and he was so furious, because we knew he did n't use a proper trousers' stretcher that I am sure all is over between them."

"Good work!" laughed the Professor, wickedly, "more sweet young hopes blasted! Mammy is a champion match-breaker, though," he remarked, reminiscently. "Don't you remember the day I almost drowned myself because she told me you had gone boating with Curtis, when you had promised me?"

A few moments later he remarked, from behind his paper, "I find Mammy is not the only sufferer from the mistaken translation of a foreign tongue. Greater authorities than she fail to interpret a sister language aright sometimes.

"I notice Mr. Herbert Spencer has a plaintive letter in to-day's *Times*, complaining of the French translation of a passage from his new book, 'Facts and Comments.' It seems he wrote 'How extreme is the predominance of athleticism is shown by the fact that Sir Michael Foster, when a candidate for the representation of the University of London, was described as especially fitted, because he was a good cricketer.' Whereupon the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* wrote, 'London University chose for its representative, in Parliament, that candidate who was the best cricketer!' so you will note, my dears, Mammy has eminent precedents for her literal translation of equivocal expressions.

"What surprises me most," he added, "is the frequent failure of the English to understand the picturesque vocabulary of the American tongue correctly; but I suppose it will take some time for them to become educated up to it."

Apropos of the Professor's remarks, Mammy came down to breakfast the next morning with a griev-

ance which would have aroused still further her sympathies for Mr. Herbert Spencer.

"Why don' dey call t'ings by dey right given names?" she said, rather crustily, for her, when the waiter brought her orange marmalade, when she asked for "p'sarves?"

"I declar' I was dat weak wid hunger, in de middle o' de night, I thunk I should 'a' fainted. I got up an' went out inter de hall to see ef I could git a bite f'om a porter.

"Pres'ny Mis' Sanders' companion, what sits up an' reads to her, come by, and I says, gaspin'-like, 'Could you, oh! could you, mum, git me a few crackers?' She looked a little puzzled-like; but bimeby she come back wid a box ob matches, an' says, 'How many would you like?'

"I says, 'Land! Miss, I ain' no rat. I cyan't feed on sulfer an' brimstun'; you mus' want ter pi'zen me,' an' I looked at her 'spicious-like.

"'Oh! did you wish somethin' to eat, some biskit, p'raps? I was n't quite sho'; but I thought 'crackers' was 'Amurikin' fer matches!' an' she seem so took er back dat I didn't th'ow nuthin' at her, an' purtty soon she come back wid some crackers, sayin', 'Heah is a few biskit, I am so sorry I didn' un'erstan'!'"

After we had laughed as much as we dared at Mammy's discomfiture, and commented to her satisfaction on the density of some folks to understand "plain English," Virginia remarked: "Even the baby has her grievance against 'English as she is spoke,' and the lack of imagination of the infant English mind. She was playing with little Muriel Coventry,

yesterday, when I heard her remark in her cunning way, as she softly patted some cotton-batting into a cradle for her doll, — ‘Isn’t zis nice kitty-cotton, Muriel’? ‘It isn’t ‘kitty-cotton,’ said the little English girl, reprovingly, ‘it’s *cotton-wool*’!

“But speaking of mixed tongues and ideas,” she continued, “reminds me of some schoolboy essays which a friend of Miss Saunders, a London teacher, brought to entertain her this afternoon. They were on the Coronation, and would seem to indicate that even juvenile Englishmen have very hazy ideas on the approaching event.

“One of them wrote:

“‘It is the priverlege of the lord mare, to wash and dress the king the day he is crown’d, the archbisharp of canterberry will ask the king to say an oath, and when he has done this, he will wash the feat of 12 poor peepul and rise up an ointment king.’

“Another wrote:

“‘Although he is a rooler, he is a clever man with tack. He has such respeck for himself, that he wrote a new pome for the Corunation, called-God save our grashus king, his majersty will sing this himself wile he is being crowned with pompersniss in westminster abbey.’”

CHAPTER XI

THE APPALLING IGNORANCE OF THE ENGLISH CONCERNING AMERICA — AND BOSTON !

“Choctaw ” the native American tongue — Paris to the fore,
“U. S. is spoken here”— College Yells versus War Whoops—
A Bostonian, a distinct feature in Paradise — American
Slang an effective Mitten — An American Girl and the “heir-
presumptuous.”

“WHAT sort of language do the Americans speak
at home?” inquired of me, one day, a
Scotch-woman from Ayr, the home of classic (?) Bobby
Burns.

“Choctaw, formerly,” I answered, not wishing to
disappoint her; “but of late we speak pure unadul-
terated ‘United States,’” I added, remembering
gratefully the sign in a Paris window in the Place de
l’Opéra, where besides the usual notice :

“Hier spricht man Deutsch; ”

“Qui si parla Italiano; ”

was the welcome legend,

“U. S. is spoken here !”

The Professor, on being told of it, had remarked,
cynically, “It would be more correct, if it were :

‘U. S. is bespoken here,’

considering the dependence of French shops upon
the American tourist.” But I would have none of his
cynicism ; I was willing to accept it just as it stood,

as a tribute to the all-conquering power of the American tongue.

But to return to my Scotch inquisitor. "Occasionally, now and then," I admitted, "we do soar into English; but not often! Do you know," I ventured, with approval, while she looked at me dumbly, "*you* speak remarkably good English for a Scotchwoman? Really, I should never have known you weren't an Englishwoman," I went on, paying her the intended compliment which has been vouchsafed me on several occasions.

I remember one Englishwoman who confided to me, with, as she thought, subtle flattery,—

"Do you know, I hardly grasp that you are not English, you are so like ourselves, you know? But your maid quite fulfils my idea of a native American. I always fancied all your natives were copper-colored."

Evidently, as Hawthorne expressed it, when he first visited England, she thought that all Americans "were taken down out of the trees," to be transported over here to civilized abodes.

Quite a reversal of Mammy's complimentary notion concerning Europe! Even she, we feared, must be a trifle disappointing, since she did not wear nose-rings, and never appeared in moccasins, or carried a tomahawk. But her vocabulary was all that could be desired—"so American, you know!" and she was treasured accordingly.

But my questioner was again eager for more light. She told me she had been present at Henley, the past summer, when our valiant "Pensies" came so near

carrying off the laurels that it was long a mooted question whether it was advisable to admit "foreigners" to the regatta or not.

She said, "I have always wanted to ask a native, if those unearthly cries, (Fancy! our beloved college yells!) with which the Americans incited the Pennsylvania crew were not a survival of the Indian war-whoop?"

"Not a lineal descendant!" I hastened to assure her. "Pennsylvania is my neighboring State, and I believe the native tribes became extinct there not long after the time that George Washington wielded his little hatchet."

"And what part of the States do you come from?" inquired my Scotch friend.

"Baltimore," I answered modestly.

"Oh, I think I've heard of that! Isn't that where the good-looking American girls come from?" and she eyed me so critically that I hid behind my fan and hastened to assure her that I was not traveling in a representative capacity, but solely on my own private account.

"Is Baltimore in New York?" asked this misguided person presently.

"Heaven forefend!" I ejaculated, piously. "That is about as bad as to ask a Bostonian if Boston is in Chicago?"

"Well, just where *is* Boston now?" went on my interlocutor, with a capacity for enlightenment which was really appalling.

"Oh, Boston is in Massachusetts!" I replied.

"Ah, is that the way you pronounce it? When I

studied geography we used to say: 'May-satch'-u-setts,' with the emphasis on the second and last syllables."

"Well, I wouldn't any more, if I were you and were alluding to that particular State," I suggested. "A Bostonian never likes to be confused with any one else, you know?"

"Boston is quite different to any other place, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "A Bostonian never really feels at home in any other place than Boston. They say that once, a long while ago, a Bostonian died and went to heaven. When he arrived at the gate of Paradise, St. Peter wouldn't let him in. He insisted, and after a time St. Peter said, discouragingly:

" 'Well, you may enter; but *you* won't like it! ' "

"Indeed!" said my Scotch friend, after a long, thoughtful pause; and then, wishing to gather advance points on celestial research, she added, "And did he like it?"

"I have n't seen him since," I replied. "But he probably grew reconciled to it, and decided to make the best of the situation, so that after a while he did n't care to return, — even to Boston."

"Poor fellow! I suppose he really did n't feel at home," she said, sympathetically.

"Oh, no!" I agreed. "Of course, it was n't Boston. Still, as a Bostonian is never commonplace, you know, he would have been a distinct feature, even in Paradise. A Bostonian would never walk into a café and brusquely order, 'Chocolate for one, please.' He would enter with distinction, and would request:

““Chocolate solitaire, in a plentitudinous setting of chastised lacteal fluid!””

“Really! and would they know what he wanted?” she asked.

“Oh, certainly,” I replied, “the waitress would also be a Bostonian.”

“Ah, what extremely nice people! Do you know I think I should like Boston,” she said, with enthusiasm.

“Yes, I presume you would!” I replied.

While we dislike the imputation, we hardly wonder that we are expected to stand sponsor for a new and peculiar designation for American speech. For after the diverse versions of English from “the States,” heard abroad, one questions whether “Choctaw” would not be as intelligible to the foreigner. Perhaps even the Oxonian may be pardoned in his endeavor to translate “American” into “plain English.”

Mammy’s bewilderment over “English as she is spoke” is not more sincere than that of the average Continental over our pet verbiage. Certainly there is much excuse for the Frenchman, who, after listening with bated breath to a “native” who interlarded her conversation with current American slang — “your easy expressions,” as he termed them courteously — went away with uplifted eyebrows, and remarked:

“Ah, yes, she speaks American. It is very unique.”

As it happens, here at our hotel is just such another “native,” a piquant and rather dashing American girl, who is leading a prospective earl not simply a dance, but a Terpsichorean reel, with her bewitching prettiness and her unconscionable speech and ways. But there is a *raison d’être* for her guiles.

"A typical Daisy Miller," the Professor had said, disapprovingly, and I agreed, until I met her and learned the true inwardness of her astounding lingo.

This original maiden began her London career by registering at our sedate hostelry, as

"Helen Gwendolyn Mortimer, parents and brother,"

which naturally attracted attention, and she has been the cynosure of all eyes since.

Her father and mother have been brought over "to give her every advantage," they confess inadvertently, and in consequence she is having "the time of her life." The father came to get rid of business, the mother apparently to get rid of the daughter, and the daughter is getting rid of both dollars and suitors in the most entertaining fashion.

The present detrimental is a "flower of the British aristocracy," a curate withal, but also the younger brother of a bachelor earl, and therefore, as redolent of "prospects" as her devoted pater is of kerosene.

The indomitable daughter has hit upon a scheme which promises to be effectual before long in ridding her of the heir-prospective.

It is to prove to him that her "exuberant American speech" is quite unfitted to echo through ducal halls, and so, as she says, give him "an arrest of thought."

A small brother, in the shape of an *enfant terrible* of cherubic and guileless mien, but of infinite satanic wiles, "manages" the party, and has already so fascinated the youngest member of our quartet, baby Doris, that Mammy's days have become a burden for

fear of contamination from this to her sporadic source of all evil.

"Ef dat air kid-youngster ain' 'nough to drive white-robed angels to drink an' destruction! Dis ve'y mornin' he cyared off all de men's boots an' shoes at de doors down de corridor, an' put his ma's and sisteh's in dey place. Dat po' Misteh Boots dat shines 'em up say, when de men foun' dem wimmen's gaiters an' slippers settin' roun' outside dey do', dey let flow a flood o' langwige dat ain' niver been heerd in dis 'stablishment befo'.

"Dat po' y'ung man, de Boots, war mos' beside hisse'f tryin' to he'p git de guests' brek'fus up to 'em, an' 'scapin' dey bootjacks when he did, fer some ob 'em had n' no urr foot-gear to put on.

"Dey niver wu'd 'a' foun' out who done it ef dat sisteh ob his'n, as owdacious as de boy, had n' put in a 'pearance at de table wid de Perfessor's patent leathers on, which she said was all was left her to 'pear in, an' so dey foun' out what had went wid 'em.

"His pa an' ma dars n't stick dey huids downstairs, fer fear dey'll be axed fo' dey rooms, an' I wusht dey would, a-rarin' up a chile as demonical as dat. His name oughter be called 'Legion,' he's dat possesst. I tells you dat boy an' gyurl is a natchul team, dey is!"

The more we see of the "team," the more convinced we are that Mammy is right.

Yesterday we were entertaining callers in the drawing-room, when Miss Mortimer's "bud," as she calls her "flower of the aristocracy," was announced.

She had mentioned that he was a "bit moth-

eaten," and "all off on top," so I was somewhat prepared for the tall, angular curate, decidedly bald, and with the regulation hoop-skirt coat and shovel hat which make the clerical garb the most unbecoming in well-dressed London.

But he is the heir-presumptive,—“the heir-presumptuous,” as she calls him; and as he is possessed of poverty and presumption, as well as prospects, this naughty little girl is having rare sport at his expense; for she says:

“He positively is the limit, my dear,—so dead easy, and so perfectly dopey, as well. He simply won’t stay away, and all I am conscious of when he comes is the odor of kerosene, not of sanctity, on his garments. Of course he has heard of papa’s spouting geyser, and thinks I’d make a capital Aladdin to illuminate some musty old place he will have one of these days. All I can do is to act kerosene, and talk “United States,” and hope he will see I am utterly impossible before long.”

As he is after dollars, and she after a lark, I fancy they are fairly well matched, though it is easy to see his emotions are so much ensnared now that I don’t believe the dollars would count in the balance.

He advanced to shake hands in the most approved May-fair fashion, when she gave him one of those bewildering air-brake fantasies of a hand-shake which quite took his breath, while she remarked, with a coquettish glance beneath her eyelashes:

“What a perfectly heavenly day we are having!” He responded, as he recovered his balance and seated himself awkwardly on the edge of a chair:

"Yes, it is rather jolly, isn't it?" and then made some not unclever simile, I thought, between the fleecy clouds and the "dream of a dress" she was wearing, which struck me as quite worldly-minded and up-to-date for the average clerical mood. But love is a luminant, they say.

"Oh, I am afraid you're really giving me a jolly," responded the incorrigible child. "Between you and me and the parlor lens (mirror), I don't think this cuts much ice, myself. But I've a regular Jim Dandy frock for the coronation and the sweetest love of a chapeau you ever laid your two orbs upon," and she gazed into the curate's "two orbs" with a guileless grace that I know made him perfectly willing to relinquish even the oil-well for a perpetual glimpse into their liquid depths.

"But there now, I expect you think I'm chatting through my millinery, don't you?" she said quizzically.

"I beg your pardon," he said, bewildered. "Chatting through — your — millinery? — did I understand?"

"Oh, yes, don't you grasp? — talking through my hat, — just for effect, — what you call 'putting on side,' I think."

"Ah, yes! I see, — quite so, really?" he responded with a benignant smile.

"But say now, don't you think I shall be simply out of sight?" she continued archly.

He assured her that he sincerely hoped not, as he was coming up to town especially to see her, and not the King, on that occasion, and that he would bring

his sister as well,—an evidence of family interest that betokened quite a concession to the heiress of the oil barrels. Then he inquired somewhat hazily :

“ I beg your pardon,—but what sort of a gown did you say you would be wearing! Ah,—ah — I should like to recognize it, don't you know? — a — a — James — who was it? Is it a Paris creation? I didn't quite catch the name of the modiste. My sister is very interested in those sort of things, you know!” he concluded, rather hopelessly. “ She is going to Paris shortly, and she would be jolly glad to know where you get those fetchingly smart costumes.”

“ Oh,—a ‘ Jim Dandy,’ —is that what you mean?” she inquired in all seriousness. “ Oh, it's no trouble at all. I shall be charmed to write it down for you.” And then that irrepressible child wrote out in full on the back of his card, as she told me later :

“ MONS. JIM DANDY, ET C^{IE}.

Paris Costumier,

17 Rue de Rivoli.”

“ A regular Jim Dandy frock always gives such satisfaction, you know,” she said enthusiastically. “ I hope your sister will find them becoming. Is—is she at all like you?” she asked, with a shade of mingled interest which, doubtless, the curate thought quite promising.

“ Well, yes. She is considered rather so, I believe,” he said reminiscently, “ though a trifle more slender, and not quite so tall. We are rather a tall family, you know,” he added, as if to explain his own towering seventy-four inches.

"Oh!" said the innocent damsel pensively, "I'm not sure a 'Jim Dandy' would suit her style exactly; but she might try and see."

The misguided heir-presumptive might have floundered into more pitfalls had not the door opened just then, and the cherubic small brother, in golden locks, a velvet Fauntleroy suit, and lace collar, made his appearance, announcing shyly:

"Mother says she will be down in a few minutes."

"Isn't he a peach?" the fond sister inquired of the curate, naïvely.

He, unsuspecting man, invited the blushing "peach" to a seat on his knee, by offering to let him inspect a fine Swiss watch he intimated might be found in his pocket.

At once the cherub disappeared in the wary small boy, who ejaculated shrewdly:

"Hum! Reckon it's dollars to doughnuts your old turnip don't go! Bet you 'taint a patch on my new Waterbury, anyhow."

Nothing daunted by this ignoble comparison the curate produced his timepiece, which the sophisticated infant soon disposed of with the withering ultimatum:

"Polly-wogs! 'Taint even a stem-winder! It's no good at all. We get that kind two for a nickel at home."

The Honorable Sylvester, still undaunted and wishing to acquaint himself further with one whom he might make his future brother-in-law, betook himself to the usual clerical catechism which hitherto had held awe-inspiring possibilities for the demure small boy of his acquaintance.

He began: "Ah! now. What is your name, my little lad?" which would be followed in turn by the usual formula:

"How old are you?" and the more trenchant and suggestive query, (apropos of the watch-criticism):

"Do you know where little boys go when they are bad?"

But "small brother," who had been coached by his anxious mother before his down-coming, to "speak up promptly and answer the gentleman nicely," had been caught in a like predicament before. Not wishing to be detained longer from more attractive and legitimate pursuits, he anticipated the later queries, and answered them "promptly" and collectively:

"Charles Gordon Mortimer,"—"aged seven,"—"go to——!"

Mammy, who had been hovering at the window with Doris, seized the baby firmly, who screamed defiantly for "Cholly," while she forcibly made her exit from this perilous contact with a demoralizing "limb o' perdition."

Whether his seeming consignment to eternal torments by "small brother," or his sister's quicker perception of the non-existence of "Mons. Jim Dandy, et Cie," accounted for the curate's "arrest of thought," as well as a wholesome dread of spontaneous combustion should he introduce such inflammable elements into his staid family-circle, he never re-appeared in the hotel drawing-room in quest of the daughter or her dollars, and her mother was left lamenting her obdurate offspring's indifference to such "unusual advantages, and the cloth."

CHAPTER XII

HYDE PARK ACQUAINTANCES

Rotten Row — Church parade, and English toilets — “Young Men to Let” — A new scheme for “the States” — The Professor makes a scientific study of the Park lover — Mammy plans to celebrate “de glor’yus Fo’th!”

WE are stopping at a hotel in Piccadilly, not far from Hyde Park. Between our epidemics of sight-seeing we find the Park a most interesting reproduction of London in miniature,—“something for each,” the professor says, as he goes off to hear a rabid socialist discourse against Mr. “Pearrypoint Morgan,” or a “bread-rioter” rampant over Sir Michael Hicks-Beach’s new corn tax. Mammy consorts with the nursery-maids and their “Tommies,” or joins us, with Doris, in Rotten Row, (what a descent from stately *Route en Roi!*), where she makes trenchant observations on the prevailing English styles.

“Rotten Row is dis?—an’ rotten fashins, too,” she said, with disgust, one cold Sunday morning, adopting the prevalent London slang, in her disapproval of the toilets then in evidence on Church Parade. “Wid dem thin high-heeled slippers, an’ lace stockin’s, dis damp day, an’ dat open wuk on dere ches’s in dis nippin’ pernishus wind, dey’s jes courtin’ noomonia, an’ dey’ll ketch it, too, temptin’ Proverdenche like dat!

Why dey wants ter weah laces, 'n frills, an' ball 'n party-dresses in de streets, goodness on'y knows! When dey gits draggled, dey's right down tacky lookin'.

"Why cyan't de English ladies be satisfied wid a nice, clean-hangin' sho't skirt, like de Merikins, fo' walking. De men, now, in dem frock coats an' stove-pipe hats, is a mighty fine-lookin' set; but de English ladies somehow's got de gif' ob spoilin' mo' good materyul, wid nuthin' ter show fer it, den eny folks I knows on."

Every now and then, as if to point Mammy's remarks, a party of Americans sped by — some with the polished cosmopolitan manner and well-groomed, suitably dressed exterior which stamps the cultivated American, the world over. Others there were, with the loud, aggressive air, which the Professor says indicates: "Please note I am free, white, and twenty-one." These are they whom one is glad one doesn't know; but, as Mr. Howells says, "gladder still to know they are here, finding out how much they didn't know before."

If we depart, and leave Mammy and the baby, she contents herself by smoking a cigarette, and her brown face, white hair, and fleecy cap, behind the curling wreaths of smoke, attract much attention.

She discarded her pipe, after failing to get consolation from it, when seasick on shipboard; and the only substitute Dr. Irving could find was "Richmond Gems," which, we believe, she prefers solely on account of the name.

"That's a fine-looking old lady you've got with

you, sir!" said a railway conductor to the Professor, one day, as he handed us into a compartment, and Mammy ducked him a curtsey and a "Thankee, sir!" not knowing it cost the Professor an extra tip. And she was "sutney not bad-lookin'"; but quite an imposing old person with her round, kindly face, surmounted by her silver hair and dainty frilled cap.

She "formed herself," as nearly as possible, on her old "Mistis," Virginia's stately mother, with the exception of the spotless apron, bordered with a bright flower-garden pattern—usually of pink, trailing morning-glories—which was like unto nothing seen elsewhere than in "Ole Ferginny" itself.

She made friends with all the white nurse-maids, who adored her and invited her to tea, wherever we went,—and wrote her long letters which took Virginia, the Professor, and me hours to decipher, and as many to answer.

One of them, not fearing rivalry, brought her "young man," a swagger, red-coated Tommy Atkins, in white gloves, gilt braid, monkey-cap, and cane, to call on Mammy; but she scandalized Mammy beyond expression by telling her she paid him eighteen pence "to walk h'out" with her, "'cos' e've got such a 'eavenly h'uniform," you know!

"Some you can get for ninepence a h'afternoon, and some for a shilling; but I'd rather pay one-h'ansix, h'and get a fust-class h'article," she explained to Mammy.

"The most h'expense is to 'ave to treat 'im h'every time h'I takes 'im h'out, 'cos 'e only gets a shilling a day, you know, in the service," she said, apologetically.

"H'i gives 'im tuppence extry, if 'e rolls the pram" (perambulator), which the Professor said would be "dirt cheap at two guineas. You see," he remarked, with feeling, "it's not a case where

' The jingling of the guinea
Helps the hurt that honor feels.' "

Mammy said she often met them "walkin' h'out," in the park, never saying a word to each other; so it must have been a genuine relief to bring him to see Mammy, who never lacks for conversation.

The girl told her it would be a disgrace to "'ave er h'evening h'out without 'er young man to walk h'out with 'er," and that she spent most of her substance that way.

He was a swell, and no mistake, and so thought the Professor, who, coming in suddenly, found this stunning Tommy Atkins making his exit, and at once accosted us as the responsible ones, with:

"I say, who's your swagger friend, my dears?"

I told him Virginia and I were thinking of "letting" him, for the next afternoon, to go to the Royal Academy with us, which he had pointedly refused to do, whereupon he remarked, tragically, "Cut out! and by a brass-buttoned Tommy Atkins!" and forthwith placed himself at our service for "old masters or new."

Dr. Irving does not care as much for the Fine Arts as Virginia desires. She wishes to inoculate him, at least to an extent which will enable him to prevent such a fatal *faux pas* as was made by one of his students, who called upon them recently. Virginia was entertaining him with photo-reproductions of various

masterpieces when they chanced upon the head of Judith, from the famous Botticelli canvas of 'Judith and Holofernes,' in the Uffizi Gallery.

The youth, a *nouveau riche*, gazed at it quizzically and then enquired :

"Who is that a picture of?"

"Judith," replied Virginia, thinking this sufficient.

"Oh, yes! Judith Iscariot!" he responded, complacently. And now Virginia insists that the Professor should include a course on Bible or Art with his instruction upon Ancient and Modern History; but the Professor protests that he is neither a parson nor an artist; and that, moreover, he could not expect extra compensation, which Virginia declares is sordid and ignoble of him, considering the end in view.

Since Tommy Atkins's call, "under orders" for the afternoon, Virginia and I have been discussing the idea and its far-reaching possibilities. She thinks it a capital plan to introduce into "the States,"—prefaced with a proper English sign, like this:—

Young Men to Let!

By the hour, afternoon, or evening,

For church, theatre, or shopping.

N. B. Special rates for a regular engagement.

As she says, it would be such a relief to be sure of "steady company" that could be relied upon to appear on time, dance all the off-dances, or look responsive when one wishes to "sit out" a dance, and I quite agree with her. Think what a boon it would be to go to the theatre, and talk or not as you please, between acts, and then not have to invite your escort in when you were dying with sleep and

wanted to go to bed. It's a capital scheme, altogether, and we will copyright it as soon as we get back.

We had been expatiating with enthusiasm on the promising project of "Young Men to Let," and the way it filled a long-felt need in England, when we found Dr. Irving deeply interested in the particulars.

"Do you know," he said, thoughtfully, as if deep in a subject of technical research, "that explains a great deal about which I have been greatly puzzled?"

"It accounts for that tired feeling the Park lover wears when he sits with his arm around an engaging girl in the Park.

"I have been making a study of the subject for some time, and I could n't seem to get any light on it before.

"The lovers do not osculate, or look love-glances, or whisper tender messages into each other's responsive ear. They only sit in a patient, resigned sort of way, his arm around her, her hand in his,—never nearer, nor farther, apparently waiting,—well,—waiting for the time to be up, and for them to take up the more enlivening duties of life again.

"I confess I have been making quite a study of them in my humble way, and I have not been lacking in apparatus, or opportunity. The other day I was reading a paper in the Park, when a couple sat down directly opposite me. I held my paper up blushing, when the man put his arm upon the back of the seat, and I thought perhaps I would better get up and go away. But as they had invaded my privacy I concluded, 'Well, I can stand it if they can, and I may never again have as good a chance to see how

it is done; for I want to carry back as many studies of indigenous English life as I can.

"A little later I looked up, furtively, and they were still in the same position — neither more so, nor less.

"‘Dear me!’ I thought, ‘he does n’t seem to get on at all. I am afraid she is an unfeeling young person,’ — but she did n’t look it, either.

"Finally I came away, thinking it was my presence which prevented things coming to a head; but I might have spent the day there, had I only known," he added, regretfully.

"Now I understand it, I feel quite relieved. I feared that, somehow, Tommy Atkins was lacking in the proper tactics of attack, and I trembled for the defence of the British Empire; but it is all clear to me now," he said, cheerfully, as if a load were rolled off his mind, — "Who is the hireling who would be paid to give a kiss?"

Mammy, while not interested in the "Park lover," from the Professor's standpoint, is certainly a Park lover herself from quite another point of view. In fact so devoted has she become to "de 'quaintunces" and sights she enjoys there that it is very difficult to entice her to go anywhere else.

"Hide-an'-Seek Pawk," which she declares is so called "'cause it's so hard to fin' enybody arfter you gits sep'rated off f'om 'em," is to her a sweet elysium, and she revels in it accordingly.

Among many friends are two nursemaids from Jamaica whom she calls the "J'american ladies," and with whom she has taken tea on several occasions. But her special attaché is a great blue-coated guard-

ian of the law, who with more than the usual solicitude of London policemen has taken Mammy and the baby under his special protection, and spends much of his official time, we judge, answering her inquiries. Mammy calls him "de Major," in deference to his martial air on horseback, his helmet, and his brass buttons. While he may be at times dismayed at her unremitting catechism, he is quick-witted enough to defend himself, a fact which endears him all the more to Mammy's laughter-loving soul.

"De Major ain't no slow coach, I kin tell you," she said one morning with a chuckle as she came in to put the baby to sleep. "I ax him casual-like dis mornin' what he weah dat li'le black ile-cloth strap un'er his chin fo'. De police at home don't hab no ornamint like dat hangin' down f'om dey hats."

"What did he say, Mammy?" we inquired.

"Well, he fotch a deep sigh," said Mammy, with much enjoyment, "den he 'lowed he had to weah it to res' his face f'om ans'erin' de questions de ladies ax him in de Pawk," and we saw from her expression that the "Major" had served a subtle hit at Mammy which no one relished more than herself.

On the morning of the Fourth of July Mammy rose betimes, and hied her to the Park to get a good start upon this festive day of National jubilation. But to her surprise there were no evidences of its being unlike other days. There was no roar of cannon, no bombs bursting in air. The shops were all open and not a flag to be seen. She hurried over to the Park and accosted the "Major" rather uncere- moniously:

"Don' you know dis heah am de Fo'th ob July?"

The "Major" responded tranquilly:

"Yes, I know this is the fourth day of July, but what of that, Mammy?"

"Lan' sakes, man!" exclaimed Mammy, forgetting to be polite in her indignation at his crass ignorance. "Ain't you all gwine to hab no gran' goin's on, to-day,—no speechifyin', nur tarpedoes, nur fiah-wuks, nur nuthin'? Ain't you gwine to celebrate, I ax you?"

"Why, Mammy," he replied, "we have n't anything to celebrate. What are you so glad about that you want to celebrate?"

"No!" said Mammy, as it suddenly dawned upon her, "ob co'se you ain't a-celebratin; you ain't got nuthin' to be glad about. But you mus' know, ef you likes to think, dis heah am de day we got sot free f'om you all. 'Pears like to me de King oughter mek a speech heah in de Pawk, an' congraduate all de 'Merikins present. Ain' he down on de program fo' dat?" she inquired, anxiously.

The Major assured her that he had not heard of it, but that she could probably learn of such an arrangement if she would cross the Park and inquire at Buckingham Palace.

Mammy stopped only a moment to inquire,—

"Well, de Pawk is free to enybody dat wants to hol' a meetin', ain't it? I'se heerd de en'mies ob erligion hol'in' fo'th heah many a time, an' I reckon you wouldn' min' yo' ole-time en'mies celebratin' ef dey took de notion."

"Not a bit of it," he assured her.

"Anybody that's got anything queer to say, or that's gone a bit dotty, is as free as air to speak his mind here in the open," he assured her.

"Well, I b'lieve de King would speak ef he knowed it war de propoh thing, and 'spected ob him, an' I'se gwine to see about it," she announced with much purpose, as she seized Doris's hand, and started off in the direction of "Buck'em Pallus."

When she crossed St. James's Park and saluted the palace guard with the breathless inquiry, "Please, suh, is de King at home?"—the "red-rooster sojer" on duty quite retrieved the reputation of his comrade-at-arms at Windsor, by responding genially:

"Am sorry, madam, but His Majesty is not at home."

"What, de King not at home on de Fo'th?" inquired Mammy anxiously. "Den, we'se got to mek some urr 'rangements," she said, as she turned away with much disappointment.

"Now, Mis' Doris, we all's got to do de bes' possible in dis' mergency. You kin speak

'Twinkle, twinkle, li'le star,'

an' I'll h'ist de ole flag, and de couple bandanners what I brung 'long ovah, an' we'll sing 'Dixie-lan', 'an' 'De Star-Spangle Banneh,' tell de crowd gethers. Den, mebbe, de King er de Prince ob Whales will come a-prancin' thoo de Pawk, an dey'll 'member how fergitfu' dey been 'bout de Fo'th, an' come an' do dey duty, fa'r an' squar'.

"I reckon dey ain't got nuthin' ag'in' us now, an' jes' winnin' out ob a war wid dem Souf Afrikins dey'll know how it is deysel'es, an' wanter celebrate."

Mammy came home resolved — and ate her luncheon with much determination depicted on her countenance.

Feeling that something ominous was in the air, the Professor watched Mammy out of one eye, and when he discovered her wrestling with her trunk in an effort to locate the flag and “bandanners,” he came quickly to the rescue, and inquired solicitously :

“Can I help you, Mammy?”

“Well, Mist’ Dav’npot,” said Mammy grimly. “I dunno wherr you kin’ er not. Does you know dis God-fersaken town ain’t fi’ahed off a cracker dis live-long day, an’ most ob de Fo’th’s done gone. An’ I don’t b’lieve dey’s gwine to let off a sky-rocket nur a spinnin’-wheel to-night.”

“That is a shame!” said Dr. Irving, indignantly,—discerning how the wind blew.

“What can we do about it?” he inquired anxiously.

“Well, I been ovah to ax de King to tek his part, but he warn’t at home. Now I dunno wherr we’d betteh org’nize a percession er a speech-makin’ in de Pawk.”

“Oh, I should think the procession, by all means,” said the Professor craftily. “It would attract more attention;—but it ought to be at the Tower or some place where people have been imprisoned and set free, you know,” said he, thinking if he only could get the little party immured within its walls, it would be safe enough. We had already spent a day there, but that was no matter.

“Dat’s a fac’! Mist’ Dav’npot,” said Mammy. “You’s a masterhand at managing.” (Ah, Mammy, a better hand than you suspect!)

"But, Mammy," he added, "I fear we must be careful what we say. You know they might imprison *us* if we say too much.

"And then, it isn't really polite to remind them of the war they lost and we won.

"You know we are visitors, and they are our hosts, and in old Virginia the guests never offend their hosts. It isn't good manners!

"Do you know I have half a notion it would be a good thing to go and see the Tower, and leave the celebration till we get back to old Virginia next year? Then, being neither hosts nor guests, we can celebrate all we please. What do you say?" he said, deferentially leaving the matter to her. Thus appealed to, Mammy responded, though with a shade of disappointment in her voice:

"Jes' as you say, Mist' Dav'npo't. I ain't hankerin' to spend de res' ob my stay heah in dat grizzly ole dungeon, an' some folks is awfu' tetchy."

"Then we'll try another day at the Tower," said the Professor, with calm decision, while Mammy went off to celebrate on the quiet with Doris all that was left of the badly snubbed, but still "glor'yus Fo'th," and to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the only thing worthy of the day, the magnificent "Hoss-Gods" on parade.

The Life and Horse-Guards in their splendid trappings have had no more devoted admirer than Mammy during her stay in London. She has but little doubt that they are "gods" in truth, as she calls them, — whether because of an "inward and spiritual grace," or because of their outer and glorious covering is still a question.

At any rate, their stunning costume of burnished steel breastplate and helmet, scarlet coat, pearl breeches, and bright top-boots, together with their equally stunning evolutions, or "takin' ways" as she calls them, make them to her almost the pivot around which London revolves and upon which its safety depends.

It is always the most auspicious day's beginning if she can cross "Pickle-lilly" (a more familiar term to her than Picadilly) and reach St. James's Palace in time for the changing of the "Infant Gods," — in other words, the infantry sentries. Then she will scurry across "de Moll" (the Mall) for a yet more glorious vision of the troop of forty "Life Gods," who go off duty at about the same time. The "relieving of the guards," appeals to her as a most humane performance, "arfter dem gods has set dere on dey hosses all night long," as she supposes, "nuver slumb'rin' nur sleepin', a-keepin watch out fer thieves an' burglars, ovah dis great sinfu' city." I am sure Mammy sleeps far more restfully at night because of the vigils of the Guards, and the confidence she reposes in their watchfulness could not be disturbed, even did she recall that their chief charm is their sphinx-like immobility, for they never budge an inch or move an eye-lash after they go on duty.

But these are but more convincing proofs of their supernatural origin in Mammy's eyes.

At first their name as she understood it jarred slightly on her religious sensibilities.

But as she "watched dey actions," she returned each morning from the parade with the growing con-

viction that "dem gods sutney earnt dey name rightly. Nobody but a god could set up dere ramrod fash'n an' nuver move a muscle, 'ceptin' he was sump'n oncommon. No human could do it nohow. Mebbe dey gits transformed when dey h'ists into de saddle; dey sutney is 'remend'yus like de Bible troops, 'clare as crystal, an' ter'ble as an army wid banners.' I reckon now de 'Hoss Gods' is gods on'y when dey's on hossback, while de 'Life Gods' stays gods fer life.

"Dem Infant ones is mo' puzzlin', 'cause dey is bigger den de res'; but taint' no 'countin' fo' things on-human like dat, an' 'taint right to measure em by plain or'nary folks, I reckon."

CHAPTER XIII

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Beef-eaters — The Crown-jewels — A new place for a garter — “Henry de Ate, de fust Inglish Mormon” — Coats of mail versus matrimony.

FROM an American point of view, the English appear very indifferent to their historic monuments. We met several Londoners who rather boasted that they had never been inside the British Museum, the National Gallery, or, what was more incredible, that rugged residence of their Kings and Queens for five hundred years,—the Tower of London. One of them was a genuine Cockney at that, for her ancestors for three generations were born within sound of Bow Bells, and some of them lived in London in Queen Elizabeth's time. Perhaps they were all too familiar with the Tower then, and that may account for their descendant's aversion now. But I fancy it is sheer indifference, for she was in no wise abashed to acknowledge it. That is the beauty of English conservatism,—its unblushing impeccability.

We told her that, as we considered Tower history no less ours than hers, until our more enterprising ancestors shook the dust of England from off their feet, we should try and atone for her meagre attentions

by bestowing, if need be, a whole day upon this frowning old fortress.

On our first visit to Tower Hill, after passing over the old moat, now planted as a garden, and stopping for a moment at the Traitor's Gate, the grim and famous river passage by which State prisoners were conveyed to their apartments, we came to the Bloody Tower, the scene of the murder of the little Princes by their uncle Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

Here we were taken in charge by one of the picturesque Beef-eaters, whose Tudor costume of red and black, huge fluted ruff, and broad hat, was provided by Henry VIII. for the *Bœuf-etiers*, then the well-fed Yeomen of the Guard.

"Beef-eaters, is dey?" asked Mammy, looking at our gory guide as if he were a relic of cannibal times. "Does dey eat rare beef, Mis' Car'll, to make 'em 'pear so red? Jes' look at de murd'rous hue ob dey gyarments."

Under the guidance of this fitting survivor of the past we climbed the staircase of the Tower, under which were found the bones of the little Princes, murdered by Richard's cruel order.

"Is dem pore babes dere yit?" asked Mammy, in an awe-struck voice, trying to ease her ponderous weight against the wall, as if it would relieve the burden of the centuries on "dem pore innercen' infan's!"

"Well, I sho'ly is glad things is betteh nowadays. I don' b'lieve dat kin'-lookin' King 'n Queen would nuver tek' no pleasure in havin' enybody kilt, does you, Mist' Dav'npot, suh?"

"No! I hardly believe they would really take pleas-

ure in putting any one to death," said Dr. Irying, thoughtfully, while he murmured *sotto voce*, "but then you can't always tell!"

We visited the Crown Jewels in their iron cage, and after examining the royal crowns and sceptres, and various orders and dignities, blazing with diamonds, among which the most stunning was, of course, the great "Kohinoor," Mammy echoed, to much purpose, the legend, "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown," when she exclaimed, "Lan' sakes! Dat's an awful pon'rous haidpiece! No wonder de pore Queen looks so tired an' wore-out-like, wid a passel ob stones as heaby as dat on her haid; it's wus' den a clo'es-baskit er a watah-pail eny day!"

In the cage were the special emblems of sovereignty, to be used at the approaching Coronation:—the Orb; the swords of Mercy and Justice; the Royal Spurs; the Coronation Bracelets; and the golden Ampulla, shaped like an eagle, for holding the sacred oil used in anointing the Monarch, and which, according to the legend, was conferred on Thomas à Becket by the Virgin Mary, for the anointing of future kings. At least, this is the quaint tradition, given in an old Ashmolean MS. of the fifteenth century, in the British Museum.

The case containing the royal insignia of the Order of the Garter attracted Mammy's attention, and when its significance was explained to her, she exclaimed sceptically to me:

"What! dat long blue ribbin streamer a gyarter?" alluding to the broad blue ribbon which is worn across the breast of the royal recipient.

"Go 'long now, Mis' Car'll gyarters ain' fo' de ches', nohow," and Mammy blushed modestly, in the presence of the Beef-eater.

"But, Mammy, that part of it is really worn upon the chest," said the Doctor, in explanation.

"Stop yo' projeck'in', Mist' Dav'npot'. A good strong piece ob rubber-'lastic would be mo' real comfort an' 'pendunce den dat broad blue ribbin. Enyhow, 'twud be safes', an' I'd ruther trus' to it," she said with decision.

We left the Crown Jewels, and came across to Tower Green, the spot where stood the scaffold on which Anne Boleyn, and other unfortunates, ended their luckless days.

"Here is where Henry VIII. had two of his numerous wives beheaded," said the Professor, retrospectively.

"How many wives did he hab, Mist' Dav'npot'?" inquired Mammy, with eager interest in the matrimonial ventures of others.

"Six, Mammy," replied the Professor, scenting mischief in the air.

"Why, he was mos' es bad es Solermun. He mus' 'a' been de fust English Mormon, 'fo' Brig'um Young was ever heerd ob?" said Mammy, inquiringly.

"Oh, but he only had one at a time, Mammy," said the Professor, attempting to defend the frailties of this famous 'professional widower.'

"But how did he git shet ob de res'; an' what had dey done, de po' things?" said Mammy, sympathetically.

"Well, the first one was Queen Katherine of

Aragon, a Spanish princess," said the Doctor, delighted to air his history hobby. "She, unfortunately, had no son but only a daughter, so she had to be disposed of.

"The next was Anne Boleyn, a sportive young damsel, who also failed in the same particular; so after a time she was treated, in the fashion of the day, to a cold chop. She, however, provided a daughter, Elizabeth, who was worth a dozen of England's kings; for she started the Navy, crushed the Spanish Armada, and saved England for Protestantism. But this came about years after, when Henry's only son, Edward VI., had departed this life leaving his despised sisters in 'full and regular standing.' His other marital entanglements were disposed of at equally short notice. Then, as the Pope and the clergy didn't consider Henry's independent ways and sanguinary tendencies in keeping with the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church,—Henry lost no time in setting up a church of his own."

"Lawd-a-Massy! Mist' Dav'npot! you don' mean dat wicked ole Blue Beard,—arfter he done all dat,—set hisse'f up fer piety an' rightyus libin', an' made hisse'f haid ob a Chu'ch?"

"Yes, Mammy, that's just what he did," replied Dr. Irving.

"Well, it's a wonder he warn't struck daid, like Soddem an' Germorrer! But dey ought 'n' hab' lef' him stayed haid ob de Chu'ch," she insisted, excitedly. "Why didn't de people put him out de Chu'ch, like we mos' did Pa'son Jinkins?"

"Oh, they couldn't," said the Doctor. "If they

had, the Church would have gone to pieces. Since then, every king that came after him has also been Head of the Church!"

"Fo' de Lawd! Mist' Dav'npot, you don' mean it!"

"Certainly Mammy, it is both history and the truth I am telling you," as if these two were not always interchangeable.

"Goodness! Mist' Dav'npot," said Mammy, after a pause for reflection, "wish't I had l'arnin' like you. What a heap you does know, sho' 'nough," she added looking at him admiringly.

"Don't! Mammy, don't!" cried the Professor, "spare my maiden blushes! 'So young and yet so knowing'!—did I hear you say? I feel all of a flutter at your remarks!"

"Do you know, Carolyn?"—and he turned to me in confidence, with the air of one of Cook's couriers,—
"Mammy is the most sympathetic and responsive tourist I have ever 'personally conducted.'"

"Thankee-suh! same to you!" said Mammy, her white teeth gleaming in a broad smile, as she dropped him a curtsy.

"When you and Mammy have finished throwing bouquets at each other, don't you think we'd better go and look at the armor," said Virginia, casually.

"Quite so! quite so!" responded the Doctor, in his most approved English manner.

We spent some time in the Armory, also visiting the cell near by, where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and where he wrote his history of the world.

Mammy was particularly interested in the coats of

mail, and after investigating the heavy armor, worn by kings and knights, in battle array, she turned to me with the query :

“ Look heah ! Miss Car’ll, you don’ mean to tell me folks ever fit (fought) in dese heah cook-stoves, does you ? Why, it’s es bad es ef I was to dress up in a wash-b’iler, to go an’ chase an ole rooster, er a game pic’nee, like Polydor’ Abrum Linkum Jonsing ! ”

Her grandchildren were as the apple of her eye, and she was never tired of a chance to exploit their bright sayings and smart ways.

The same day she had a letter from her oldest grand-daughter, Nancy, whom she had “ eddicated stwaight th’oo de Norman Skule, ’tell she got a ’plooma ” (diploma).

But after the manner of many fairer damsels, intent upon a career, Nancy’s thoughts had been wrested from their “ normal ” course by the attentions of a young man, who wrote at the same time, to ask Mammy’s consent to their union in wedlock.

Nancy affirmed he was “ the nicest and likeliest young man ” she had “ ever met yet ; ” — “ es ef dat was eny reason,” sniffed Mammy, disapprovingly.

“ Mis’ Car’lyn, I jes’ wish’t you’d write, I don’ gib my consent, ’tel I gits home, an’ mebbe not den,” she added tentatively. “ What young folks wants ter go er-rushin’ inter matermony fo’, I’d like ter know.

“ Dey ain’ no giniwine comfert in married life ’tel one ob de pardners done ’ceasted ! ” she added sagely, with a laugh, “ but dey’s got ter fin’ dat out ! Ain’ dat so, honey ? ”

“ Well, Mammy,” I responded, “ from what I have

observed, you may be correct, in the main, but I have never been so situated that I have had an opportunity to learn from personal experience."

"Well, de good Lawd pr'sarv' you, Mis' Car'll; some things ain' wuth 'sperimentin' wid, you know," laughed Mammy.

"It's jes' like bein' in one o' dem coats o' mail, ter git hitched up wid de wrong mate,"—she went on. "You cyan't git out, an' you cyan't tu'n roun', you'se so 'prested wid de weight. I knows, 'cause I'se been married fo' times, an' I'd oughter. Men is quare crittehs ter git harnesssed up wid, 'les'n you'se a pow'ful well-matched team like Mis' Jinny an' de Perfessor. Mos' men-folks wants ter go tandem, wid deysel'es in front an' you ahine, a-tuggin' jes' es hard es dey kin go, stid o' pullin' quiet, an' stiddy like, side by side.

"No 'm! Nancy don' know when she's well off!" she concluded, emphatically.

CHAPTER XIV

OUR PARLIAMENTARY EXPERIENCES

Mammy takes tea with a marquis — No use for kings an' queens an' things in the States — The Marquis still a "seeker" — We behold the creation of a peer and are caged behind the "grille"—We take tea on the Terrace, and the baby nearly "takes a hoop"—The "Markis's glass eye" and "crownnet."

ON the voyage over, we became very good friends, Mammy especially, with Lady Constance de Vere, who had been visiting connections of Dr. Irving's in New York, and whose brother, Charles, Lord Cavendish and Marquis of Benbow, is a high cockalorum in English circles.

One afternoon, shortly after our arrival in London, Lady Constance called, and when leaving invited Doris to tea with her own little daughter, with Mammy, of course, in attendance.

When they arrived at her ladyship's house in Park Lane, the Marquis was present, no doubt, by design.

Her ladyship remarked :

"This is my brother, Mammy," and Mammy responded in her best Richmond society manner, as she dropped him a curtsy :

"Proud to mek' yo' 'quaintunce, Misteh de Vere."

He at once began to quiz her about America, and "the States."

"Great country, I hear!" he remarked tentatively, to open the conversation.

"Dat's whar you'se right, I reck'n, suh," replied Mammy warmly, with a proud air of satisfaction.

"How do you find it compares with England?" the Marquis went on.

"Well, Inglun' ain' bad fer an ole country," said Mammy consolingly. "'Twould be heap sight bettah fer a li'le fresh paint an' scrubbin' up; but I don' min' stayin' on a spell," she said with an air of one granting a concession.

"Have you seen the King?" inquired the Marquis, as one who disposes of his best wares cautiously.

"Yass, suh! I seed him sev'ral times a-ridin' in his martyr-car. He seems a real harmless kin' o' man, not like dem wicked ole kings in de Bible; but it mus' be pow'fu' tiresome, settin' roun' wid a crown on his haid all day long. Dey says you has to pay him high ter do dat," she went on, "but a topply thing like dat oughter come high. An' he ain' got much hair, fo'm his pickshures. 'Specs he has ter glue it on to keep it stiddy, like de pa'son does his wig. I knows how 'tis myself, 'cause I'se balanced clo'es-baskits on my haid all my life, an' 'tain't ev'y top-knot kin stan' it. Some ob 'em's too sof', an' dents in, same's po' old Lige Wil'yums, who had 'cusion ob de brain. De King he ain' got dat, so fer, is he?" she inquired anxiously. "He don' enjoy po' health, does he?" she added, with solicitude.

The Marquis assured her that, so far as he knew, the King was quite free from that complaint.

"De Queen, she's a sweet-faced lady, too," Mam-

my continued, "but my! ain' she young-lookin' to be de muvver ob all dem advanced princesses 'sides de Prince ob Whales?

"She sutney do cyar' her age oncommon. 'Pears like settin' on a th'one would 'a' wore on her mo'. Should think, now, dey'd ruther do some real hard wu'k, like Pres'den' Rosefelt, den jes' settin' roun'. He writes books, puts people outer office, an' shakes han's wid thousan's ob good Merikin citerzens, black 'n white, ev'y day, an' we don' gib him much nuther," she said with democratic complacency. "S'pose dey lets de Prince ob Whales do de errants, an' de odd jobs, jes' fer de practis'?" she inquired, and then continued thoughtfully, "Prince ob Whales! I s'pose he's called dat now, 'cause he's de bigges' fish in de sea, nex' ter de King-fisher? I nuver thunk ob dat, 'tel jes' des minit; but it sutney do fit him down to de groun'; don' it now?"

The Marquis agreed that it seemed not a bad fit, and then remarked:

"You don't think much of kings and queens in the States, I believe."

"Oh, we hain't nuthin' a'gin 'em," said Mammy, appeasingly. "Dey cyan't help it; dey was bawn so! But we'd ruther come ovah heah, an' gaze at yourn, an' let you all pay de bills. Dey come too high fer we all, jes es ornamentals. We could 'ford 'em quick 'nough, ob co'se, an' could jes' es leab buy up a few ef we wanted," she said with becoming pride in the resources of the States, "but what use is dey, enyhow, 'cep'n fer show?" she added conclusively, with a shrewd Yankee twinkle in her eye. "I knowed a

man in Richmun' oncst, people said was de descender ob a king. But he warn't. He come ob real respecttuble folks. I knowed his pa an' ma — nice people dey was too; but dey couldn' hol' a can'le to de Cun'l an' my ole Mistis!" and Mammy's brown face glowed with family pride, as one to the manor born.

"But," queried his lordship, with hardly concealed interest, "I think I am right in inferring that not all Americans,—the ladies at least,—are averse to royal and aristocratic connections. You know we have a large number of charming American ladies in England who adorn titles most gracefully, and I judge not unwillingly;—and," he added, gallantly, "we hope their number may never grow less!"

"Thank-ee-suh!" replied Mammy, appropriating the compliment, as if it were intended personally. "You see, it's jes' dis-away," she went on to explain. "I heerd de Perfessor say de urr day dat when 'Bufferlo Bill's Wil' Wes' Show' war ovah heah, — ev'ybody — kings an' queens, an' r'yalties, an' titles — all went crazy 'bout it, 'cause it was sump'n oncommon to 'em. Now, at home, we all wouldn' go roun' de corner ter see it, 'cause we'se used to it, d'you see? Well, dat's jes' de way 'tis wid de Merikin ladies. Dey ain't nuthin' on urth too good fer 'em. Dey's got ev'y mo'tal thing dat money'n 'tention kin gib 'em — sweethearts, 'n husban's, 'n brudders, what fair wu'ships de groun' dey walks on, an' rightly too;—but, sometimes, dey gits tired ob what comes so easy, jes' like de baby does wid a new toy. Den dey frows de ole ones aside, an' hankers fer sump'n new, what dey cy'ant git at home, like a

han'le to dey names. But I'se heerd tell, it's mighty resky," she said, shaking her head, "'cause, sometimes, de han'le's all dey does git, an' dey ain' sorry ter git shet ob dat, an' come back home, whar wimmen's 'preciated jes' de same, han'le er no han'le!"

Thinking it advisable to change the subject, Lady de Vere inquired, "Don't you find English tea-drinking very comforting, Mammy?"

"Yass, sum!' Mammy replied, "I stan's it purtty well, thank-ee-mum;" but truth asserted itself and she added, "dough, sometimes, I feels like de Per-fessor. He say, he's 'sorbed so much tea sence he's bin in Inglun' dat he feels like he's helt in solushun! He's allus th'eatenin' ter borry my cap an' apern, when he's tea-drinkin', 'cause he says he feels so ladylike," and Mammy laughed with much appreciation at the Professor's witticism. "Still," she added, as if to make amends for her disparaging remarks, "it's real fillin' when you ain't got nuthin' else!"

When Mammy returned, she told us, casually, that she had taken tea with Lady de Vere's brother.

"What, the noble Lord Charles, the Marquis!" ejaculated Virginia.

"He warn't no Lawd, Mis' Jinny," said Mammy, disparagingly. "He war jes' a or'nary roun'-faced-lookin' man, wid bandy legs an' a glass eye, not half so han'some as Mist' Dav'npot't dere."

"I should think not from the description," interjected the Professor with disdain.

"She did call him 'Chawles' dough," Mammy went on reflectively, "but I thunk es how lawds an'

markises allus wore dey crownets, even when dey was asleep," and she looked at us, in vain, to confirm her impressions. "An' I tole dat man, we all didn' tek' no stock in kings, 'n queens, 'n lawds, an' han'les, an' dat we 'preciated titles, like dey does Bufferlo Bill, 'cause dey's oncommon; — an' him a live markis, an' Mis' de Vere's brurr! Oh! Lawdy! what a chile I is fer huntin' trouble. Mis' Jinny," and Mammy's portly form shook with laughter, "you know you had'n oughter lef' me out alone!"

Mammy could not have made an altogether unfavorable impression, for a few days later, we received a note from Lady Constance, asking if we cared to visit Parliament, while in London. If so, her brother would be very pleased to make the arrangement. We accepted with alacrity, wondering what we should do with Mammy, when Lady de Vere's next note, appointing the day, ended urgently, — "And please, do not fail to bring Mammy, as she expressed to my brother an eager desire to 'see de place whar de laws is made.'"

We were to meet the Marquis and Lady Constance in St. Stephen's Hall, and, as the Professor was somewhat belated at a meeting of the Royal Historical Society, Virginia asked for the Marquis with an airy grace which betokened her on terms of daily familiarity with the aristocracy. Lord Cavendish quite answered to Mammy's description. He wore a straw-colored moustache, a monocle to obscure a slight cast in his eye, and appeared to have seen about fifty summers. He was, as Mammy had said, almost bow-legged enough to have "played hoop-rollin' wid," and

we were several times in danger of collision when we thought he was going straight ahead, and his purpose was an exit through a side-door.

"It all came about from his constant riding and hunting," Lady Constance explained to me one day, when I knew her better; but why she should confide in me, I couldn't conjecture, till Mammy suggested slyly:

"She wants you to tek' an intrust in him, Mis' Car'lyn."

I said: "Oh! I'm sorry, but I fear I really don't feel drawn to him. I have always heard 'a rolling-stone gathers no moss'; but this 'rolling-hoop', as Mammy calls him, is the greatest moss-back I've ever come across."

"Oh, that will all come off in the wash," said the Professor, slangily.

I told him that if he had ever had any experience with laundry-work, he would have discovered that moss-stains were the last things on earth to come off, and Mammy backed me up with professional ardor.

"Well, 'earth to earth', in some form or other, is the portion of all of us, sooner or later," he quoted, sententiously.

"But isn't the Marquis a married man?" I inquired. "If he isn't, he ought to be, at his time of life," I added, somewhat severely.

"No'm," interposed Mammy, with a chuckle, "Mis' de Vere's maid say he were still a 'seeker.'"

"Well," said Dr. Irving, "with so many charming and eligible ladies in England—I forget the proportion to each man—I say it is unpatriotic for the

Marquis to go on hunting hares and foxes when far more tempting game is waiting to be snared."

"Mis' de Vere's maid say dey all been huntin' *him*, 'tell he rolled off to Indy, ter 'scape," and Mammy laughed immoderately at her vision of the pursuers and pursued.

"I declare, if I were only a marrying man," said Dr. Irving chivalrously, "I'd marry some of the sweet young things myself," which polygamous sentiment he delivered just as Virginia entered, with the query, "What were you saying, dear?"

"Merely a trifling remark about the fine quality of English game, sweetheart!" he responded, as he rolled a chair up to the fire and tucked her in with even more than his wonted solicitude, while he held up a warning finger at Mammy and me not to betray him.

But to return to our visit to Parliament. We arrived in "the Lords" just in time to witness the creation of a peer, a ceremony which the Marquis said he had not beheld since he came as a boy to see a friend of his father's "created."

"Fifty years, if it's a day!" whispered the Professor in my ear.

The House of Lords, which someone has fittingly called "the place of Holy Calm," was as usual empty, except for a few chance visitors.

The Lord High Chancellor entered in gown and wig, which latter inspired Mammy's admiration when she learned it would never come out of curl or need to be put up in papers. He took his seat on the "woolsack," a huge red ottoman, and the Professor expressed satisfaction to see this hoary emblem of

antiquity in such an excellent state of preservation. Then Black Rod entered in smalls, pumps, silk hose, and a red velvet coat adorned down the back, even unto the swallow tails, with coats of arms embroidered in gold. Behind him came the new peer, carrying a roll of parchment tied with blue ribbon, which Mammy remarked looked "jes' like Nancy's 'quitation 'plooma." He was supported on either side by a brother peer. They proceeded a few steps, then bowed low; a few more steps, then another low bow, until they reached the official desk where the Peer surrendered his credentials and signed his name. Then they advanced with another obeisance to the Lord High Chancellor, who, comfortably perched on the "woolsack," looked as if it were immaterial to him how long the function lasted. Finally, with more pump-handle action, the other side of the House was traversed, and with still more bows, at, above, and below his seat, the new peer was left in possession of it.

Lord Cavendish, who is a Liberal, by the way, remarked in a frank tone which quite won my heart,

"This must seem like a vast deal of tom-foolery, to you?"

The Professor confessed afterward that it did; but at the time he only replied, much to the Marquis's amusement, "No, it is no worse than I expected!"

"Is dey called 'peers', 'cause dey come in an' peer roun'?" asked Mammy with interest, as several noble Lords entered, gazed about disdainfully at the proceedings and the empty benches, and then discreetly withdrew.

"Yes, I think it must be that, Mammy," laughed the Doctor.

"A very suitable reason, indeed," interposed his lordship, with smiling appreciation of Mammy's *bon mot*. "Sleepy old hole, it is!" he went on rather disparagingly. "If a man really wants to make a name for himself, he mustn't be born here, but seek fame in the Commons," he continued. "My brother peers only drop in occasionally to vote on questions which maintain their ancient privileges. You see, I am quite a pronounced Radical," he laughed, as the Professor looked at him inquiringly, "but I don't care to come in and doze in company with a few superannuated bishops and peers, who care naught what happens in the changing activities of the world, as long as they preserve the prerogatives they have always enjoyed. Rather a jolly old dormitory, though!" he said, looking round affectionately at the comfortable crimson benches of the august Chamber. "I suppose they won't do away with it in my time," he added ruminatingly.

"You admit the 'Lords' ought to be abolished, then?" queried Dr. Irving.

"Well, for the amount of active usefulness we do — perhaps; but I suppose we are still effective as a counter-irritant. It's a wonder, however, that the people put up with us and our *raison d'être*," he said with some amusement. "I am not aware that my paternal ancestor did anything more valiant to entitle him to his title and estate than to fasten his monarch's foot-gear at a critical moment on a noted battlefield; but, naturally, I am not anxious to relinquish my

ancestral acres on that account. It will take some time, however, to educate the people up to distinct opposition to us," and he smiled complacently.

"You know we have only gone in for popular education quite recently," he continued, "and our schools are in consequence far behind yours, which turn out a remarkably fine product, I have been told. Only yesterday I met a boy of fourteen near my estate who couldn't read or write, but who told me with much glee that he had 'hooked school' all but two or three days this year. He added, 'Faythur couldn' nuvver read nur write, an' he got on. Wot fur be I goin' to lurn?'"

"And isn't there any way to compel them to attend?" asked the Doctor.

"Rarely, and every possible excuse of the short-sighted parents against it," said the progressive peer. "But the curriculum has been so benighted until recently! Why, it is only a half-dozen years since 'needle-work and knitting' were compulsory, even in some boys' schools. I don't wonder they didn't want to go. I wouldn't, myself," and he laughed heartily.

"You see, we have believed hitherto in leveling down, not leveling up, as you do in America. We have feared that, if the lower classes were educated, they would ask inconvenient questions. But some of us are now convinced that general education is absolutely necessary to compete with you clever Americans, and keep you from buying us up — lock, stock and barrel — as you are already doing with our ships. It just occurs to me there is to be a discussion of the American monopoly of the Atlantic in the House

to-day, so you will hear what we think of your shrewd designs upon us," he continued with a smile.

"Well," said Dr. Irving, tolerantly, "the mother country has had it all her own way for centuries: she must not object if her daughter takes over the international house-keeping in future, although I think she will always find the latch-string out, with the legend on our door-posts, 'The Mother-land taken in and done for.'"

"Ah! I fear that is already the case — 'The Mother-land taken in and done for' — only she doesn't begin to realize it," said the Marquis, shaking his head. "But come and hear what we think of you," he added with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"With the usual result, I suppose," said the Doctor: "that listeners never hear good of themselves?"

As we passed along, Mammy, desiring to know the Marquis's political leanings, turned to him with eager interest and inquired:

"Misteh Markis, suh, is you a Dimmycrat er a 'Publican an' sinner?"

"Something of a sinner, I fancy, Mammy," said his lordship, laughing. "But as for the rest, I fear I am a little in the dark as to your meaning."

"I means what party does you b'long to, suh?" explained Mammy. "De 'Publicans an' sinners is de Bible party wid us, an' de Dimmycrats is de outsiders."

"Ah, I see," said the Marquis much amused. "Our parties are somewhat different. We have the Conservatives and the Liberals, you know; although each is sure of divine right as to its existence," he added with a significant smile at Dr. Irving.

"What's de diff'runce 'twixt 'em, please, suh," asked Mammy with keen relish.

"Well, the Conservatives want to keep everything they've ever had, and the Liberals to get rid of everything they haven't got. Do you see?" he asked humorously.

"'Tain't much diff'runce arfter all, is dey?" said Mammy with a perplexed smile.

"Not a great deal, I fancy," his lordship laughed, "and in fact they are both agreed upon one thing, and that is office-holding to the death," and he and Dr. Irving exchanged a glance of intelligence.

"What is the difference between your parties?" he asked to draw Mammy out.

"Purttly nigh de same as yourn, I reckon," chuckled Mammy knowingly. "Dey bofe want what de urr's got—de big fine White House an' all de seats in de gran' Capitol buildin'. You see," she explained, "dem two parties was kinder left ovah arfter de war done ceasted. Now, dey ain' rightly got no big dif'runce, an' so dey jes' has to tek de side de urr one done lef', an' mek sump'n 'big out'n dat. An' dey does dat sho' 'nough sometimes, like de time dey tole us we was gwine to be rollin' in gold ef we kep' one party in, an' git nuthin' but heavy ole cart-wheels ef de urr one got 'lected. Well, we kep' de 'gol' bugs' in, as dey call 'em, but I ain' cotch sight nary piece o' gol' sence, an' mighty li'le silver nuther. I reckon I mus' b'long to de 'copperhairs' f'om de kin' o' coin comin' my way. I declar' I dunno' who to vote fo' nex' time," concluded Mammy with some discouragement.

We wended our way through the Peers' Corridor to the House of Commons, passing Cope's great painting of the "Departure of the Pilgrims for New England," "where they fell on their knees and then on the aborigines," interjected the Professor, irreverently, which antiquated sally made Virginia look thunderous, but so tickled the Marquis that he brought up a brother peer, and begged Davenport in cold blood,— "Er—er—I say, give us that again, won't you, please? Capital thing! Something about the Pilgrims' knees and the natives," he explained to the peer who waited expectantly, while the Professor somewhat sheepishly complied.

"Served you quite right, Davenport. Such a wretched old joke!" said Virginia, severely.

"But they'll never know it, my dear," chuckled that incorrigible man, while the Marquis went off to repeat it — if he could — to his coterie as the "very latest."

We accompanied Lady de Vere, one at a time, into the "coffin," the long narrow lift, which can transport two at most, up to the Ladies' Gallery. Here we were accommodated behind the "grille," the iron lattice-work which cages off the lady spectators from the contestants in the arena below.

Lady de Vere pointed out the famous "lions" whose faces were already familiar to us in print. To the right of the Speaker on the Treasury Bench were the Conservative leaders: the ever-courtly Mr. Balfour; Mr. Chamberlain, with his inscrutable eye and indigenuous orchid; Mr. Brodrick, whose grasp chains or lets loose the "dogs of war;" and Sir Michael Hicks-

Beach, who "sits over against the Treasury." Mr. Austen Chamberlain, his father's counterpart in later edition, and the "other Winston Churchill" were two of the Government's younger supporters in the rear. Across the aisle, to the Speaker's left, sat the leaders of the Opposition: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, popularly known as "C. B."; Mr. Asquith, the apostle of classic English; that broadminded and scholarly Liberal, both in literature and politics, Mr. Morley; and Mr. Bryce—"our Mr. Bryce"—whose discriminating criticism the "American Commonwealth" always delights to honor.

To the Marquis's disappointment, we did not have the opportunity to "see oursel's as ithers see us" which he had promised; as a special order of business was substituted for the regular Agenda programme for the day.

"What fo' do dey pen de ladies up heah like a menagerie, whar dey cyan't see nur heah nuthin'?" asked Mammy of her ladyship, as she peered through the bars like a caged lion.

"Ah, Mammy, they are afraid the charms of the ladies may distract the honorable members from their serious duties of law-making," explained her ladyship. "And so, although the ladies petition every session, and a great deal of discussion goes on,—the grille remains."

"Well, de ladies ob Ferginny is got as many charms as de most; but befo' dey'd put up wid sich treatmen' dey'd see all dem men shot fust. Dey calls dis a 'grill,' does dey? Hit's jes' like de wire-skillet I grills my chops on; but dey don't grill ladies, whar I

comes f'om. 'Pears like to me, you don' bring yo' men up rightly ovah heah, mum. I'se noticed it befo'," said Mammy, shaking her head. "Look at 'em, settin' down dere wid dey hats on, an' ladies about! It's scand'lous! Dey has dey own way too much. 'Tain't good fer 'em!"

"No doubt you're right, Mammy," laughed her ladyship, "but what can we do about it? We're the victims of circumstance."

"You 'd betteh all 'migrate to de States, whar wimmen is of some account," answered Mammy, encouragingly, as we each took our turn again in the "coffin."

The Marquis and the Professor now joined us for tea on the terrace, overlooking the Thames. It was one of the "rare June days" we were then enjoying, with the mercury at about 50 degrees and the wind blowing a subdued gale; so his lordship enlivened the occasion by a clever terrace story which he thought admirably suited to the day and to our democratic tendencies:

"I came out here one very dirty day, with the rain spitting and the wind blowing about thirty knots an hour. One of the guards, quite a decent chap in fact, stepped up to me and said, 'Beg pardon, me Lud! but your ludship'd better be a bit careful or some of them rotten old kings will be droppin' down on your head!'

"Ha, ha, not half-bad! Capital story, isn't it?" he added appreciatively.

The Marquis then pointed out one of the members of the House who had made himself a target for the rest by reason of a recent campaign experience. He

observed, "he was heckled no end the last election." It appears he was canvassing in his own constituency one day when in his round he happened to visit a family of unusual size. There were eleven children, very clean and well taken care of. He determined to secure their father's vote. He made himself extremely agreeable, distributed pennies all around and kissed those that were of kissable age. As he was leaving he said casually to the lady of the family, "Be sure to mention to your husband that I called."

The woman replied, "I have no husband, sir."

"What!" exclaimed the candidate, aghast at "love's labor lost." "Are you a widow, madam, and with all these children?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied, much amused, "this is an orphan asylum." And thereupon the Marquis laughed so heartily that we perceived he had a keen appreciation of a joke.

Despite the wind, we had a very good time. Although the famous "terrace-tea" was cold, the chocolate guiltless of "switched-cream," and a trifle "gone off," yet the scones, crumpets, and "petticoat-tail short-cake" fresh from Scotland were deliciously unique, and we enjoyed the surroundings and the glimpses of "makers and breakers of Empire" as much as the Marquis enjoyed exploiting Mammy, who looked so stately and imposing on this high occasion that I overheard one of the Marquis's friends, a noble earl, we discovered later, whisper in passing, "I say, old chappie, won't you present us to your fair young friend, the Queen of Sheba?"

One untoward event came near occurring, the

enormity of which I did not grasp until Mammy related it in detail on our return home.

"Yassum, I ketched de baby in de nick o' time, an' helt her by main fo'ce, jes' as she was a-dartin' th'oo de Markis's hoop to git her hat, what blowed th'oo a minit befo'. He'd oughter weah an apern," snickered she, "a-temptin' de chile like dat!" Where-at the Professor and I shouted in unison.

When the Professor recovered, he said :

"Don't you think you'd better begin on a few aprons, Carolyn?—tucks for every day and frills for Sundays and evening wear? Tucks would let down if he should grow any more, you know," he added with much sophistication.

"Mist' Dav'npot, what do de Markis weah dat glass eye fo'?" asked Mammy, alluding to his monocle. "Kin he see betteh wid it?"

"I think not, Mammy," said the Professor judiciously. "In fact, I should say less!"

"What's he weah it fo', den?" she persisted. "Is he done los' one ob his eyesights?"

"It's to improve his looks, I should say, Mammy. To make him look pretty," Dr. Irving replied, looking wicked.

"Well, ef dat's what it's fo', he kin stan' it," said Mammy significantly, "but it mus' be a lot o' noosince. Do he weah it when he's asleep?" she pursued, as if the subject would repay research.

"I really can't say," replied the Professor. "I suppose he lays it aside, as, I trust he does his 'crownnet' and 'skeptre,' as you call them, Mammy," where-upon the Professor laughed mischievously.

“ Well, it mus’ be downright disquietin’ to his slumbers — dat an’ de crownet,” said Mammy sympathetically. “ ’Pears like a warm canton-flannen night-cap would be a sight mo’ comfortin’ to him. But dem dat’s sot on looks is got to part comp’ny wid comfort ev’y time ! ”

CHAPTER XV

"MADAME TOO-SO'S WAX-WU'KS"

"Wax-wu'ks" and the French Revolution — "De heavin'-ches' lady" — Blue Beard and his "relics" — Smooth temper and smooth visage — "Arnychists, received on probation."

"**A** IN' we gwine to see de Wax-wu'ks soon, Mis' Ferginny, please 'm?" inquired Mammy one day with much concern.

Among the seven wonders of the London world, in Mammy's estimation, we had discovered that "de Wax Figgers" held a central place. We found it would be curtailing her pleasure sadly were she and the baby deprived of the opportunity to behold these celebrities, fearfully and wonderfully made.

Virginia and I demurred somewhat, when the visit was proposed; but the Doctor sided with Mammy, and expostulated at our indifference as tourists. When he declared that Madame Tussaud was an historical personage and, if not the cause, at least the occasion of a great historical event — the French Revolution — we quite pricked up our ears. He said that two of her wax-figures, seized by the people in a parade in Paris, started the Revolution. The soldiers attacked the figures, and two days later followed the storming of the Bastille.

Wax-modeling had already become a great craze in Paris — caught from a French physician whose skillful anatomical specimens had produced a sensation.

Madam Tussaud, his niece and pupil, soon became his superior in the art. Few of the great personages in the Revolution but had "sat" to her for her reproductions. In fact she modeled some of them after they had suffered by the guillotine, and so already she had begun her "Chamber of Horrors."

After the Revolution she forsook France forever. She tried touring about England with her "Wax-works," and finally was able to settle in London, "where for a century past her show has been one of the leading sights of the metropolis for royalty and all inquiring minds," and the Doctor finished up with the flourish of an advance-courier.

After this pronouncement, we succumbed meekly, although Virginia said disloyally that she was not at all convinced that what was good enough for royalty was good enough for her. She was, however, sufficiently chastened at the very entrance, when she accosted a blue-coated, brass-buttoned "Bobby" and inquired, "At what hour does the band begin to play?" As he did not make any motion to reply, she was about to remark, "Very uncivil for a London policeman!" when she discovered he was innocent of "parts of speech."

Mammy was at once fascinated by the 'heavin'-ches' lady,' whose life-like inspirations made one think her "not dead, but sleeping." Mammy, although knowing that she was not among the living, noted her troubled breathing and exclaimed feelingly:

"Po' thing! I reckon she died o' plural noomonia, like Deacon Griffis's wife. 'Pears like she's got it bad in bofe ches's." But Dr. Irving did not let her dwell on the "lady's" sufferings long, as he called to her presently:

"Mammy, here's your old friend, Henry the Eighth, with all his wives about him."

"What, dat ole Blue Beard!" exclaimed Mammy, astonished.

"Should think he'd be 'shamed to 'pear in publick, wid all dem relics. How many haid o' wives did dat man hab, Mist' Dav'npot? Le's see, six, warn't it?" and Mammy began a careful count of the much-married sovereign's affiliations.

"My! I'd jes' like to say sump'n comfortin' an' consolin' to 'em — one o' my pardners warn't all he'd oughter been! — but I reckon, arfter all dey been through, dey wouldn' sense it now, an' take it in," and Mammy looked sadly sympathetic at their stolid waxen countenances.

A few minutes later we crossed over to a group of Presidents of the United States, and Mammy immediately paused before the dignified form of the late President McKinley.

"Ain' he gran'-featured, dat martyr-man?" she said admiringly. "Dey ain't a finer-'pearin' man 'mongst all dem king-folks put togerr, wid all dey gewgaws on, an' him in a simple pa'son's coat an' white neck-tie. He looks as ef he was mo' useter chu'ch an' Sabbath-school ways den eny ob 'em. Wid dat coat on, he could 'a' stood up in de pu'pit, er' led de prayer-meetin' at a moment's warnin', an'

dat’s mo’n dat wicked ole Blue Beard ovah yonder could say fer hisse’f.

“An’ to think he should ‘a’ been cut down in de flower ob his youth, wid not a gray hair in his haid, nur a wrinkle on his noble brow! Look, now, is dey, Mist’ Dav’npot?” she said admiringly.

“Well, no, it appears not,” he answered. But, not wishing to be over-sanguine, he tempered it with :

“But you must remember, Mammy, these are wax-works, and wrinkles could hardly be expected to show in the circumstances.”

“I knows dat, Mist’ Dav’npot, suh; but dat gran’ man was mighty young-’pearin’, enyhow, an’ good reason. I knowed a man what was clost frien’ to de Pres’dint’s groomsman, what druv’ his coach, an’ he say he war dat kind to his fambly, ’twar a pleasure to lib un’er de same White-House roof wid him. He nuver flowed into a rage nur a temper, an’ it’s dat what meks wrinkles an’ crow’s feet.

“Keep yo’ temper, an’ you keeps yo’ looks, wherr it’s wax-wu’ks er de flesh. De Pres’dint done lef’ dat message to prosperity, an’ hit’s wuth rememb’rin’!

“Look on dat pickshure, an’ den on dis’n,” said Mammy, eloquently, “an’ tell me which ob dem two men looks fittes’ to set on a th’one an’ rool a lot o’ trustin’ people,—dat old Blue Beard wid all his wives an’ chillun, er dis noble spirit’yal man devoted to his one lady-wife an’ his big fambly ob You-nited States orphans.

“An’ to think,” Mammy went on in true Mark Antony fashion, “to think dat gran’ man was cut down wid all his honors thick-set on him, by an or’n-

ary no 'count furriner we took in, an' done fer. Dat's gratitood! An' we'd oughter l'arn de lesson to oncst, befo' we all'se sent to an airly grave by dem flighty ongratefu' arnychists, dat ain' got nuthin' to call dey own but what's urr people's; dat ain't nuver done an hones' lick o' wuk les'n dey was druv to it;—an' yit we hangs de latch-string out, an' 'vites 'em in, an' gibs dem de right han' ob fel'ship. I wusht dey'd mek de Pres'dint quit dat fel'ship biznis—enyhow tell dey's in full an' reg'lar stan'in'. Jes' let 'em git dey grip on a pump-han'le er sump'n cool an' frigid fer a time. When we greets 'em warm an' co'dial, it gits in dey blood, an' tu'ns dey haid, arfter de cool things dey been used to ovah heah—thumb-screws an' haid-axes an' all dat. Dey ain' used to it.

“No, we'd oughter receive 'em on probation, an' let 'em wuk out dey salvashun wid fear an' tremblin', an' arfter dey done prove dey's in love an' char'ty wid dey neighbors, an' 'tend to lead a noo life, den it's all right to 'stend de right han' ob fel'ship, but not one minit befo'. We'se proved it by two martyr pres'dints, an' dat's enough!”

To take Mammy's mind off the afflictions we have endured as a nation, the Professor took her into the Chamber of Horrors, where are exhibited the gruesome relics of the French Revolution. When Mammy saw the guillotine which decapitated Marie Antoinette and her young husband, Louis XVI., she exclaimed with deep interest:

“Was dat de ve'y same Mis' Mary dat stayed wid her Aunty Nett in de beautiful room at de Walled-off?—and who did she marry, Mis' Ferginny?”

“Yes, Mammy,” said Virginia, thinking it wiser not to open a discussion upon “Mis’ Mary’s” stay in the States. “Her husband was Louis the Sixteenth.”

“My! was he de sixteenf boy ob dat name in his fambly? Mis’ Mary must er got complicated tryin’ to mek out which ob dem sixteen young gents belonged to her. An’ did dey kill bofe dem innercent young things wid dat gory meat-axe?” inquired Mammy with a shudder.

“Mis’ Mary had betteh hab stayed right on in de States. An’ to think dem meat-choppers is de ones we invite wid open-arms to de ‘lan’ o’ de free, an’ de home o’ de brave.’

“I reckon we’d betteh stop bein’ so brave an’ free, whilst we’s in de notion, befo’ we gits up a Chamber o’ Horrers on our own account.”

CHAPTER XVI

MAMMY'S "SHOPPIN' EXERTION"

Oxford circus not a zoo; but a "bullyvard" — Muslin or "white caliker?" "Do you mean a reel o' thread?" — The English "so perlite fer furriners" — Cleanliness "nex' do' to Godliness."

Mammy's disgust at the prevailing weather conditions—"de swamp-mud" "knee deep in June"—has caused her much concern over the limitations of her wardrobe.

She revolts at the sticky adhesions which adorn her "petticoats all 'round about," and would probably not at all resent the curtailed treatment which befell the old woman of Mother Goose fame who "fell asleep on the King's highway."

She confided to Virginia that she'd "gib a fo'tune fer 'one o' dem nice sho't rainy-day skirts you-all's got;" but, as "rainy-day skirts" are an unknown luxury in the shops of muddy London, she decided to increase her stock of white raiment. Virginia remonstrated with her and suggested black alpaca as much more sensible; but Mammy said she "wouldn' be caught daid in black alpaker a-tekkin' keer dat angel-chile," a subtle tribute which was not lost upon the "angel-chile's" mother. As Mammy's nether garments are modelled on the assumption that they must

be suitable ascension robes in case of a sudden transit heavenward, we were obliged to let her go forth upon her quest of "white goods fer below de su'face."

The recital of her experiences has added much to our sympathy with her struggles to comprehend "English as she is spoke."

Coming in late in the evening, I met Mammy also returning, unusually belated as I thought, and inquired:

"So you've been on a shopping excursion, have you, Mammy?"

"Yassum! dat's what I been on, a shoppin' exertion sho' nough," she replied in a tone of much weariness.

"It wouldn't 'a' been so bad ef dey warn't all furriners ovah heah, an' don't seem to sense what you axin' fo', dough dey does act pow'fu' 'bleegin' — I'll say dat fer 'em. But dey don't seem to sagasticate plain English, — 'tain't dey fault I reckon; dey ain' been riz to it," she said pityingly.

"Did you get what you wanted, Mammy?" I inquired, to distract her mind from her tribulations.

"Yassum. Dey done grasp what I war arfter to'ds de close ob de day, arfter I been rastlin' wid 'em like Jacob's piller all de endurin' arfternoon, but I'd ruther durst to be a Dan'l an' walk right into a ragin' den o' lions den tackle one dem droopery 'stablishments an' de inmaids ag'in."

"Why, whatever happened to you, Mammy?" exclaimed Virginia in much concern, for we had now reached our apartments, where Virginia was awaiting Mammy with some anxiety. She had started her off

down Regent's Street to Oxford Circus, the centre of the shopping district, with instructions to go to Peter Johnson's for her purchases.

Before she reached the "Circus," the whirling maelstrom where four shopping thoroughfares meet, she evidently became bewildered; for she told us she "waylaid a meek-mannered mil'-faced lady" and inquired, "Axin' yo' pawdon, mum, kin you 'vise me whar I kin pu'chas a few dry goods?"

"De lady says, 'I fahncy you'se lookin' fo' Peteh's. Tek de fust tu'nin' on yo' right, an' go to de top, an' you'se right at de Cirkis.' 'Thankee, kin'ly, mum', I says, 'but I ain' lookin' fer no wil' animule show to-day. We-all 's gwine to de Zoo nex' Choos-day. I jes' wusht ter inves' in a few dry goods—some spool-cotton an' a li'le muslin, ef you please.'

"'Well, you'll fin' Peteh's jes' ahaid,' she say, an' I went on tell I come to a row o' big glass windys all lighted up, an' full ob wax ladies in silks an' sattuns wid fur boy-constrictors roun' dey necks, an' rosy cheeks mo' natchul den life. Fo' I could open de do', a mighty fine-'pearin' gem'man, wid long windin' coat-tails like a preacher's, an' a goatee, an' a mushtash p'inted up'ards like de noo moon, helt de do' wide open, an' he say, like I was de Queen o'Shebar:

"'What kin I hab de pleasure ob showin' you to-day, madam?'

"I warn't gwine to be outdid by no furrin' etiquette, consideratin' I come f'om ole Ferginny, so I drapt him a curtsey, an' says I, 'I'd like to examine some muslin an' spool-cotton, ef it's all de same to you, suh.'

"'Thank you ve'y much!' he say. 'Will you please step dis way, mum? Mis' Tibbits, will you please display de lady to what she desiahs.' Den a gran' towerin' lady in shiny black sattun, wid a train a mile long, an' a gre't fuzzy mound o' frizzles all ovah her forward, trailed to'ds me, an' queried in a gentle subjuded tone, 'What kin I do fer you, mum?'

"I was pow'ful sorry dey was gwine to all dis trouble 'bout a spool o' cotton; but, as dey made de bes' ob it, I wouldn' gib 'em no setback. I jes' put my bes' foot fo'mos', an' ag'in I signify in as pomp'us accents as I could fotch up:

"'I'd like ter investigate yo' white muslin, miss, also some spool-cotton in de same connexion, ef you please, mum.'

"'Thank you', says she. My! but dese English is got a sight o' mannehs, ef dey is furriners. Den she say, 'muslin, white muslin. Is you quite sho' dat's de kind o' drapery you desiah, mum?'

"'Yassum,' I says positive 'dat's what I allus uses, an' I been mekin' 'em a good many yeahs now, dough I don' look it, mebbe. Some uses ging'em, an' some rec'ommen's black alpaker,' " she said a trifle scornfully, glancing at Virginia, "'but I preficates muslin, fer clean comfort. You knows "cleanliness is nex' do' to godliness," mum,' says I, 'dough it mus' be pow'ful hard to be godly whar it's so consoomin' hard to keep clean. I reckon dat's why Lunnon is such a wicked city,' I said comfortin' like. 'It's so hard to keep clean — body er soul!'

"She look so agytated in her feelin's dat I'se sartin sho' dey meks 'em ob sump'n dark-culled ovah heah,

an' she didn't want to let on ; but law ! I don't blame 'em. I would too, in dis pea-soup fog country. But I was 'tarmined I wouldn' go into colors at my time o' life, in my body clo'es, ('cept'n it was in a bunnit), an' me in abidin' mou'nin' fer Pius Potipher dese six yeahs past. To let her down easy ef it was de style heah, I tole her I didn' keer a fig-leaf about bein' in de fashi'n, jes' so I was comf'able in my min' an' body.

"Dat didn' seem to 'ford her no easement 'tall, fer she steddied quite a spell, an' den she seeked out de gent dat had 'nstrusted me to her, jes' as ef she couldn' stan' de 'sponsibility all 'lone. Pres'ny, sho' 'nough he 'vanced ovah to'ds me, an' says in falterin' accents, 'I beg pawdon, mum,—but would you hab eny jec'shun to mentionin' fo' what purpose you desiah to use de fabrication? Does you think it could be "long cloth" you wish, mum?'

"'No, suh, 'tain't no longer den urr kinds, jes' yard-wide goods, an' 'bout three yards long fer one good free-steppin' gyarment,' I says, reskin' dat point, dough it didn' seem kind o' modes'—me not knowin' wherr he was a married man er no. 'I ingin'rally uses three bre'ths myse'f, not 'lowin' fer tucks er ruffles,' I added, to see ef dat would be any he'p to him.

"'De leddy probably desiahs caliker,' he says tu'nin' to de y'ung miss.

"'No, suh!' I int'rupted. 'I nuver weahs colors nur figgers below de su'face,' I added delicately. 'Some does, I knows, but I preficates white gyarments like de qual'ty.' 'Thank you,' he says, an' den as ef I hadn' nigh 'bout flung de gyarment in his face,

he went on, 'ef you could give us eny clue as to what you wish it fo', dat mought be consid'ble 'sistance in as'tainin' de materyal requiahed.'

" 'Well, I nuver did ! ' I says to myse'f. ' I nuver war axed to specify at home what I war gwine to do wid my 'spendituahs.'

" But dey seemed so 'bleegin' an' so yearnin' to please dat I knowed he didn' incline to no frivolity, so I says to him :

" 'Be you a married gem'man, suh ? ' Wid dat he blushed to de tips ob his honeymoon mushtash, while de y'ung miss gurgled flippant-like ; an' he stammered out :

" 'Ralely, my good woman ! I don't see what dat has to do wid de matteh.' I seed he was a bit huffy an' put out, so I says soothin', ' I didn' mean no 'fence, suh. I didn' want to 'mbarass you wid what you natchully couldn' 'preciate rightly. I will displain sideways to dis y'ung lady, sence it really is mo' in de line ob lady's wearin' apparel,' I says, curt'seyin' blandly to him, to ease him down an' mek him feel betteh. Den I confided to her :

" ' 'Tween you an' me an' de yardstick, I wants it fer a petticoat, miss.'

" 'Ah, I see ! ' she says, as a light bre'ks ovah her liniments, 'you wants white caliker, plain white caliker.'

" 'Lawdy,' I says to myse'f, ' ain' dese people stiff-necked an' obst'nate ; an' den I says to her severely, fer I b'lieved she was jes' projeckin' an' mekin' spo't ob me.

" 'White caliker, chile ! dey ain' no sich stuff. We

has r'yal purple wid li'le white pokey dots what widder ladies is p'tic'lar parshul to, fer liberatin' mou'nin'. Some folks calls it secon'-class mou'nin', when dey pardner's been daid a peacefu' spell, an' dey begins to chirk up, an' wants to slip outer mou'nin' an' git a tas' fer mater'mony ag'in.

“‘No'm, I lost my tas' fer marryin' when my fo'th pardner, Pius Potipher, ceasted, an' I nuver seem to hab no relish fer it sence. When you done los' yo' fo'th pardner it's time to be ersigned,' I says.

“‘I 'lows I favors colors sometimes fo' bunnits an' haid-fixin's, 'cause dey lightens de complexshun; but I draws de line at body-clo'es, which fer a widder lady, fo' times a relic oughter be abidin' black an' white.

“‘No, honey,' I says, laborin' wid her y'ung innocence, 'I nuver in all my days,—an' I seed a few mo'n you done,—heerd tell o' no “white caliker.” Why caliker is jes' plain cotton print, and cotton print denotes figgers ev'y time, f'om de name.' But, lest I might anger her like I did de gem'man, I says, moderatin' some, 'I don' min' a-lookin' at de stuff. Bring on yo' white caliker, chile !'

“Den she signify it was 'in de drap'ry departure on de th'ud flo' front' an' I says, 'I'll jes' tek de 'leviator, an' go up, but don' put yo'se'f out to come 'long, arfter all de time I been consoomin.' 'I'se sorry,' says she, 'mbarrassed-like, 'but we have no lift.' 'Law, miss!' I gasped, 'you don' mean I'se got to h'ist my propo'tions up three flights o' stairs in dis big store, one de bigges' in de town.' She 'lowed dat was de onva'nished troof. Well, Mis' Car'lyn,

I'd went th'oo so much dat I warn't gwine to be chasseyed by no stair-steps now ; so up I palp'tated to de th'ud flo' front, an' sho' 'nough, when dey handed down de white caliker, it warn't nuthin' mo' nur less den jes' plain or'nary You-nited States muslin. When de gem'man in de frock-coat tails ahine de counter measured me off dem three yards, I war so tickled to git holt de stuff, I clean disremembered I hadn' nuthin' to sew it up wid, tell he say, persuadin' like :

“ ‘Is dey anythin' mo' I kin do fo' you, madam?’ ”

“ An' I ans'ered by de same sign :

“ ‘You'se so 'bleegin,' suh, you kin include two spools ob white cotton in de negotiation, ef you please, suh.’ ”

“ ‘Ah! says he, ‘spool cotton,’—‘white cotton,’—‘spools?’—a murmurin' it all ovah to hisse'f like it war a snarled puzzle, an' he couldn' git de clue, like dem two downstairs. ”

“ ‘Yass,' I says frantic-like, fer I couldn' go th'oo no sich tomfoolin' ag'in, ‘to sew it up wid, man! don't you sense it? I cyan't weah no flowin' widths in dis climate.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, I beg yo' pawdon mum,—but do you mean a reel o' thread?’ ”

“ ‘Do I mean a reel o' thread?’ I erpeated, fer I was mad now. ‘In de name o' peace! man, I dunno' what I mean. Bring on yo' thread, yo' clo'es-line, er telegraf-wiah, er anythin' else you call it ovah heah—fer I is clean tuckered out.’ Den I ax, ‘How much do de hull misleadin' outfit come to?’ An' he says, mediatin', ‘One an' six.’ ”

"I handed him out a nice roun' silver piece jes' like our quateh, which is what three yards an' two spools comes to at home.

"But he shook his haid, an' says:

" 'Beg pawdon, mum, one *h'an* six. Dat's on'y a shillin', thank you.' Den seein' silver didn' satiate him none, I done like Mis' Jinny — I fotched him out de bigges' piece I had, an' waited roun' hopin' de Lawd would perwide dey'd be some change lef'. I gib him a neat li'le gol' piece, jes' like a gol' dime — jes' its size an' linimints; but sence it was gol' I says like de nickel does — 'In God we trus', an' trusted it was wuth mo'.

"An' sho 'nough it war, fer he says:

" 'Thank you, mum,' as ef he war 'sprised I had dat much gold coin about my pusson.

" 'Ten shilluns, fer one *h'an* six,' says he, an' den stid er callin' a cash-boy, dat gran'-lookin' man had to locomotor hisse'f down de aisle to de desk wid my li'le scrap muslin an' spool cotton an' hang roun' dere wid a lot ob urr fine-lookin' ladies an' gents in trains an' coat-tails tell dey wropped de paper an' string roun' it an' he brung it back to me. I 'clar it's a wonder dey don' hab a 'surrection in dem stores — sich gran'-lookin' men doin' errants dey wouldn' look at in de States," said Mammy in amazement, as she concluded, "An' I heerd dey is dat downtrod dat all de gem'men an' waitin'-ladies has to lib up-stairs ovah de store, an' eat an' sleep dere all de time, sep'rate f'om dey famblies. An' dey on'y has dey ebenin's out an' gits fined ef dey comes in a mite late. My! dey wouldn' stand dat in de States, nohow!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE ZOO

The "camuel" and the "temp'rance plaidge" — The "ephalunt" as a "fus'-class fiah-injine"— The eagle, "the right imblim for U. S."— The pea-cock's "Phar'see airs"— "Dem ole-time folks," the monkeys.

ONE of the most eagerly awaited of our expeditions by the devoted twain, Mammy and the baby, was a visit to the Zoölogical Gardens.

For her own as well as Doris's benefit, Mammy endeavored to conjure up all her reminiscences as to the habits, traits—referring to English animals, of course one should say "*trays*," since the English oddly enough use the French pronunciation—the gifts and graces of the feathered and furry denizens in the leafy shades of Regent's Park. There were hosts of new acquaintances, so absorbing that we feared we should be besought to return upon a second occasion. Even the Doctor experienced a thrill at being able to receive a 'shock' from the electric eels for the nominal sum of one shilling, while Mammy expressed a deep yearning "to hab one ob 'em as a keepsake in my pocket," and then added covetously, "reckon dem shocks would be a heap better fer my rhoomatiz an' sky-atticer den a whole pocket-full ob hoss-ches'nuts. I sutney wusht dey'd interdooce 'em into de States."

Virginia's interest in the meantime had become so absorbed in ostrich-plumes in the rough, on the back of the wary but misguided bird — which, as Mammy observes, “tucks his haid un’er his wing, po’ thing,” in the vain hope of being out of sight — that I quite lost all chance of getting her to join the Society for the Promotion of Inanimate Plumage. Finally the attention of our two “babes in the woods” became wisely concentrated, and we rejoiced to hear Mammy say, as she noticed a trace of weariness in her little companion, “Now, Mis’ Doris, honey! jes’ le’s look up de critters we’s ’njoyed de ’quaintunce ob befo’.”

They accordingly sought out an old favorite, the camel, and Mammy recalling a former intimacy she had enjoyed under the sheltering aegis of the “Greatest Show on Earth” remarked reminiscently: “Dey say de camuel kin go a whole week ’thout tekin’ a drink. He’d be de safes’ animule I knows on to git to sign de plaidge — safer’n mos’ men animules, I reckon,” and Mammy laughed knowingly. “Seems like de Bible notices dat somew’eres, ’cause it say ‘hit’s easier fer de camuel to enteh de Kingdom o’ Heaven den fer a rich man to go th’oo de eye ob a needle.’ I reck’n hit’s ’lludin at de temp’rance plaidge right dere an’ den; fer rich men is ingin’rally de drinkinest, an’ de plaidge would be about as hard as de eye ob a needle fer some rich folks I knows on, an’ dat not a darnin’ needle nuther, but a fine-size cambric p’int.”

“When it comes to cold water, Mammy, it looks as if you’d find the old elephant over there a truer disciple of Adam’s ale,” said Dr. Irving as we noticed

the big quadruped clearing a respectful circle around him with his trunk as an improvised hose.

"Mist' Dav'npot, huccome dey call dat long snout de 'ephalunt's trunk.' Kin he cyar things roun' in it 'sides wateh?"

"Well, I have heard of one that carried something round stronger than water, and had to be sent home on a shutter, figuratively speaking," replied the Doctor. "I think they are more of a success as water-carriers though," he added.

"Yass, suh," Mammy agreed. "Should reck'n he'd make a fus'-class fiah-injine, ef dey could on'y git him unitin' on de same spot an' place at de same time."

"Mammy, dear," said Doris, pulling vigorously at Mammy's skirts, "what's zis gweat big sing ovah yonder, do you s'pose?"

"Dat's de ri'nosterhoss, honey, an' fo'm his looks I reck'n he's mo' kin to de ephalunt, dan de hoss fambly. Mos' prob'le he don't trabble roun' so much, 'cause he done lef' his trunk at home. He jes' cyar'y a li'le han' baggidge roun' on his haid,—his bresh an' comb, mebbe — jes' 'nough to spen' de night.

Just then Virginia turned to inquire, "Mammy, did you notice the huge hippopotamus over in the pool?"

"What kind'er mouse d'you say dat were, Mis' Jinny? Huccome dat great ovah-growed whale critter to git his las' name, I wonder. Hit sholy ain't no natchul kin to de mouse fam'bly, fer mouses don't live in de wateh nohow — dat's de end ob 'em, when I dip 'em!" said the careful old housewife with a hearty laugh.

"Suppose we go over to the cage and view Uncle Sam's feathered protégé, the American eagle," said Dr. Irving loyally, whereupon Mammy followed him with much enthusiasm. On the way we passed the peacocks, as she observed, "struttin' and switchin' dey ploomidge, an' givin' 'deysel's se'f-righty'us Phar'-see airs—dat stuck-up dey won't 'sociate wid nary nuther bird about de place. Dey don' know dat de wise man Misteh Solermun say, 'Taint fine feathers mek fine birds, hit's mannehs!' But pride goeth befo' a downfall; dey'll git dey eye-teef cut one day yit. 'Vanity ob vanities, all am vanity,'" she quoted sentimentously, as she shook her head warningly in their direction.

"Now, heah's a bird dat's got a right to be proud, a-thinkin' ob all he stan's fo'," said Mammy patriotically, as she approached the abode of the eagles.

"My! ain't dat a gran' noble fowl, an' jes' pre'zac'ly de right imblim fer we-all—a-settin' up dere so knowin' an' pow'fu' like, an' not a ungodly notion in his haid!"

At that instant, the "gran' noble fowl" seemed to belie Mammy's estimate of him, for he was apparently seized with an altogether "ungodly notion" and lost no time in carrying it into effect. His imperial serenity stirred by the vision of some choice morsel which had been conferred on his feathered spouse by a bystander, he swooped down upon her in truly regal fashion and at once relieved her of the dainty tid-bit.

"Well, Mammy," said the Doctor, with much amusement, "what do you think of our noble representative now? Shall we throw him over?"

“Law now, Mist’ Dav’npot! Dat bird’s all right, an’ you know it,” said Mammy with a chuckle.

“Hit sutney do favor we-all. Hit done copy our ways I reck’n. Hit’s dat far-seein’ an’ prov’denshul it nuver gwine ter git lef’, dat bird! Hit’s de urr fowl gits lef’ when dat man-eagle’s aroun’, swoopin’ down on its defenceless pardner, jes’ like we done on dem po’ black Phillypeenos, way out West,—an’ I reck’n tellin’ her arfterwards hit’s far betterer fer her constitootion she shouldn’ et dat nice mo’sel, but let him tek de resk. Yass, suh, I reckon dat bird’s de right imblim, sho ’nough!” and the whites of Mammy’s eyes rolled with mirth, while her portly form shook in appreciation of the situation.

Presently I noticed Doris tugging at Mammy’s plump hand, and I heard her persuasive little voice say pleadingly, as if much valuable time was being wasted on unimportant objects, “Mammy, dear, le’s go and see ze monkeys, won’t you, please?”

“Sho’, Mis’ Doris, darlin’. I ’lows dem monks is allus a mighty cu’yus sight,” said Mammy consolingly, and the two wandered off with equal avidity in the direction of the realm kept sacred to the exponents of the Darwinian theory.

A few minutes later we overtook them in the midst of an eager crowd of children in front of the monkey shrine—just in time to hear Mammy remark to her small companion:

“Law now! Mis’ Doris! ain’ dem ole-time folks jes’ es natchul? Fo’ gracious! ef dat ancien’ grizzly-gray monk ain’t some kin to ole Pete Purdy!—he’s prezac’ly ’nough like him to be his own brurr. An’

fo' de Lawd! dat ole pompious critteh high up on de limb am de ve'y sperit an' image ob Pa'son Jinkins settin' up dere scratchin' his haid jes' like de Pa'son do when he gits stuck fer de nex' idee, an' has a mutiny in his speech.

"I declar' fer it," she went on, "ef dat critteh had coat-tails stid ob a tail hangin' down, I'd git a nickel out, fer I'd 'spec' him to 'jaculate de ve'y nex' minit, 'Tention, ladies an' gem'men! Will de 'fish'al bred-drun an' sistrun kin'ly 'sociate up de aisle, an' drop dey disterbutions in de 'lection basket.'

"Yassum; I sholy would, he's dat natchul!"

"Who does the little teeny weeny monkey look like, Mammy?" said Doris reveling in this vivid picture-gallery of resemblances.

"Well, Mis' Doris," said Mammy, putting her head on one side for a better view. "'Pears like dat y'ung un done tek arfter Melis' Ann Piggott's li'le Moses. He got de same s'pression ob de liniments, — de same big swellin' yeahs settin' out f'om his haid, 'cause Melis' nuver would tie a cap on him, judicious-like, whilst he war asleep, — de same flat-squash nose, an' de ve'y same wicked li'le blackberry eyes jes' rollin' wid devilmint. An' look at his actions. Land! Dem shines jes' gib dat chile daid away, sho! — snatchin' dat nut ouden his ole gran'paw's han'. Yass, honey, dat sholy am Melis' Ann's Mose.

"My! Mis' Doris, don' you wish we-all had some goobers fer dem monks an' de ephalunt. I dunno," she added with a chuckle, "ef ole Pete an' Pa'son Jinkins would relish 'em widout a noo pair er store teef — dey grinders bein' wo' off — but de y'ung fry

would. Po' crittehs ! Dem animules don' know what feedin' is widout goobers, does dey honey?" said Mammy, commiserating their ignorance of the succulent peanut with such fervor that she at once elicited sympathetic yearnings from the baby's own lips.

"Why don't zay have goobers ovah heah, Mammy? Doris does love 'em so," she said wistfully.

"Land knows, chile ! Jes' like de urr things dese folks is lackin' an' g'iltless ob. Jes' dey bad luck, I reck'n — bawn in er country dat ain' prop'ly sitiuated an' perwided.

"Mis' Chumley done tole me she heerd tell peanuts war so all-fired good, an' dat we-all had peanut brittle an' candy fer tea-parties, dat she done got some to try 'em ; but dey was flinty like grabbel when you chawed 'em, an' had a rank tas',—an' no wonder ! dat woman done et 'em raw, widout roastin'," and Mammy laughed disgustedly at the disparagement of one of the choicest products of her native State.

"Well, Mammy," said the Professor, breaking in from behind the group as he produced some nuts from his pocket, "how would a few almonds do?"

"Thankee kin'ly, Misteh Dav'npot, suh," said Mammy, accepting them with much pleasure. "I sutney is glad we'se got sump'n fer 'em. Hit's jes' like gwine to a birf-day pa'ty widout a gif', to come visitin' wid dese ole shriveled-up folks an' not lef' 'em sump'n consolin'."

"And so you think they look like people you know, Mammy?" said Dr. Irving quizzically, to draw her out; and then he added:

"You know they say, if we go far enough back, our

forefathers and the monkeys' were the same, once upon a time."

"Deed, is dat so, Mist' Dav'npot, suh?" said Mammy with profound interest. "Well, I don't reck'n dey'd have to go back 'tall in some cases. I bet dey fo'mothers was monks too, jes 'same es dey pas; fer dey ain' no two ways about it — some dem monks is kin to folks I knows, Mist' Dav'npot," she said with decision, "an neah kin too. Dey actions, looks, an' linimints is de same as two peas in a pod, an' ef dey was dressed up in de same sto'-clo'es, I don't b'lieve you could tell turr f'om which. No indeedy, chile!"



"SOME DEM MONKS IS KIN TO FOLKS I KNOWS, AN' NEAH
KIN TOO!"

CHAPTER XVIII

ST. PAUL'S "CATHEDRUM "

"Cherrybim an' serryphim"—"Proper precautions"—Battle-field and feather-bed heroes—A "nerve-rackin' sarvice"—"Good Lawd, deliver us!"—Chapel vs. church—Bird-carols at "the Foundling."

"**H**AVE you been to St. Paul's yet, Mammy?" inquired one of her English patronesses, who is eager to have her miss none of the long-accepted "sights of London."

"Yassum. I been las' Sunday;—but I ain't hankerin' to go ag'in soon," said Mammy, with a lack of enthusiasm which amazed her questioner.

"Why, didn't you admire the Cathedral?" she exclaimed, surprised. "It's the finest in London, in fact in the world, I fancy; and you could n' fail to enjoy the music and service, of course."

"Yassum, I liked de Cathedrum," Mammy said appeasingly. "It's gran' an' majestick, sho' nough, wid all dem sky-scrapin' curves an' arches, an' dat doom overhaid dat look so like de canerpy ob heaben, I 'spected to see cherrybim an' serryphim floatin' in an' out de ve'y nex' minit, blowin' dey ho'ns."

"I sutney would like a view ob de town f'om up yonder, top ob dat doom; but dey's six hunderd steps up dey say, an' my sky-atticer wouldn' 'low dat."

But to my min' it's a onhealthy place, dat big church, so many daid an' buried inside dem walls. An' I lay I don't keer fo' all dem ser'yus-minded toom-stones an' moniments settin' roun', dough it must presarve 'em f'om de wedder, havin' de cim'try indo's.

"I dunno as any ob 'em died f'om anythin' ketchin', — mos' ob 'em is heroes, an' heroes gin'ly falls in de open, I been tole, on battle-fiel's an' ship-boa'd, dough I knows as many heroes, an' she-heroes, too, dat died a slow consoomin' death on dey own feather-baids; but dey did n' git no moniment 'rected.

"But 'mongst all dem 'ceasted folks some ob 'em must 'a' died a natchul unpervoked death, in dey own baid-chambers, an' ob contiguous complaints, too. Ob co'se, dey need n't be eny germs floatin' roun' up dar wid de cherrybims an' serryphims; but den ag'in dey mought be, an' I don't like de notion.

"Why, when Mis' Jinny had de mumps, an' dat jes' in one face on'y, de school-teacher made her ma whitewash de nus'ry, an' bu'n su'pher an' brimstun all th'oo de house.

"Now dat chu'ch wid all dem pickshures an' freezes on de walls, don' look like it's been whitewashed, an' dey war n't a scent ob su'pher an' brimstun 'bout de ed'face.

"It look like dey don't tek de proper percautions. I would n' resk tekin' de baby in dar ag'in fer nuthin' mo'tal. But 'twarn't de surroundin's what wo' on me so. It was de nerve-rackin' sarvice. Dey won't git me to go ag'in tell dey gits a noo minister," she said with much decision. Then she added, considerately :

"I 'low I don' see how dem pa'sons gits roun' an' visits dat big congergation, 'sides rehearsin' dem quire boys, dat sing like angels, an' l'arnin' dey sarmonts, an' practisin' dat gran' high-soundin' sarvice.

"Hit stan's to reason no one man kin do all dat proper;—fer I could n' mek out a wud dat preacher say las' Sunday—he went so fas' an' so flurried, like he feared he war gwine to bre'k down ef he stopped a single minit.

"De congergation seed how 'twas, an' dey he'ped him out ev'y time he stopped to tek his bre'f. But I'd ruther go it all 'lone den be 'sisted an' ans'ered back de way he was. Ef I was him I would n't 'tempt so much nex' week, but jes' stay in de endurin' time 'ceptin' fur buryin's an' baptisms, an' l'arn a po'tion ob it by heart, so's he could stan' up dar free an' easy, an' say it off. An' de people would n't min' ef he did n't gib 'em so much. Dey looked as ef dey'd been satisfied wid half as much las' Sunday, an' some ob 'em riz up an' come out right in de middle ob de sarvice.

"It was scan'lous!—an' I wonder dey had de nerve, but you cyan't blame 'em. He'd oughter tek de hint.

"Mos' ob dem pa'sons is paid well, an' dey oughter l'arn de hull piece, 'stid o' spectin' de people to come ev'y Sunday an' he'p 'em out. We would n't stan' it down home. Pa'son Jenkins is got to l'arn to speak his hull part by hisse'f, an' he does it fine.

"Why, dat preacher was crippled up in his mem'ry f'om de ve'y start. He could n' say de prayers by hisse'f, an' even de hymn-chunes was all stuck up in big white figgers in plain sight on a kin' o' squar' brown

bread-boa'd. I reckon dey was too feared to let him gib dem out, an' no wonder.

"He begun by readin' de Bible, an' dat was safe 'nough, so fur. Den he tried to say a prayer off, but de people had to he'p him out mos' ev'y urr minit. Den come de Lawd's prayer, an' dey went right long wid him in dat, hol'in his han' like, an' he got th'oo famous.

"Den knowin' how closed up his thoughts was, he say right out loud:

"'Oh, Lawd, loosen up my lips,' an' de people backed him up an' said sump'n he'pful, an' I sutney felt sorry fer 'em bofe. Den to gib hisse'f time to reflec', he axed de quire-boys to sing sump'n. 'Peared like 'How tedjous an' tas'less,' would 'a' been mos' 'propriate jes' den; but dey sing sump'n Mis' Chumley's maid call a 'h'anthem.'

"It was a gran' chune, but dem po' boys was so upsot by de pa'son's onsartinty, dey done los' dey haid, too, an' what did dey do but go erpeatin' ovah and ovah ag'in, de se'f-same wuds,—sump'n about,

'Praise Him an' mag'fy Him fo'evah.'

"Dey stammered dem wuds out about a hunderd times, tell I reckoned I'd go mad. I stood it as long as I could, den I ketch holt ob Mis' Chumley's maid, an' was jes' gwine to call out, 'Go git 'em a good han'ful o' pebbles, an' tell 'em not to open dey lips ag'in tell dey shove 'em inside,'—when blest be goodness! dem boys stopped sho't, an' I sutney was erlieved.

"Torectly anurr preacher got up to he'p de pa'son out, an' read some mo' f'om de Bible. Den pres'ny,

his tu'n come ag'in, but he didn' feel like facin' 'em jes' yit, so dey all tu'n sideways, an' say de 'Postles' Creed togerr, tell he got ovah it.

"Den he tried to say some mo' prayers; but 'twarn't no use, an' dey see how 'twas, an' how he'pless dey was, an' he was, an' dey all say out loud togerr:

"'Hab mussy upon us!' but he would go on; so dey come out bold an' say, 'Spare us, good Lawd!' —but dat didn't hender him nurr. He kep' right on, tell fin'ly dem po' much endurin' people say, all roused up:

"'Good Lawd, deliver us,' an' add, 'We 'seech thee to heah us, good Lawd!'

"Dey wail dat out about a dozen times, pitiful, whenever he gib 'em de chanst, an' den to show him how dey was feelin', dey cry, 'Look 'pon our 'fliction, an' hab mussy upon us, we pray,' an' pres'ny, like it was in ans'er to dey prayer, dat man knowed he couldn' do no wus, an' he stopped.

"My! I sutney did feel sorry fo' dem people. I axed de lady settin' nex' me, kinder anxious-like, 'ef dat man was dey reg'lar supply.'

"She didn' let on at fust, an' when I axed her ag'in, war he de stiddy pa'son, she had to gib in it was; but she looked mo'tified, an' I didn' pursoo de subjec.

"I don't see why dey keeps him on, les'n he's a good han' at chrisenin's, like de y'ung 'sistant down to de Fust Baptis' Chu'ch at home. He ain't a good sermonizer 'tall, but he stan's in strong wid de muvvers, 'cause he's sich a master-han' at wieldin' chillun at baptisms. Dat bein' a congregation mighty well-off for y'ung folks, an' dey muvvers skairt to death fo'

fear ole Dr. Waters 'll drap 'em into de pool fer good an' all, de 'sistant's got a purty sho' thing ob it, preacher er no preacher. I reckon dat, an' practisin' de gran' quire is what keeps dis one on at St. Paulses, an' I'd be mos' willin' to tek my Alfred David on it.

"I 'clar when I come out I didn' feel like I'd been to meetin' 'tall, but jes' some great nerve-rackin' strain, like de dentis' cheer. I felt like I wanted to git subjuded down, so I axed one de members comin' out, 'Pardon, mum, but kin you tell me whar I kin fin' a fl'urishin' Baptis' Chu'ch in dis big town?'

"'Does you wish to go to chapel?' she says, wid a kind o' supersilyous, hem-ob-her gyarment sort o' look.

"'No, I don't want no chapel,' I says, 'I wants a full-size Baptis' tabernicle, wid de hull 'quipment: de pool, de gran' chorus ob' all de people, an' a sperited preacher in de pu'pit. I don't want no chapel, nur no mo' half-way doin's. I wants a place whar I kin 'Praise de Lawd,' an' 'Glory, halleluyer,' in, ef I has de min' to. No mo' luke-warm releejus proceedin's fo' me. I want 'nough fiah an' watch 'bout de place to git up steam, an' go full haid on straight to de gates o' glory. I 'clar to you in dese heah stone cathedrums, wid dey marble pillows, an' wall freezes, an' frosty winders, an' halt an' blind sarvices, I feel like my releejus feelin's was bein' friz up to ice-suckles.

"I reck'n I knows now how to 'count fo' dem ole 'feegees,' an' gumboils in all de Cathedrums," she added reflectively. "Dey was friz dat way f'om some de sarvices dey endured. an' nuver got dey faces straight arfterwuds."

Mammy alludes to the curious old effigies and gargoyles which have fascinated her everywhere she has been, and whose contortions we have found her practicing unconsciously, as she stood gazing transfixed at their perturbed countenances.

"Dey's li'le ole men wid dey liniments screwed up in a bow-knot, er puffed out like a ball, playin' de flute er harp, jes' to git dey min's off dey suff'rin's," she had explained to identify them to the Professor.

"Oh! the gargoyles! Mammy," he exclaimed, much amused.

"No, suh," said Mammy respectfully, but firmly. "De gemman say dey was 'gumboils.' It makes mo' sense, an' dey looks it, wid dey cheeks all puckered up wid face-ache, showin' dey's got some intarnal ag'ny. An' now," said Mammy, after her return from St. Paul's, "I knows what ailed 'em. 'Twas de suff'rin's dey endured settin' out de sarvice!"

As an off-set to Mammy's painful experiences upon this occasion, she was induced shortly afterward to attend a service at the Foundling Hospital. No other assurance was needed than that it was performed by the children themselves, as Mammy is never so happy as when in the company of the "li'le angel saints," as she declares children to be, if rightly brought up. These little unfortunates could hardly plead a fair send-off in the battle of life; but in their present condition, they were so immaculate, so bonny and cheery-looking that it was a perpetual delight to gaze upon their round cherub countenances.

Row upon row of little brown-gowned figures, with

white caps, aprons and tiny neckerchiefs, funny brown mittens, and shining rosy cheeks, sat demurely on one side of a high pipe-organ, while on the other side were as many rows of little brown figures in jackets and trousers, with cherry-red waistcoats adorned with bright gilt buttons.

"Well, I nuver seed so many li'le brown sparrers, an' Robin Redbreas's an' Sistehs ob Charity, all sittin' twitterin' to-gerr, in my life," said Mammy, benignly mixing her metaphors, as she beamed upon them.

Then the rows of little "brown sparrers, and Robin Redbreas's" hopped off their perches and made the welkin ring with the sweetest of bird-like carols, that sent a thrill through the listener's ears as it echoed heavenward.

As the tiny songsters settled back again sedately, we heard Mammy's improving whisper to the baby:

"Jes' think, Mis' Doris honey, dem po' li'le chillun was bawn widout any parients. Not a pa nur ma is dem infan's got, darlin', 'cept'n dese kind folks dat teks keer on 'em."

"But, Mammy," echoed the little voice in a puzzled whisper. "How did zay tum here, if zere mammas didn't bring 'em?"

"Well, honey. Dey was foun' a-hangin' on to lamp-posts, an' in ba-askits in de do'-ways, an' at chu'ch do's, a-wailin' tell dey picks 'em up an' brings 'em heah. Dey name 'Foun'lin',' denotes dey was foun' an' brung in. See, honey?"

By this time the little flock had sung themselves tired, and the "teeny weeny birdies," as Doris called the babies on the front row, were allowed to escape before Morpheus (and the sermon) overtook them.

After the sermon, which soared completely above their small heads, we were treated to another heavenly melody from their tiny throats, and then having sung themselves hungry this time, the "birdies" with a sturdy hop from their perches which echoed all over the building, trotted off purposefully in the direction of the big dining-hall.

With a blast from a trumpet blown by one of the "big boy Foun'lin's," a little brass band marched in and uplifted a shrill and cheerful note of thanks for the tempting spread before them. This was followed by vocal thanks, the tiny heads bowed till only the caps were visible, and not a furtive peep was stolen between the wee fingers at the steaming bowls awaiting. Then off came the brown mitts, and the rosy hands, bare to the elbow, clasped the clattering spoons with determined zeal, while the white caps were bent again devoutly, but this time not in prayer. Presently we left the sparrows and went to view the Robin Redbreasts, who were doing valiant work in martial time.

"My! ain' dem lam's robustious?" said Mammy in open-eyed appreciation of the heaping plates of "roas' beef an' 'taters," which were speedily transforming these vigorous "lam's" into stalwart Johnny Bulls; and then she added:

"Seems like a-lookin' at dem chillun so well n'urished an' looked arfter, it would be betteh ef mo' ob 'em was bawn widout parients. Dey sutney done well by 'em heah."

Presently she added thoughtfully, "Erlations ain't ev'ything in life. Dey's a great noosince sometimes.

De fac's is, de easies' erlations to lib wid is daid erlations enyhow. Dey ain' techy ef you speaks ahine dey backs, an' ain't allus lookin' fer you to he'p 'em out ob a tight place. Dese chillun mought 'a' done wus!"

But an unusual rival to the roast beef was present in the shape of a little drummer-boy of about thirteen, formerly a Foundling, who had just returned from "active service" in South Africa, and the other Robins' eyes were round as saucers as they ranged from his fetching little monkey-cap perched jauntily over one ear, all down his brass buttons and red-strapped garments, to his highly resonant boots, recently adopted by the War Department, and proudly announced in the newspapers, as "nobby and neat, and fitted to every *arm* of the service."

This "arm," or better perhaps, "limb" of the service, was having the time of his life, as a returned Tommy Atkins, and after this private view, I am sure the "King's Arms" will never lack for loyal recruits from the rosy-cheeked Redbreasts at the "Foundling."

As we turned from the children's tables and passed through the breezy dormitories, billowy with snowy wind-blown beds, ranged about a great big doll-house in the centre, Mammy exclaimed penitently, and with evident distaste for herself:

"D'you reckon I ain' got a clare case ob mo'tifica-shun settin' in, to go a-hunting up a mean li'le no'-count six-pence to drop in de box when we come in, fer dis gran' noble charity.

"Why, a good roun' You-nited States dollar ain' none too much fer dis God-savin' ins'tooshun. Wait

tell I see ef I cyan't git at one now, Mis' Carroll, please."

Whereupon dear old Mammy obscured herself behind one of the Grecian columns of the edifice, while she wrestled with her nether garments. In due season, she brought forth the familiar, big, round cartwheel.

With this solid coin of the home-realm about her, bearing the American eagle and Uncle Sam's provident motto, "In God we trust," she has felt perfectly safe to put her "trust" for the time being in such feeble "no-'count" mediums as six-pences, pennies and shillings.

"Trip-penny bits," her version of "threp-pence," have been rather a trial to her during her stay in London. "What could anybody git wid a 'trip-pence?'" she asked scornfully. "As fer pennies, we don' pay no 'tention to dem in de States 'ceptin' to buy stick pep'mint, er animule crackers, to keep de babes f'om consoomin' mo'n a cent's wuth at a time."

But as soon as she found out a penny was current coin for a bus ride, and would buy "bout as much as a nickel at home," she began to "tek mo' stock in 'em."

To part with a shining silver dollar in this land of delusive currency was a test of great devotion on Mammy's part; but, being a person of high principle, she dropped it into the collection box at the door with an energy which must have made the brown pennies within jump in unison, as she announced with a complacent chuckle:

"Well, dat's off my min', an' out my pocket, too, now; an' I'm glad ob it!"

CHAPTER XIX

“DE WEST MINISTER’S CHU’CH — DE H’ABBEY”

“A levelin’ place ”— “ Mis’ Queen ’Liz’buth, an’ Mis’ Mary Scot ”— “ Mis’ry seats ”— “ De knave,” or “ de virgun,” which?— A “ play-acter ” ’mongst the company of saints — “ Indo’-graveya’ds ” and their merits — “ Amerikin heroes, all daid heroes.”

“ I BEEN ovah to de West Minister’s Chu’ch, what dey calls de H’abbey, wid St. John, an’ I ’clar to goodness, I’s most tuckered out,” exclaimed Mammy in much weariness of spirit, as she came home from the Abbey, upon the occasion of her first visit to that sacred edifice.

“ With whom, did you say? ” inquired Dr. Irving, who had just entered, and was quite unprepared as to Mammy’s apostolic cicerone.

“ Wid Mis’ St. John, Mis’ Chumley’s maid, suh,” replied Mammy in explanation. “ She done call her by her las’ name allus, but I ’low it don’ seem erspectful to me.”

The maid, it appeared, had brought Virginia a note from her mistress stating that, as it was “ her afternoon out, St. John would be very pleased to accompany Mammy to the Abbey, if agreeable to Mrs. Irving, etc.” As it seemed quite a familiar name, Virginia had addressed her as it was spelled, and Mammy had

naturally followed suit, an unwarrantable liberty to take regarding English patronymics, as we had already discovered.

"Oh, *Sinjun*!" exclaimed the Doctor as he glanced at the note Virginia had handed him,— "at least, I am given to understand," he went on, "that is always the way it is pronounced in polite circles here. Probably a relic of Biblical times, when it may have been so rendered to differentiate the Apostle from him of the Epistle, two quite different people," he concluded with a scholarly air, but with a twinkle in his eye which belied serious information.

Mammy agreed there "must 'a' been sump'n de matteh wid her or de name, 'cause when I called her 'Saint John' she seemed way off fergitfu' like, an' not knowin' how to rec'onize herse'f."

Mammy had succeeded so ideally with the name of "Sinjun's" mistress, while we were constantly led astray by its look when spelt "Cholmondeley," that she at once adopted the approved version, and she and 'Mis' Chumley's' maid became fast friends, as is always the case with every white maid she has ever met on the Continent.

"What did you and 'Sinjun' see at the Abbey?" inquired the Professor, with awakened interest. But Mammy was not quite ready to part with her impressions. She wanted more information first.

"Mist' Dav'npot, ef dis heah am de West Minister's Chu'ch, whar do de East Minister hab his'n? Is Lunnon-town divide up inter two pa'ishes, like at home, an' do dat big St. Paul's meetin'-house b'long to him, whar I was las' Sunday?"

The Doctor, not being well up on the matter of London parishes, replied somewhat evasively, "Yes, I reckon that's about it, Mammy."

"Well, dat St. Paulses cyan't hol' a can'le to dis sum'tuous buryin' place," said Mammy with ill-concealed satisfaction; for she had evidently taken a settled dislike to the "East Minister" and all his belongings.

"Why hit's gran', dat's what it is! Rows and rows ob marble statutes stan'in' roun', an' angel Gabruls blowin' dey trumpits 'in de mornin','—an' all day long, too, I reck'n; an' noble-lookin' men an' wimmen settin' roun' in der bus's an' full figgers, Empr'or Kings, an' Mis' Queens, an' li'le Princes, an' r'yalties, an' people dat kilt each urr er wanted to;—all dey bones laid low in de dus', an' mixin' up so as you couldn' tell one f'om t'urr in de 'sortment, ef dey was sifted in a fine flour sifter.

"My! but it's a levelin' place. Nobody kin be stuck up 'bove anurr; de onlies' diff'runce is dey toom-stones, an' many ob dem's done crum'led away, too;" and Mammy ended her remarks with "such a sense" of gloating satisfaction over this model buryin' place, that the Professor murmured something under his breath about "ghoulish glee."

"Well, did you find any of your friends in the—the assortment?" asked Dr. Irving quoting Mammy's words.

"Yass, suh," replied Mammy, but with some disappointment, "Sinjun was 'quainted wid a few ob 'em; but she ain' got a lot o' l'arnin' like you, Mist' Dav'n-po't, so I missed a heap."

" Ah, that was too bad, Mammy ! " he replied regretfully. " We must try not to let it occur again. 'Lost opportunities never return,' they say. But who were those you found most interesting ? " he inquired.

" Well, dere was de two li'le Princes, what was kilt by order ob dey crool Uncle Dick down to de Tower. Now dey bones res' in peace in a clo'es-chis', Sinjun call a 'sorecoffygus.'

" Den we seed de toom ob de great Queen, Mis' 'Liz'buth, what had Mis' Mary Scot's haid cut off, Sinjun say 'cause she was feared Mis' Scot would steal de gem'men's 'fections 'way f'om her, an' mebbe de throne too, likewise, what was comin' to her ef Mis' 'Liz'buth lef' no prosperity.

" 'Pears like de men was es onstable es a watah-fall dem days too, wharsomever a purty face took dey eye, to de seclusion ob mo' lastin' qual'ties like Mis' 'Liz'buth possesst. 'Liz'buth tried to fix up her looks by bein' dressy, an' she sutney did git herse'f up powerfu' an' permiscu's. Why her haid-piece look like de Tower-o'-Babel, — dat many mixtrys o' puffs, pompydoors, frizzes an' bangs ; an' her ruffs an' gownds would 'a' outfit many a young bride fer her life-time.

" I wouldn' had de 'sponsibility o' doin' up one dem ruffs not fer a fo'tune, and dat fussy wardrobe ob stiff sta'ched petticoats she wo', made her look like a hogshaid. Nobody could be neighborly or lovin' to a hogshaid, nur a Tower-o'-Babel, could dey ? But dough wid all dat fixin' she sutney was humly — dat woman was de greates' rooler Inglun uvah had, an' I'se glad ob it.

“Look what she done!—She smashed de Span-yards’ Marmalada, Sinjun said, an’ kep’ Inglun free to go an’ come on de high seas, an’ on dry lan’.

“An’ Mis’ Mary, jes’ settin’ roun’ oglin’ an’ mekin’ eyes at de men de whole endurin’ time, an’ eggin’ ’em on to kill Mis’ ’Liz’buth fust chanst dey got!

“But Mis’ ’Liz’buth was de daughter ob dat ole ’tarmined Henery de Ate, an’ it stan’s to reason she was gwine to hab her way.

“An’ to think dem two y’ung gyurls was near erla-tions, fust cousins oncst removed; but dat’s de way it’s been in famblies long befo’ to-day. Now Mis’ Mary is a-kneelin’ prostrate on her knees, wid her han’s folded, supplicatin’-like, an’ sayin’, ‘Why did you do it, ’Liz’buth?’ whilst de Queen is a-sleepin’ com’-fable, stretched out on her back in peacefu’ repose wid her han’s folded, too, es ef to say, ‘What else could I done, Mary Scot?’ An’ I reck’n she had de right ob it, passin’ sleepless nights wond’rin’ ef she’d wake up to fin’ herse’f a co’pse in de mornin’.

“Bofe ob ’em is buried in a gran’ Chapel built fer Mis’ ’Liz’buth’s gran’pa, Henery de Sevenf. Dey calls it a ‘Chapel,’ but it’s grander den any fu’-size chu’ch I uvah seed wid its great brass gates an’ tooms, an’ carvin’s on de mis’ry seats (miserere), Sinjun said was fer de monks in de quire to set on de aidge ob durin’ sarvice, so, ef dey went to sleep, dey’d fall down wid a bang, an’ tell on ’em. My! wouldn’t it be awfu’ mo’tifyin’ ef de congergation had to set on mis’ry seats nowerdays!

“Dey’s a gran’ wax figger or ‘feegy’, Sinjun call it, upstairs in de H’abbey, ob de great Queen laid out in

her buryin'-clo'es, wid urr kings an' queens. Sinjun say few folks knows whar dey keeps dem 'feegys', but you pay t'rip-pence an' up you goes. I would n't 'a' missed it fo' de wurl'. It gimme notions fer we-all's buryin'-s'ciety at home.

"When we come down, I 'low'd I'd like to go an' hab a look at de Crown-ation cheer, an' de stone seat Jacob ras'led on, whar dey crowns de kings an' queens. We foun' it easy 'nough, — a quare ole-time char'yot cheer wid a li'le shelf un'erneaf, containin' de stone Jacob used fer his piller.

"'Is dat de stone Jacob rastled roun' on?' I axed a gem'man near by. 'Dat's what hist'ry tells us,' he 'lowed wid dignity. 'Well,' I says, 'He must 'a' ras'led consid'ble to git in'ertween dem clost shelves, an' I reck'n he ras'led mo' wid de night-mare tryin' to git any refreshin' slumber on dat hard restin'-place. Does de kings an' queens have to set on it now when dey gits crowned?' I axed. 'Dat is dey hysterical custom,' he say. 'I don't wonder dey puts off de crown-act den es long es poss'ble, a-tryin' not to foller an' succeed each urr too clost,' I say. 'Mebbe it's meant to sign'fy de hardships dat's a-waitin' 'em, dat dey soon got to contend wid in de flesh. Still dey'd oughter perwide 'em a reel sof' cushion-pillar to begin on, consid'rin' what's to come arfter. You couldn't hire me to swap oc'pations wid one ob 'em, Mis' Sinjun,' I say to her, 'wid dat piller in de bargain. I'se had a hard 'nough time mos' ob my days, but I allus had a sof' goosey-gander piller to sleep de 'fects off at nights, when de day's hardships was done.'

"Den we took a look at de moniments," she went

on. "An' some de descriptions Sinjun read me off de toom-stones was de quarest you uvah laid eyes on, on'y I cyant rightly 'member 'em."

The Professor said he wondered if they had noticed a tablet in the church adjoining the Abbey,—St. Margaret's,—which read, in broad black letters upon a white marble background—

"To the Glory of God, and the memory of Sir Goldsworthy G——. He originated the Electric Telegraph, and Flashing Light Signalling. He invented the Steam Jet and Oxyhydrogen Blow-pipe."

The Professor said that, for purposes of identification he didn't think this could be surpassed. Another, however, bore the rather equivocal tribute:

"To the Valor and Prowess of
Major-General Slater Sims,
Who after a life-time of Bravery,
Died a *Battle-scared* Veteran."

Another handsome memorial, he recalled elsewhere, was erected.—

"To the late Mr. Barrington Sibley,
Accidently shot as a mark of affection,
By his brother."

But none of these public testimonials, he said to Virginia, appealed to him half so convincingly as the quaint inscription upon the tomb of a man and his wife at old St. Bartholomew's,—

"Shee first deceased, Hee for a little tried
To live without her, liked it not and dyd."

He said that, of all the expressive forms he had seen this most suited his sentiments, and he knew should the sad occasion arise, this epitaph would be found the best adapted to his own case.

"Did you find any Americans among the illustrious dead in the Abbey, Mammy?" asked Virginia.

"Well, Mis' Jinny, I sutney tried hard to fin' 'em, an' I begun right to oncst. As soon as we went in, I queried to de polic'man at de front do':

"'Will you kin'ly specify, please suh, whar is de noble Merikin daid, dat's buried heah?' He say, 'Go ovah to de nave, mum, an' ax fo' de Poets' Corner, an' you will fin' what you seek, I fa-ancy.'

"I didn' much like de notion ob de Merikins bein' stuck off in a corner, an' mixed up wid a lot of quare po'try folks fer neighbors; but I was tarminated to fin' out how dey treats de 'lustrious, ef we bre'k down an' ceasted ovah heah.

"You know," Mis' Jinny, she explained, "de H'abbey is built de shape ob a cross. Well, we walk up one sho't arm ob de cross 'tel we come to de big wide aisle down de middle, an' I looked up an' down seekin' fer de knave. I didn' see no man rightly ans'erin' to de pickshure ob de rascal in ole Muvver Goose—

'De knave ob hearts,
What stole dem tarts, (de Queen ob hearts' tarts)
An' wid 'em runned away?'

But pres'n'y I see a gloomy bent-ovah ole man in a flat black bunnit an' alpaký gownd, wid a crusty fierce demeanýur on to him. When I ax him fer de tooms ob de gran' an' glor'yus Merikin heroes buried heah,

I seed by his ans'er dat he war de knave, sho' 'nough. He durst declar' dey warn't but one Merikin toom 'bout the place, an' dat warn't no hero, fer he say sump'n 'bout him bein' famous 'cause he war a 'long feller.' Dat madded me some, an' I gib' dat knave a piece my min', I says, 'What's dis you say, a-devlin' me? Does you reckon we all ain' got no heroes famed for nuthin' 'sides dey len'th an' bre'dth, man? De Merikins has done es noble deeds es any. Dey wholloped you-all oncst 'all roun' 'bout de town,' like de lion done de unyco'n, so's you nuver set foot ovah yonder ergin. I reckon dat's de onlies' reason we all ain' got no foot-hol' heah, 'cause dat's de bigges' vict'ry in de hist'ry books you didn' win. Heroes, man! Why we got Gin'l Gawge Wash'n'ton, an' Abram Linkum, an' Gin'l You-nited States Grant, an' Gin'l Robbut E. Lee, dough he fit on de side dat got losted,' an' I was gwine to say, 'de oncst Admired Dooeey;' but I warn't quite sho he war a hero, 'cause he warn't safe an' daid an' gone yit; so I skipped him an' war gwine to spec'fy mo', when Sinjun, seein' how beat out de knave looked, dropped sump'n in his han' an' said, 'I think we must h'excuse de virgun; 'e 'as a call h'elsewhere now.' 'Virgun!' says I, 'sprised at her, 'Mis' Sinjun, honey, dat man warn't no virgun, even ef he war dressed like one. Dat man war a plain black knave, an' you could tell it by his speech an' his demeanyur. Don't you be so easy took in, chile!'

"To change de subjec' she beckoned to de knave to come an' tek us to see Shakespire's moniment in de Poets' Corner. So we went, an' dere, sho 'nough! in de rosy light ob de beautifulles' winder I uvah set

eyes on, in dat cons'crated spot sacred to kings an' queens, an' preachers, an' gran' ole men like Misteh Wil'yum Gladdystun, was a great, white, life-size statute ob dat same play-actin' man we seed up to Stratford, an' him a-stan'in' uplifted on one foot, a-leanin' his arm on a pile o' books in a careless attitood as ef he didn' keer a mite wherr he was dere er no.

"To think ob dat ongodly play-acter in dis sacred comp'ny ob saints, an' not a single Merikin hero 'mongst de lot! But I reckon dey has dey reasons,— es I done tole de knave!"

Mammy remained quiet for some time after this significant remark, pondering upon the exclusion of her compatriots, although her sense of justice compelled her before long to admit that even the national accommodation was extremely limited. Then she remarked,— "'Pears like groun' room mus' be skeerce in dis heah Lunnon-town, dat dey has to tu'n ev'y squar'-foot o' space in dey grandes' meetin'-houses into graveyards an' cimmit'rys.

"Why dey done tole me ovah to de H'abbey dey skeercely got 'nough room lef' to 'nclose de King hisse'f ef he was to 'ceast termorrer. Po' man! 'Tain't no 'ncourag'mint to him! An' when dat gran' ole father ob his country, Misteh Gladdystun, done ceasted, dey say dey was in a fearsome state to git room sufficient to satisfy his noble statue. Ob co'se," she went on reflectively, "hit's a great thing bein' able to 'tend meetin' an' visit wid yo' depa'ted at de same time, an' den you kin tek pleasure in perwidin' fraish flowers, stid o' dem onfeelin' immortal

wreaves, wid no annimation in 'em, you has to repare to weather de out-do' el'mints. Dey's all dem things to be said fer indo'-graveyards, an' I dunno' but what I'd gib my consent ef dey took de propah percautions — whitewash, su'phur an' brimstun.

“Nuthin' could be mo' imposin' an' res'fu', now, den all dem noble daid-an'-gone men an' wimmen what has done de grandes' deeds, an' thunk de soarin'es' thoughts, a-sleepin' side by side beneaf' one great heaben-arched roof, pertected f'om de col' indiff'runce o' passers-by, likewise de col' win's ob heaben.

“Mo'eovah it would'n do we all in de States no harm to tek up wid de notion ob a li'le mo' hero-wu'ship gradooal, so es to kin'er git used to it. Spite ob de good face I put on, we all ain' got none too many heroes ovah yonder, an' dey ain' safe as heroes 'tel dey gits un'ergroun' wid a gran' toom-stone specifyin' dey virtues fastened down tight onto 'em.

“We all's jes' dat pernicketty we don't no mo'n set a man up on a peddy-stool den we git 'fearsome 'lest de praise an' wu'ship'll go to his haid, an' purtty soon we pull him down to urth so hard he wonder if he uvah war up.

“De onlies' safe heroes in Ameriky is daid heroes. Look at dat po' Mister oncst Admir-ed Dooey. Dat man reckoned he war a hero one time. We made him, but 't warn't no time befo' he had to ax hisse'f like de ole woman dat fell asleep on de king's highway, ‘Ef it be I, as I hope it be?’ By dat time,—de time ob de house an' lot givin',—dey warn't a soul dat warn't like de li'le dog in de pome, ‘all in de dark,’ an' couldn' tell he.

"You reckon dat man wouldn' tek a heap o' pleasure in walkin' roun' his own toom-stone, to see what he really done, an' didn' do? No, we's so 'pressted wid de notion dat ev'y man's es good es ev'y urr man, an' a li'le mite betteh, dat we don't gib de big ones dey natchul due. Now ovah heah, dey knows dey place, an' de mussy is dey stays in it. Dey say, some is born to be heroes, an' some to be wu'shipers !

"In Ameriky ev'y man is so sho he's born to be *de* hero he'se'f dat dey ain' no race ob wu'shipers lef'. Dat's de reason a gran' mossoleeum-toom, to gib our heroes, an' she-heroes too, a quiet ondisturbed restin'-place, wid dey rep'tashuns safe f'om de rood blasts ob tongue an' time, would be a nash'nal blessin' in disguise. Hit sholy would."

CHAPTER XX

AN ENGLISH SPRING

Top-coats and mittens in June — Icicles *vivant* — Mustard-leaves and the War Office — Creature comforts — "I'se gwine back to Dixie" — Ongrateful hearth-fires — Mr. Ruskin and Mammy on "Travel" — Anglo-Roman vs. American roads.

"O H, what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,"

quoth the Professor feelingly, as he turned up the collar of his fur-lined great-coat and donned his "goloshes" and the jaunty white woolen gloves worn in winter by Englishmen in Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

"I warbled encouragingly," he went on, "'Hail! all hail! the merry month of May!' all through that delusive month, in hope that it might take heart of Fate and begin again; but this summer's day, June the twelfth, with the thermometer at forty degrees, just eight above the freezing point, and as many lower than the record of the same date in January, when it reached forty-eight degrees, is too — too much for me. Fancy January in June! It reminds one of the old hymn the darkies sing at home — "When December's as pleasant as May," only one must reverse the order out of respect to the more genial month.

"What a fearful price English ladies pay for their

peach-blow complexions, in these climatic conditions," he went on. "I would rather have you, sweetheart," he said, looking at Virginia, who made a wry face at him, "just as you are, with all your dainty freckles 'thick upon you' " — she possesses only two, which are as piquant as dimples — "than have you undergo such an ordeal by fire and water as this. Gives one the air of a prize-fighter, doesn't it?" he continued, gazing at his padded hands, "but when one is in Rome, one must do as the Romans do! Oh!" he continued, wistfully, "would I were in Rome! Would I had the wings of a dove! I would fly-y-y, I would fly-y-y!" he carolled. "Ye gods and little fishes! how I would fly!" he fervently ejaculated, as he came back to the open fire from the hotel window, where a party of East Indian Coronation guests, shivered with the "flu" (influenza) in their ethereal cotton garments.

"The King and all the great men are indisposed, I see from the papers, and, as Mark Twain says, 'I'm not feeling very well myself.' In fact, those poor creatures over there make me ill. I think the S. P. C. C. or some one ought to put them into 'woolens' or something seasonable. I don't feel much like a public benefactor, though, myself, this morning. I was roused from a sound slumber last night, the only comfortable hour I have had in the twenty-four, by a request for a mustard-plaster,—'mustard-leaf,' they call it over here — for my next door neighbor, the Maharajah of Het-Low and Chilling-phast, and I'd as 'leaf' not be called up in such an emergency again. Virginia called after me to put paper over it,— I have since learned it was

a double-distilled, extract of mustard variety. I'd never figured at this sort of thing before, so I put the paper on the outside, to protect the Maharajah's flowing robes, and the 'leaf' got in its work direct upon the royal epidermis. They must be a thin-skinned race; for it wasn't ten minutes before he yelled as if his name were 'Legion,' and seventy foul fiends were after him—promised to have me beheaded in the morning, as far as I could make out; or, at least, should I ever come to India. I have always wanted to go to India,—and now that's off!" he said sadly. "I hear he intends to report the matter to the War Office, and then I fear there'll be international complications.

"I didn't come to England," he went on ruefully, "to act as day nurse to the infant protégées of the Empire; and I don't see why they should be allowed to assail unprotected wayfarers and strangers, and ask for things they don't want, and oughtn't to have. I understand they have brought idols with them. I noticed what seemed to be a row of them, with food and raiment for the same, in the royal apartments—all luxuries!—but not a single flannel garment in the outfit. To add to my responsibilities this morning, Mammy met me reproachfully with the cheering news that there was ice in the baby's bath, and she added severely, 'Ef I'd er-knowed, Mist' Dav'npot, we was all gwine ter be ice-suckles afore we got back, I'd nuver' 'a' come a step!'

"I declare this weather unsexes me. I—I want to go home! When I think of the fond mosquito, the tuneful June-bug, and all the seasonable creature com-

forts of the dear home-land, I feel moved to cry out with Mammy :

'I'se gwine back to Dixie ; I'se gwine back to Dixie ;
I'se gwine whar de honey-suckles grow.
I'se gwine back to Dixie ; I'se gwine back to Dixie ;
My heart beats true to Dixie, an' I mus' go.' "

Mammy, who had just entered the room, and now stood at the window gazing at some forlorn specimens of humanity outside, remarked :

" I reck'n it's dis crool weather dat drives 'em. to drink so, de po' things ! My ! but de Inglish is a hard-drinkin' nation — man, woman an' chile," she went on. " Lucky de islan' ain' ve'y big, an' dey's used ter water, 'cause ef dey wakes up some mornin' all fishes, dey ain' got fer to go, ter slide off into de sea," said Mammy laughing at the notion of the nautical English race as a finny tribe of mermaids and mermen.

" Bress de good Lawd ! Merikin air is tonic an' sperits 'nough fer we-all, so fer," said she, though she added sympathetically, " I don' much wonder dey try ter drownd dey feelin's whar it's so depressin', jes' ter fancy dey's in some urr clime ; but it mus' be crool-hard to wake up an' find out whar dey is !"

Presently she continued :

" No wonder dey's so sorrowful-lookin'. Should reck'n dey'd mos' all go inter mou'nin' 'count o' dis weather. But dese furriners does all dey sorrowin' wid li'le strips o' black tied roun' one arm ; as ef *dat* was sorrow !" said Mammy disgustedly. " Dem chimbley-sweeps is de onlies' folks I seed dat's in black sho' 'nough," and she laughed at her own subtle wit.

"Dey mus' do a pow'fu' biznis, dem sweeps," she said, "wid all dese Lunnon chimbleys to clean. I'se counted sebenteen on dat house 'crost de street, an' fo'teen on all de rest'; — an' jes' to think! dey might hab a nice fu'nace, an' one clean chimbley, an' hab reel giniwine comfert, stid o' roastin' in front, an' freezin' ahine, like dey does wid all dese deceivin' grates. An' den de sight ob fuel dey consooms,—jes' twicst es much es we does to heat de same size house, an' dey ain' warm den, les'n dey's settin' right on de coals deysel's. 'Course enybody kin see all de heat goes up de chimbley, stid o' into de rooms. Should think some reel far-seein' Inglish would buil' rooms on top de house, right roun' de chimbley-hole, an' git all de heat dat goes to waste up dere. Den dey would be warm, sho' nough, fer oncst in dey lives. Dey don' know how badly-off dey is, po' things! wid dese on-grateful fiahs," said Mammy, pityingly. "An' dat ain' sayin' nuthin' ob de po' gals' han's, all cracked open wid mekin' fiahs all day long," said she, warming eloquently to her subject again. "I'se seed white maids ovah heah wid de purtties' faces, an' de beautifulles' haid's o' hair, an' dey han's so sore a-mekin' fiahs an' totin' trunks, dat I couldn' shake han's wid 'em. I'se niver seed slaves wu'ked harder. Why we'd lib on de cinder heap 'fore we'd wuk like dat!"

Mammy's merited sympathy with the "chamber-maids," reminded me of one who made our fire last week, her hands so chapped and broken that Virginia offered her some cold cream to allay the pain. She looked at it curiously for a moment, and then inquired, much to Virginia's consternation :

"Do you 'eat it, miss? Thank you!"

"Oh, no!" said Virginia, hastily. "You rub it on your hands."

"Oh, yes! Thank you, miss! but do you 'eat it before the fire, miss?"

"Oh, *heat* it!" exclaimed Virginia, the Cockney idea dawning upon her: "you can if you like, but it isn't necessary."

"Thank you, miss! very much, miss!" responded our charmingly obsequious Dawson, as she departed in her neat black gown, dainty cap and apron, to soothe her pinkened members.

But Dawson has far more ardent sympathizers in the dusky Oriental guests who throng the hotel corridors. The Professor says the Indians he meets daily, with tropical white turbans sandwiched between a "mack" and a "gamp" (a mackintosh and an umbrella *à la* Sairey Gamp) confide to him that they shall go back to India more confirmed Sun-worshippers than ever, and this as the result of the demoralizing contact with a civilized (?) Christian institution like English weather! The Professor thinks this display of Imperial inability to contend with material obstacles far more damaging than the miscarriages during the South African War. He fears that this, and the deplorable lack of caste and 'distance' which has obtained in the familiar greeting of the Sepoys by 'Arry and 'Arriet—with a hug or a slap on the back, in place of the reserved treatment they receive from the English sahibs and mem-sahibs in India,—will affect the stability of the Empire seriously. He says he shouldn't be surprised to hear of another Mutiny at any moment.

The Shah of Persia indicated the Oriental perception of the state of affairs. While the late Queen Victoria was conversing with him she remonstrated with him for being a Sun-worshipper, when he gave the retort courteous by responding: "Ah, Madam, you would be, too, if you ever saw his face!"

Mammy entertains a like scepticism as to the sun's appearance here. Recalling a popular darkey tradition, she said yesterday, "I sutney is glad we spent Easter at home; nobody 'd uvah see de risin' sun dance an' shout Easter mornin' ovah heah. I reckon it niver gits shoutin' happy in dis gloomy clime."

People tell us this is a "record summer," whereupon the Professor says frigidly, "Ah! I wasn't aware there had been any summer. We came to England first, to 'escape the heat', and we have succeeded beyond our fondest expectations; I suppose we have no right to complain."

The ruthless state of the elements makes Dr. Irving wish he had brought with him the latest scientific device, the "heliometer," which is reported to be most effective in negotiating with the sun and in concentrating or storing up heat and sunshine, I believe; but he says he fears we should have become so popular in consequence that we should never have got out of England. Lacking this magnetic arrangement, we are, one and all, ready to move farther South, hoping for a more genial atmosphere. Even Mammy who regards travel as "jes' packin' up an' movin', on, de minute me an' Mis' Doris mek some 'greeable 'quaintunces," is not as much averse as usual to the "movin' on."

Mammy agrees with Mr. Ruskin, who said discriminatingly, "Railway travelling is not travelling at all. It is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel." Mammy objects to "becoming a parcel" so frequently; especially as she does not regard the conditions for "parcels post" as at all safe and innocuous in England. This impression has been forcibly borne in upon her since our last very exciting railway journey from Windsor to London.

The Professor, just as we were about to start, seeing a lady frantically trying to enter our compartment, which we had hoped to reserve to ourselves, obligingly opened the door for her. A moment later, we were locked in by the guard and started on our journey. We had only gone a few miles, when our new companion began to fidget about excitedly, and, producing from her traps a bag of raw turnips, began to carve them with a huge knife and offer them to the rest of the party. The Professor, scenting danger, looked significantly toward Virginia and me, and assured her we were "feeling queer,"—the English term for illness—which accurately described our sensations at the time. We were all, in fact, suffering in an equal degree from "bakin' an' aigs, an' dyspepsy," but the Professor, with true American chivalry, and Mammy, with motherly self-sacrifice, ate raw turnips at the point of the knife, all the way to London,—only one turnip remaining at the end of the journey, of which the Professor politely, but firmly, declined to "deprive" his donor. At Paddington the guard appeared with the keeper of the lady, who had twice

eluded him on the journey to the sanitarium where she was to be placed. As a result of this experience, Mammy has resolved she "don' want to go travellin' locked up wid no turnips nor loonies, no mo'!" a sentiment which we devoutly echo; while from the self-sacrifice of the American man there displayed, which, I do not believe, exists so vicariously in any other nation, I have resolved, (if I ever wed), never, no! never, to marry any being inferior to a chivalrous American!

From time to time, the Professor has thought of instituting damages for his own and Mammy's ruined digestion; but, remembering the case of the mummy, he says, he fears the company may attribute it to "inherent vice," which, after the amount of "bakin' an' aigs" they had previously consumed, might not give them a clear case. When people talk now to the Professor about the "perfect safety" and "unmolested privacy" of English travel, he no longer agrees with them as before. He preserves an ominous silence, or relates this untoward episode, which, he concludes significantly, "could never by any possibility have occurred on an American corridor train." Then the champion of the English system thinks it wise to revert to exterior advantages, and remarks:

"Oh, yes; but our roads are much smoother than American, both for 'biking' and railway travel, I have been told."

Then Dr. Irving, who, since those turnips, has had his "quiver full," lets fly this shot, which usually "does" for his antagonist:

"Well, yes, your roads are smoother than ours in

this meadow-land of yours; but then you must remember that the Romans constructed your best roads five hundred years before the English were ever heard of. I believe one of your swiftest railways uses as its road-bed the old Watling Street of the Romans. It ought to find such a 'bed' smooth, after nearly two milleniums of use. Our roads, you know, have only been in use about two hundred years, to your two thousand, and, in that time, we have spread them over a mountainous country a hundred times the size of your 'tight little island.' When we have used our roads two thousand years, I think we shall be able, as we say in America, to show you something 'smooth'."

And then the conversation usually changes to some more mutual subject.

Now that we were about to start on another perilous railway journey, we felt it necessary to offer Mammy a stronger inducement than even a warmer clime — we were on our way to Paris. So we told her that we should stop at Salisbury, where we assured her was the "most beautiful church in England." The dual attraction of summer skies and "de beautifulles' chu'ch" was a combination which appealed to her religious Southern temperament, and she speedily made ready for our departure, strapping our "porte-manteaux," as she feelingly affirmed, "fo' de twenty-fo'th time sense we lef' God's own country."

CHAPTER XXI

SALISBURY

How Mammy came near "gittin' 'ligion" in a Cathedral —
The only Church — Sheep and goats.

WE reached Salisbury at night, too late to discern aught but the grey outlines of the exquisite old Cathedral. As Mammy usually went to roost with the birds, she naturally rose with the lark. Determined to be the first to see the "beautifulles' chu'ch" in England, she sallied forth betimes, and did not return until long after breakfast. As we were near the Cathedral Close, we were not greatly alarmed at her absence. When she finally appeared, and Virginia anxiously inquired where she had been, she replied:

"Well, honey, I got shet up in de Cathedrum, an' I specs I wouldn't 'a' got out yit, ef I hadn't come mighty nigh gittin' 'ligion, an' den de virgun put me out."

"Put you out, Mammy? What can you mean?" exclaimed Virginia, with visions of Mammy and the awe-inspiring, black-gowned verger, in the midst of an altercation.

"Yassum! He put me out; and me a member ob de Richmun' Fust Baptis' meetin'-house, in good an' reg'lar standin'," said Mammy in an injured tone.

"You see," she went on to explain, "dey had a pow'ful fine practis' ovah to de Cathedrum dis mornin'. I heerd de singin' as I went up to de do', an' de gem'man in de black petticoats, dey wrongly calls 'de virgun,' he axed me would I like to come in. I 'lowed I would ; but he couldn't 'a' knowed dey was all in dey nighties, or he wouldn't er axed me. Dey must all a-bin roused up too sudden to change dis mornin', an' jes' come as dey was to save time. I hid ahine a stone pillow, so's not ter 'mbarass 'em. Dey warn't none on 'em dressed proper. But de music was so gran' dat purtty soon, I clean forgot all 'bout de nighties er enythin', an' I fancied dem men an' boys was angels wid white wings, an' it 'peared like I was in heaben, er back in Ferginny to a bush-meetin'—listenin' to de angels a-singin' th'oo de trees ; an' pres'ny, I begin to feel so uplifted-like, an' joy-some dat, afore I knowed it, I shouted right out loud:

" 'Bress de Lawd ! Glory ! Halleluyer ! '

"Pres'ny I heah de virgun's black petticoats swishin' ahine me, an' he says in stern accents :

" 'We cyan't hab no noise in heah, my good woman. You mus' go outside de sanctuary ! ' Den I says, ' Oh, I'se so happy ! I b'lieve I'se got 'ligion. ' An' he says : ' Dis ain' no place ter git 'ligion. You mus' go outside. ' Den I sez, kin'er mad, ' What's dis heah big chu'ch fer, ef it 'tain't ter git 'ligion in ? You cyan't help feelin' soulfu' and happy in heah. ' But he says, set-like, ' You bettah go out, mum, ' an' so he unlocked de do', an' I come out inter de Clo'es, whar dey changes dey gyarments, I specs, f'om de name. Ef people goes of'en to dem gran' big

chu'ches, I don' see how dey could he'p gittin' 'ligion," she added, with conviction.

"That's probably why they don't go," said the Professor, *sotto voce* behind his Baedeker.

"It seemed a shame to waste all dat fine music on a practis'," continued Mammy. "Dey mus' be gittin' up a gran' festibul, er camp-meetin', er sump'n."

"But that wasn't a practice, Mammy," interposed Dr. Irving reading from his guide-book. "That was the regular early-morning service, it says here."

"But dey warn't nobody bein' sarved, Mist' Dav'npot'," protested Mammy. "Dey warn't nobody in dere, 'ceptin' me, an' de virgun an' anurr ole woman."

"Oh, the people don't need to go to church over here," said the Doctor, somewhat enviously. "The choir does it all up for them, and they stay at home and rest in bed. A very sensible arrangement it is!" he added feelingly.

"Well, mebbe dat 'splains dey looks dis mornin', fer de performers sut'ney come straight f'om bed dey-sel's. I s'pose dey knowed nobody'd be dere ter see 'em?"

"Oh, they are usually pretty safe as to that," said the Doctor, with meaning.

"But, look heah, Mist' Dav'npot'. Who pays fer all dat singin', an' de can'les, an' de painted winders, 'an all de res'?" Mammy asked with much concern, remembering her own arduous labors to assist a plain, unassuming "meetin'-house."

"Oh, the English people," replied the Doctor. "You see, Mammy, they can't be expected to stop cricket, and golf, and croquet, a half-dozen times a

day to go to church. It's too exhausting. So they engage a lot of men and boys who are willing to stop between games, and go in and 'sing to themselves,' as you say, and so it's done decently and in order, and nobody feels tired."

"You'se sho'ly jes' projeckin', Mist' Dav'npot'," said Mammy, with disbelief. "No strong, able-bodied men would go in an' set on dem hard benches, an' sing to deysel's all day, less'n sump'n was de matter wid 'em — now would dey?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mammy, and it's a mighty soft snap too, notwithstanding the hard benches. In fact, I've heard there aren't nearly enough 'singing-places' in England to go round. You see it's not a burdensome life — cricket and singing — and the people who fill the places rarely drop off from over-work."

"Well, I ain' nuthin' ag'in 'em. 'Twas jes' dat pesky ole virgun who was allus pokin' roun'. Still, I'd nuver been out now, I specs, ef he hadn' put me out, an' I ain' no objecshuns ter a good hot cup ob strong coffee. Seems like I ain' had no breckfus' but jes' music, an' dat ain' fillin'," she chuckled to herself, as she went off in the wake of our attentive waiter.

"Not a bad scheme at all, that of Mammy's — getting religion in church. But just think how it would empty the churches," soliloquized the Professor, with ill-concealed amusement. "Mammy has taken a curious dislike to the verger," he added presently.

"She really fails to give him his just prominence in the affairs of the sanctuary. His is a very critical office, as was impressed upon me the Sunday I went to hear Dr. May, who is very absent-minded, you

remember. He had to publish the banns for a coming wedding. He began pompously :

“ ‘ I publish the banns — between — between — ’ and then discovered he had mislaid the paper. ‘ Between the cushion and the seat, sir,’ shouted the verger from the vestry, and the situation, and the contracting couple too, were saved, and just in time,” laughed the Professor.

After breakfast, Mammy re-appeared, fortified and wishing to investigate further that most interesting of all problems to the colored mind — the church question.

“ Mist’ Dav’npot, suh, what kind ob a chu’ch is dat? It didn’ seem like a Mefodis’, nor a Prisbitur-yan, nur prezackly like a Free Wull Baptis’ nuther.”

“ Oh, that was ‘ The Church,’ Mammy,” replied the Doctor, with considerable relish for a theological discussion. “ There is only one church in England, that assures salvation, you know. If you are so unfortunate as to belong to any of the ‘ sects’ and ‘ go to chapel,’ you simply have to take your chances of getting to heaven. Most people don’t care to run the risk, so nearly every one belongs to ‘ The Church.’ ”

“ Go ’long wid yo’ nonsince ! Mist’ Dav’npot. Dere ain’ no one chu’ch got all de ’ligion,” said Mammy, much amused at the assumption.

“ Ah ! Mammy, that’s where you are mistaken ! ” replied the Doctor, as one who has inside information. “ In England, they have anticipated us in spiritual affairs, as we have them in material things. They have had a great church trust, or monopoly, for lo ! these many years ! — in fact, ever since Henry VIII.

'took over' the religion of the realm. The 'sects' are simply not in the religious swim, and they must always give a reason for the hope that is in them before associating with anyone who is 'in.' Not to belong to 'The Church,' is, I am told, fatal to getting into polite society."

"But, look heah! Mist' Dav'npot. Ain' dis a Christian country?"

"It is reputed to be, Mammy."

"Well, seems to me dey's forestallin' de Judgment Day — to pick an' choose like dat, an' when dey gits up dere, dey ca'calashuns may be all wrong."

"They do seem to anticipate events, somewhat," responded the Doctor. "I observe, too, they separate the sheep and the goats, even now, within the church," he continued. "I saw a notice in a church yesterday, stating that 'The Confirmation Class for Young Ladies' would meet at 4 p. m. and that 'for Young Women at 8 p. m.' — also that at the approaching confirmation service, 'the Young Ladies' would assemble in the vestry, and the 'Young Women in the adjoining room.'

"It must be a great comfort to know just where one belongs," he said significantly. "Think of going to a sphere in heaven where you weren't expected, and then having to be shown your 'proper place.' It would be extremely awkward, and it must be far pleasanter to have things straightened out down here in advance."

Mammy, surmising that the subject was getting a little beyond her, made another bid for Dr. Irving's attention.

"It was a quare kin' ob sarvice, too, Mist' Dav'npot. Dey said the Lawd's prayer ovah twicst.

"Well, with all the people they have to be responsible for, Mammy, it's best for them not to take any risks you know as to its being heard."

"An', ev'y now an' den, dey say like dey 'spectin' a 'urthquake, er sump'n drefful to happen like dat day at St. Paul's—' Good Lawd, deliver us!' Den pres'ny dey say: 'Oh, Lawd, we all'se mis'ble 'fenders'—'specs de Lawd knows dat,—an' bimeby: 'We all'se mis'ble sinners!'—jes' like he didn't know dat, too. 'Peared like a kin' o' fancy chu'ch, whar dey wanted to have dey own say. Dey warn't no preachin', nur nobody to tell 'em what dey'd oughter do, er let 'lone. Does de people ovah heah, all do as dey oughter?" she inquired.

"One would infer as much, Mammy; but I 'hae my doots', as the old Scotchman said," answered the Doctor.

"Well, ef de people don' go ter chu'ch, how does de pa'son git paid?" questioned Mammy, with Dorcas-like solicitude. "Does dey hab' festibuls, er cake-walks, er enythin'?"

"No, they don't resort to common-place devices like that. I have been told that in some parts of England, especially in the country districts, the people must pay tithes, that is, one-tenth of their produce, to support the church, and the parson collects it himself."

"Pay one-tenf even ef dey b'long to anurr chu'ch?" asked Mammy excitedly.

"Certainly, Mammy. If they belong to another,

that is their own lookout. The State says they must support 'The Church,' first and foremost, and do as they please afterwards."

"I sutney would hate dat, Mist' Dav'npot. Now, ef I b'longed to de Free Wull Baptis's ovah heah, would I have ter pay one-tenf ob my cookin', an' wash money to s'port 'de Chu'ch,' besides?"

"In some parts of the country you certainly would, Mammy. So you see, unless you wanted very much to be a Baptist, it would be far cheaper to belong to 'The Church' and be sure of salvation at the same time."

"Well, bress de good Lawd! Mist' Dav'npot, dat I libs in a free country, whar folks kin be saved a hun'-red diff'runt ways, ef dey on'y leaves urr folks' hen-roosts an' watah-milyun patches 'lone; an' whar ef de pa'son cyan't git de people ter s'port him fer de good he does, he jes' natchully has to hoe co'n! Purtty easy salvashun, I calls dis heah; but I'd wanter be mighty sho' ob a th'oo ticket 'fore I started on de journey fer de urr shore!"

CHAPTER XXII

ENGLISH VERSUS "HOME EATIN'S"

The fatted calf, husks, and the prodigal son — An invitation for the 'Crownation' — Mammy's weakness for a Paris confection — Paris or New York, which? — "On to Paris-*bijou*."

"BAKIN' an' aigs yistiddy! Dis mornin' it's aigs an' bakin'!" said Mammy wearily, as she met me one morning descending to breakfast. But I saw from her mien that there was more to follow. "Dey says dey feeds de pigs in Irelun' ev'y urr day, so's dey'll be a streak ob fat an' a streak ob lean in de bakin'. 'Pears like dey don' feed 'em 'tall in Inglun, 'cause de bakin's li'le strips ob frizzl'd up skin like de mummies in de Museum. D'you 'spose dey'se been libin' on bakin' an' aigs all dese heah centuries, Mis' Car'll? No wonder dey'se got 'spepsy wus'n eny nation! Talk 'bout 'Merikin hot bread, light as pie-crus'!" she sniffed disdainfully. "Sh'd reck'n de English'd have to weah coats o' mail on dey insides, to stan' all dey has put up wid."

Another day she confided: "Honey, I sutney will be glad ter git back to home eatin's. I niver seed so much rooberg (rhubarb) in all my days; d'you, Mis' Car'lyn?" and I had to confess I never had.

After breakfast, a few days later, she remarked with a twinkle in her eye:

"Does you know, Mis' Car'll, I believe de hens in Inglun' on'y lays biled aigs! 'Pears like dey nuver scrambles, nur 'proaches (poaches) ovah heah."

Dr. Irving looked up approvingly from his paper, and then asked, with an insidious compliment, which Mammy immediately appropriated:

"How is it, Mammy, that your boiled eggs are always just right?"

"Laws! Mis't Dav'npot, dat's easy 'nough," she replied complacently, "I jes' sings de hymn beginnin':

' Mary an' er Marthy jes' come along,
To ring dem chawmin' bells ' —

one verse fer sof', an' two fer hard-biled; and den de chorus:

' Free love an' dyin' grace '

fer extry hard; an' it's jes' es sartain es de Judgment Day," she said with professional assurance.

Another time Mammy added a further grievance:

"An' den de bread. Dey nuver cuts up a nice han'some plate-full. Dey jes' cuts one slice off'n de loaf when dey needs it, an' leaves de knife stan'in' gyard,—fer feah it'll run away, I reck'n," and Mammy laughed at what she deemed ignoble thrift. "I seed de Perfessor rastlin' wid a loaf oncost. I don't b'lieve he uvah cut a slice off in public befo' in all his life," she chuckled. "An' I jes' bet he wisht den, he didn' b'long to de helpfu' an' perwidin' sex," an opinion which the Professor lost no time in confirming.

"But, Mammy," said I, coming to the rescue, though I thought wistfully of the luscious "Ann-

a'Ran'le stro'berries" from the famous Maryland garden-spot which thus, in darkey parlance, commemorates the name of Lord Baltimore's wife, the Lady Anne Arundell, "don't you think English strawberries are simply delicious?"

"Yassum, de stro'berries is pass'ble," she admitted. "But I ain' seed nuthin' ovah heah to come up to a nice ripe, sq'ashy ole Ferginny watah-milyun," and Mammy smacked her lips in fond retrospection.

"Does you know how ter tes' a good watah-milyun, Mis' Car'lyn?" inquired Mammy, desiring to induct me into the mysteries of domestic economy.

"No, Mammy," I said, confessing my ignorance on this momentous subject.

"Well, honey, de nex' time you visits yo' noble Lexin'ton market,"—the gastronomic centre of the universe to all true Baltimoreans, as Mammy well knew,— "you jes' gib de milyun a right smart rap, an' ef it goes 'pank' 't'ain't no good; but ef it goes '*punk*,' dar you are!—but I reck'n," she said commiseratingly, "dese heah folks wouldn' eat a sparklin', good watah-milyun, ef dey had one, 'cause it's noo to 'em."

The prejudice and conservatism displayed toward all new articles of diet is one of the most discouraging problems in the situation, in Mammy's opinion. As she observes trenchantly:

"Dese English on'y eats dey 'quaintances. 'Pears like dey won't tech a thing dey ain't been inter-dooed to befo'.

"I been tellin' Mis' Chumley de urr day 'bout sweet pertater pies, how gran' tastin' an mouth-wat'rin' dey was, an' when I recited de sight o' cream, an' butteh,

an' aigs dem pies consoomed, she say, condescendin' like.

" 'Ralely, dey cyan't be half-bad, don't you know?'

" 'Bad! mum,' I int'rupted, 'you jes' tas' one an' see!' Den she add:

" 'But fa-ahncy de name! sweet — sweet — *pertatoe* pies, did you say?'

" 'Lan', yes! de name don' matteh,' says I; 'dey given name cyan't alteh de tas' none.

" 'Oncst you jes' tas' a yaller 'tater pie, an' you won't stop at de name, mum; you swallows it, name an' all!'

" 'It do beat all,'" she continued in bewilderment, "de back'ardness o' dese people to tek up wid noo n'urishment, an' dey so badly off, too. Why, bakin' an' aigs is de chief ob dey diet. No wonder dey cyan't nuver keep quiet 'bout dey 'liver' an' dey 'gestion. To heah 'em talk, you'd reckon dey 'liver' was de onlies' organ dey got," and Mammy laughed at the thought, and then she resumed earnestly;

" 'But sich hum-drum libin' is 'nough to stir up a mutiny in dey members. 'Pears like it 'tain't a bit betteh nur mo' vary'gated, now, den in ole Muvver Goose's day, when dey had:

' Pease puddin' hot, pease puddin' col',
Pease puddin' in de pot nine days ole.'

An' yit' dese folks wid no mo' vari'ty an' freshness den dat, — what meks lem'nade ouden a bottle stid er f'om a lemon, an' calls it rightly 'lemon *squash*,' fer it's got all de virtue squashed ouden it,— yassum, dese folks

say our gran' yaller sweet pertaters 'tas' like white pertaters *gone bad*!" and Mammy fairly quivered at the indignity.

But she had her compensation, for presently she turned to me and said pityingly :

"Does you know dese po' souls ovah heah nuver heerd tell o' cram-berry sauce, Mis' Car'lyn? I ax 'em what dey done sarve wid turkey, an' dey say dey didn' sarve de turkey hisse'f much of'ener den oncst a yeah, jes' at Chris'mus.'

"Ob co'se, dey don't hab no Thanksgibin', — dey ain't nuthin' to be thankfu' fer, I reck'n,—an' what would a Thanksgibin' be like 'thout turkey an' cram-berry sauce an' 'tater pie. 'Tain't right to be disput-in' Prov'dence; but it do 'pear like things is 'ristributed roun' kin' er on-equal — we-all treated so flushy an' dey so mejum.

"Enyhow, bless goodness! I'se mighty glad my lot is cas' in de green pastuahs ob Ferginny, flowin' wid milk an' honey an' watah-milyun, an' 'sides de still watahs ob de Ches'peake, brimful o' shad-roë fish an' oystchers. My! my!" she said in unctuous retrospection, "dese folks ovah heah don't know what dey misses, 'po' things!

"Why," she resumed with much complacence, "I used to set Mis' Jinny, an' her ma an' pa down to fruit, an' oranges, steak 'n chops, cream 'taters, 'sarves, waffles, er co'n pome, an' three urr kin's er hot bread, ev'y mornin' ob de wurl'; didn' I, Mis' Jinny?"

"And yet can it be true that you have lived to this good old age, Virginia dear?" asked the Professor, with assumed surprise, while Mammy glowered at him.

"You didn't give them anything else the same day, I suppose, Mammy?" he inquired with concern.

"Well, I reck'n I'd a heerd f'om de Cun'l ef I hadn'," she replied. Then she went on in blissful contemplation :

"Fer dinner, we'd 'a' had cream tomat' soup, fried chicken, sof' shell crabs, pease 'n spare-grass on toas', noo pertaters, stuffed tomat's, stroberry sho't-cake, 'n lemon-ice, er ice-cream, an' mebbe sweet co'n an' sweet pertaters, ef dey was in season."

"Stop! For pity's sake, don't say another word!" we cried in chorus, our mouths watering. The Professor, to flee temptation, stuck both fingers into his ears, and started to run away, while Mammy shook till the tears rolled down her face.

"Dat was libin'! I tells you, chillun! an' to think dem darkies in ole Ferginny is libin' on de fatted calf now, whilst we'se ovah heah, a-puttin' up wid husks, like de prod'gal son."

The Professor, who, in his extremity, had left the room, now returned with the post, and a parcel for me from the Marquis which contained choice fruit and flowers, with a note wishing us "*bon voyage* to Paris-*bijou*! and a speedy return." While I perused my letters, the Professor 'moved the previous question' with Mammy.

"Do you know that remark of yours, Mammy, about 'husks and the prodigal son,' gets on my feelings?" and then, turning to the rest of us he added wistfully :

"What do you all say to going home right away? You know it's just as easy to go back to New York

from Southampton as it is over to Paris," he said, persuasively, and he looked at Mammy, as if she were the arbiter of our destinies. While Mammy hesitated, distraught between conflicting desires, the Professor asked :

"And, what does your noble friend, the Marquis, have to say, Carolyn, if I may be permitted to inquire?" he added, with a funny obeisance.

"Oh, just a word of '*bon voyage*,' and to say he hopes for the pleasure of our return for the Coronation,—and that we will consider any arrangements he can make entirely at our service," I replied tranquilly.

"Nobly said!" exclaimed the Doctor, "and nobly done! Not a bad prospect, at all! Don't throw him over, Carolyn — at least," he added, mercenarily, "not until after the Coronation, anyway, will you?"

I promised, and he continued, on mischief intent :

"Remember, it isn't often you can get a man to go anyway you want him, forwards, backwards or sideways," he added wickedly, and then went on. "I should be a trifle concerned, though, about that little impediment in his sight, Carroll. It's so misleading! It reminds me of our old doctor of theology, who was so terribly cross-eyed. He was nearly run down one day by a cyclist, and called out angrily :

"'Why don't you look where you're going?'

"'Why don't you go where you're looking?' retorted the bikist, as he sped off, and left him raging. By the way, Carolyn, Randolph is not arriving in time for the coming events, is he? It might make complications, you know," but as I appeared oblivious to his question, he turned to Mammy, and asked :

"Well, Mammy, what do you think of my proposal, now?"

"Well, Mist' Dav'npot," said Mammy, modestly, fully aware that 'all the world and his brother' were coming this way for the Coronation. "I don' min' seein' de Crownation un'er de Markises allspices. He 'pears like a flushy-perwidin' man, an' I likes dat," she said, coolly appropriating my invitation. "An' it wu'd be a pity fer Mis' Car'll ter dis'pint him," she continued, considerately. "'Spect it'd spile de hull show fer him.

"But, sence de King 'n Queen is gittin' noo head-gear," she went on, "I shouldn' wanter show 'em no disrespec', appearin' at de Crownation widout a noo spring bunnit myse'f; an' I'd ruther like ter git a Paris bunnit, now dat we all's so neah. I'se heerd tell dey's de stylishes' on 'urth," she added, apologetically, and then, betraying her true feminine instinct, she concluded, "an' I jes' natchully wu'd 'njoy wearin' a Paris bunnit inter de Richmun' Fus' Baptis' Meetin'-house. Mis' Jinkins, she on'y gits hern from Noo Yawk!"

"Think of bartering one's birthplace for a mess of — well, fuss and feathers!" said the Professor, varying the usual Esau formula in his contempt for a Paris confection.

Virginia came in just then, and the Professor disconsolately saluted her with — "Dearest, there is no appeal! To-morrow we cross the Rubicon in the shape of the treacherous English Channel. Despite the enfeebled state of my waistcoat, which I have contracted six times since I came over," — and here he gave

something at the small of his back a vigorous tug,—
“and owing to the weakness of frail woman for
frillery and folly, I fear we are ‘off for gay Paree in
the morning!’”

Then perching Mammy’s best bonnet on the end of
an umbrella, and shouting martially, “On to Paris,”
he paraded gaily around the room, with the baby in
high glee hanging on to his coat tails. Mammy tried
in vain to rescue either the babe or her bonnet,
exclaiming:

“Go ’long wid yo’ devilment, Mist’ Dav’npot.
Ain’ you ’shamed ob yo’self, an’ you a full-growed
Perfessor ob Hist’rery an’ Perlitickal Signs!” (Science)

CHAPTER XXIII

PARIS-*bijou*

Dernière mode — Hautes nouveautés — Mammy's "cat-sang Frank bunnit." The almighty dollar, an international coin — European multo-metallism.

AFTER a few days' sojourn in Paris, during which Dr. Irving was enabled to meet a learned savant of the Sorbonne, with whom he had an appointment, — his sole inducement for leaving England at this time as we knew, — we turned our attention to the feminine *raison d'être* of the trip across, — our shopping expedition. Virginia wanted a gown made by a famous *modiste* who would be leaving town shortly, and we each desired a *chapeau Parisien*.

As our return to England and the gaiety of the London season revolved avowedly about *ces affaires*, we tabooed sight-seeing, and turned our attention to this very necessary equipment, which a London shop-sign wittily but unwisely designates, "travelling impedimenta."

Having heard somewhat of the precarious nature and vagaries of Continental shopping to the uninitiated, the confusion of tongues — not to speak of coin, — worse confounded, we sallied forth with some trepidation to the Paris milliner recommended by a friend as "*honnête, discrète, artistique, et non trop chère*," all

considerations worth noting in "gay Paree." Not to necessitate a second expedition, we decided, though in fear and trembling, to take Mammy with us for her coveted investment in a "Paris bunnit." To our amazement — whether to relieve or complicate matters, we could not determine till later — Dr. Irving, who detests shopping, magnanimously offered to accompany us, and give us the benefit of what Madame, the milliner, called with truly subtle Parisian flattery, "*le très bon goût du Monsieur.*"

Mammy had saved for her purchase the large sum of five dollars, though she had never expended half as much on a bonnet in all her life. She confided the matter to me with great complacency, though she "lowed she didn' 'prove of so much money leavin' de country," — of course, the great and only U. S., — "but den I 'spec's folks has to pay fo' de style in dese heah furrin' fixin's," she said resignedly. With a more formidable knowledge of the value of such "fixin's" ourselves, we feared the amount inadequate; but Dr. Irving indicated with an *abandon* and an amiable disregard of consequences, which few men care to display under such circumstances, that he "would see her through."

After Virginia and I had been duly made *contentes* with two of Madame's bewitching *chefs d'oeuvre*, — she gracefully acceding to the Professor's intelligent suggestion that Virginia's hat "needed a little more shrubbery," — she remarked with the complacency of an artist, as she regarded our reflections, fore and aft, in her spacious *salon* mirrors, "I am ver' satisfied, mesdames!" And we, not only viewing ourselves "in a

mirror darkly, but face to face" echoed Madame's enraptured pronouncement, and were also "ver' satisfied."

The whole party now turned its undivided attention to what we feared might be the *pièce de résistance* of our millinery *menu* — Mammy's unique requirements. But, compared with our uncertain flutterings from sweet to sweet of Madame's delectable confections, Mammy's choice was regal in its prompt decision and unswerving fidelity to her own imperial ideas. She had not "gib her min' to dis subjec'" for lo! these many months, without an adequate result. Madame directed her concentrated attention upon her style and needs, as if Mammy's adoption of her productions would be more of an honor and advertisement for the *magasin* than if worn by the wife of the President of the Republic. She stepped back to view her "points;" then she remarked with an intuitive shrug, and a prompt decision equal to Mammy's own:

"Zere is nussin', *absolument* nussin' in ze *établissement* fit for Madame to wear!"

This tickled Mammy's vanity beyond words. "Her ladies" had been far too easily suited, it seems? But the blight on our *simple mode* and *très facile* requirements was as nothing compared with the relief afforded by Madame's decision, for we had been in durance vile as to the sort of a "bunnit" which Mammy's random fancy might select among the whole giddy lot of plumed and flowered creations. Madame's quick divination, and the fact that there was not a single bonnet among the assortment, saved the situation. Madame explained, with a comprehensive wave of the

hands, that Mammy was "*très unique*," her "*mode très difficile*;" but it would afford her "*profond plaisir*" to "*créer*" for her "*un très joli bunnée*." This last word she pronounced with a charming shade of French deference to Mammy's pronunciation, which made it an exact reproduction of what Doris calls her white Easter "bunny."

She produced what the English designate "a shape," — a bonnet-frame mildly suggestive of a modified "poke," — "ze same we make *pour les Soeurs de Charité*," a noted religious house, she explained, greatly to Mammy's satisfaction; but of course, "*garni dans ce cas avec soie noire*." "Ze black silk zat Madame will not haf?" she added inquiringly.

"No," Mammy said, decidedly. "I'se wor' blacks fer my fo' ole men long 'nough. I'se gwine ter 'dopt colors now, an' sail outer mou'nin'."

We held our breath at this finality, and wondered if Madame's ingenuity would be equal to the new demand upon it.

Mammy, having settled "dat de Sistehs ob Charity frame would mek a correc' foundation fer a good releegus bunnit," determined, as she said, to "indulge in a li'le mo' worl'y trimmin's." But to our delight, she would have nothing to do with tawdry reds, blues or greens. She promptly selected a rich royal purple velvet of a lustrous hue — "kinder half-mou'nin'-like," she said, with the eye of a faithful relict, "an' yit de ve'y thing fer de Crownation, an' 'sociatin' wid r'yal-ties," she added, hardly knowing how high her future experiences might lead her. We questioned whether velvet were not a little warm for midsummer, but

with the forethought of one to whom a "Paris bunnit" was no every-day affair, she said emphatically, "Dis heah ain' gwine ter be no foolish summer nonsince; but a bunnit I kin tek comfort in all de yeah roun'." Whereupon Virginia reminded me that here, indeed, was true sophistication. How, alas! would we feel when we were compelled by the rude exigencies of climate, to lay aside our Paris creations of "chiffon and shrubbery" for the less ideal productions of our local milliner; and we turned again to Mammy's selections with the keen interest of the *ingénue* for the sage judgment of the seer.

But Mammy was quite ready to admit that it must wear an opportune aspect on our return at the height of the London season. So to "kinder 'liven it up, an' gib it a summery effec'," she produced, carefully wrapped in white tissue-paper, a garland of tiny pink rosebuds which Virginia had long ago discarded from Doris's lace Normandy cap, as quite "too babyfied" for the little maid. The baby had been immensely admired in her sweet rosebud picture-frame — "de sweetes' rosebud ob dem all," as Mammy had often and truly remarked — and many masculine hearts, young and old, had been her conquests in consequence. Whether Mammy believed in its ensnaring effect or not, we thought she had kept the wreath as reminiscent of Doris's babyhood charms, and now we discovered that its preservation was not purely disinterested. She indicated forcibly to Madame, by illustrating with a picture-hat, which she bent down "bunnit fash'n," that she wanted "dat wreaf ob pink roses ter kin' er roam roun'" coyly about the edge of

the new creation; and, after looking at each other in amused concern over the engrossed heads of Mammy and Madame, we were willing to agree to the *dénouement*, thankful only that the result would be no worse.

But would Madame, the *chapeau*-creator to the *élite* of Paris, consent, as they do in England, to —“Ladies’ own materials made up?” That was a crucial moment for all of us. But the coercive force of our own *chapeaux* purchased and paid for, at a “*prix extraordinaire*,” as we thought, but which Madame assured us was “*très bon marché*,” militated in Mammy’s favor, as well as Madame’s own conclusion that it would be an easy way out of the dilemma to accept the personal wishes of her dusky patroness.

“Ze lady, she sall it haf, as her it please,” said Madame obligingly, and Mammy contrasted with this deferential courtesy, “de pert ways ob dem Richmun’ milliner-gals, what’d stick enythink on you, jes’ to git shet ob you, wherr er no it soots yo’ style, er colorin’,” she said, with supreme satisfaction at Madame’s evident appreciation of her gifts and graces.

“She jes’ stood off an’ tuk me all in,” said Mammy, “es ef I war de Queen ob Shebar, an’ a-gwine to weah it at King Solermun’s co’rt de very nex’ day. But I is gwine back to co’rt circles,” she continued, remembering the Coronation invitation, “an’ it’ll be a walkin’ ’vertis’mment fo’ her, sho’ ’nough. I don’ min’ tellin’ nobody whar it come f’om. ’Pears like wid dem rosebuds, an’ dat love-knot bow, like on de pickshure hat, it’ll be a heap sight mo’ becomin’ den dem stiff-necked, ongracious crownets dey’s all got ter ’pear in. Reck’n some ob ’em ’ud change places wid me ef dey

had de chanst, but 'tain't ev'ybody kin git a cat-sang Frank bunnit ev'y day. I'se glad I come to U-rope, now," she admitted as a great concession; and then, as if the remark were wrenched from her, she added, "De States ain' in it, when it comes to a bunnit, leastwise, not Richmun'!"

The Doctor patriotically interposed that this was a very trying comparison,—why should Richmond be expected to come up to Paris, which had long made a world-specialty of *chapeaux*?—but he thought there were other places in the States which could compare favorably with Paris, even in the bonnet line. Mammy, however, received his opinion pityingly, as if she thought it would be better for him to conceal his ignorance upon a subject about which he was so ill-informed.

Her allusion to her "cat-sang Frank bunnit," was a label which attached itself to her purchase ever after, as the result of its price. When Madame was requested to name the figure for which she would decorate the "religious frame" with the royal purple velvet, and attach the love-knot and rosebuds thereto, she said, as if it were a mere bagatelle:

"Cinquante francs is ze price, mesdames," which the Doctor quickly translated, *sotto voce*, for Virginia's benefit, "Fifty francs, — about ten dollars, you know."

But, in view of our previous patronage, and to beguile us to future favors, on our return to Paris, she voluntarily deducted five francs, and made it obsequiously, "*Quarante-cinq francs seulement* to you, mesdames!"

Mammy eagerly listened to these negotiations,

unfolding as she did so her treasured five-dollar green-back. When she anxiously inquired, "How much did she ax, Mis' Jinny?" the Doctor promptly replied, with a charming disregard of financial accuracy, "*Quarante-cinq francs*, Mammy,— exactly five dollars. Just your figure, isn't it?"

"Land! Mist' Dav'npot, how'd you s'pose she knowed dat?" said Mammy beamingly, looking at Madame with renewed admiration of her omniscience. "I couldn' gib no mo', an' I wouldn' like to gib no less fer a reel Paris bunnit, Mis' Jinkins a-payin' fo' ninety-nine (\$4.99) fer her ugly green Noo Yawk hat. I mus' say things is fairer an' squarer den I ever reck'ned dey'd be in dis heethen country." (Mammy calls all countries "heethen" which are not enlightened enough to understand her.)

"What did she call de price in French polly-voo? Cat-sang Franks?" she asked. "Cat-sang? Dat's a funny notion. I'se heerd 'em miaow an' purr, but nuver oncost sing. Wonder now, why it's Franks, stid o' Bobs, er Jimmys, er some nice sens'ble name like 'fip-na-bits' at home?" she inquired with deep interest.

"Oh, we have 'jimmies' in the States," Dr. Irving replied with amusement: "some sort of a burglarious implement, I believe,— not as effective an 'open sesame,' however, as Uncle Sam's almighty dollar. And then, in England, they have 'bobs'," continued the Professor, whose close study of bimetallism gives him an abounding knowledge of international currency. "Two shillings are 'two bob' in England, I have been told, and that no doubt explains the preva-

lent conundrum, which of course you heard over there, Carolyn?" he asked, turning to me.

"Which one?" I inquired. "There were several rather prevalent, I remember, and one or two that seemed acutely epidemic at one time."

"Well, this was *à propos* of the epidemic close of the war, which threatened so often, and it ran as follows:—

"Why would the King have been of more service in South Africa than Lord Roberts?"

"If it has anything to do with shillings and pence, my *bête noire*, I give it up at once," I said.

"Because a sovereign (a pound) is worth twenty 'Bobs'" laughed the Doctor. "Not 'half bad,' as they say, is it?"

"Law now, Mist' Dav'npot," said Mammy, disregarding the conundrum, "is shillin's called dat in Ing-lun; an' in de States we calls 'em jes' plain qua'tehs an' no fancy names 'tall;—but dey goes jes' as quick ovah heah, whe'r dey's dollahs, qua'tehs er cents. I'se noticed dat e'v'y time, an' no 'jection made," she chuckled.

"Yes," said Dr. Irving, feeling his depleted pocket-book, "I've noticed that myself, Mammy, and the prevailing sentiment seem to be 'the more the merrier,' when they hear the jingling of good American coin. They talk about our fondness for the 'almighty dollar,' Heaven protect us from any fonder affection for it than foreigners display when we bring it abroad. Talk about the monometallist or bimetallist countries of Europe! They are every one of them confirmed multometallists. They may have a 'single standard'," he went on learnedly, "but their practice

is gold, silver, paper or copper,— anything they can lay their hands on. Still they usually give us a good equivalent, and a fair exchange is no robbery, I suppose. I say nothing of frippery and folly like this,” he said, looking pointedly at Virginia’s (“hundred francs”) hat, on which he— base hypocrite that he is!— had desired “more shrubbery.” “I simply ask the price, pay the bill, and know my place, mere man that I am,” he said with an air of patient resignation, as he gazed wistfully in the direction of Virginia, who was concluding negotiations with Madame.

“Mist’ Dav’npot, suh, ain’t you gwine ter git a Paris hat, like we-all?” said Mammy, looking deprecatingly at his cherished soft grey felt, as if it were not altogether *comme il faut* in present company.

“Oh, yes, Mammy,— of course! of course!” hastily responded the Doctor; “but I couldn’t get one here— not my style, you know,” and he looked around thankfully. “Besides I really could n’t do any more shopping in one day— a frail feeble man like me. I can’t stand too much millinering, all at once. I find it very exhausting,” and again he squeezed his unresponsive *porte-monnaie*, which the lexicon significantly denominates “a flat purse.”

“I’ll take a day off for it before we leave, if I don’t look nobby enough to accompany you howling swells, any longer,” he added conciliatingly, hoping to close the subject.

“Very well” interposed Virginia quickly, coming up just in time to hear his rash offer. “Now remember, you’ve promised, and here are witnesses!” Whereupon the Doctor, having paid the bills *sub rosa*

clutched his despised *chapeau* in fond protection, and fled ignominiously from the shop, lest he be entrapped by the combined feminine wiles into some unregenerate and unmanly head-covering, unsuited to his station and serious profession.

CHAPTER XXIV

OUR "WEEK-END" AT CASTLE BENBOW

How I "hold up" a noble lord — A royal victim to buck-wheat cakes and "co'n-pome" — Mammy "puts a spell" on a King and then throws His Majesty over — The Marquis on view — Problem of a peeress — Mr. Punch's solution " 'Tention ! coronets ! " — Dixie land, befo' de wa', and since.

WE had been in Paris less than a fortnight, when a letter arrived from Lady de Vere, the Marquis's *châtelaine*, who wrote :

"Since we are looking forward with great pleasure to your return for the Coronation, my brother hopes you will permit us an additional pleasure in advance. He is having a few friends down for the week-end before the Coronation, at his place in Sussex, Castle Benbow, and trusts you may find it possible to return a few days earlier, and join us there. He thinks it will be a refreshing interlude before the fatigues of Coronation week begin."

"Well, I wouldn't min' restin' up a spell," said Mammy, counting herself in as usual, when the invitation was read. "Paris is so faggin' !" she added, with the exhausted air of a *grande dame*. A cordial letter from the Marquis accompanied Lady Constance's invitation, and as our shopping was at an end, we decided to postpone sight-seeing until our return, and

to leave the dust and heat of Paris behind for the grateful attractions of a rural retreat and the pleasures of an English house-party.

On our arrival at Benbow station, a few days later, the Marquis came to meet us, driving a dog-cart. His coachman and footmen were mounted on the baronial coach, resplendent in red and biscuit livery with cockades aloft, and gold buttons adorned with the Benbow arms down their unconscious coat-tails, enticing enough to have tempted a button-fiend to sever a souvenir, had one sat behind. I, fortunately, was spared the temptation, for before escorting Virginia and the others to the victoria, the Marquis inquired of me :

"May I hope, Miss Howard, that you will help me hold the ribbons?"

"Rather a neat way of putting it, but a little premature!" whispered Dr. Irving incorrigibly, and added, as he passed me to climb into the coach :

"Pleasant tête-à-tête, my dear!"

On the drive to the castle, which the Marquis enlivened by his plans for our stay, we came to a gate, some distance beyond the lodge entrance. As there was no footman in sight, the Marquis was obliged to get down, and perform the office of gate-opener himself. He wore a broad-belted shooting jacket, and handed me his umbrella, as he descended. Somehow or other — I know not how the *contretemps* occurred — the crook handle of the umbrella became attached to the rear of his belt, and there he hung, suspended in mid-air, until I could release him.

"What a firm hold you have on me, Miss How-

ard!" said the Marquis cheerfully, making the best of an awkward situation. "Do you know, I feel perfectly safe in your hands, even though poised here between earth and heaven."

"Mercy!" I thought, "I hope I'm not in for it now," and though it would have been a pleasing variety on the usual face-to-face performance, I at once created a diversion by saying prosaically:

"Well, you're quite free now. Jump!" which he forthwith did, "describing" as he touched the ground, a circle which would have done credit to the most advanced student of geometry.

"And so you 'held up' the noble Lord?" remarked the Professor mischievously, when I related the affair to him and Virginia on my arrival.

"And he said you had a firm hold on him, did he? H'm, I surmised as much. Well, we *are* coming on; but I say, Carroll, my child, what will Fitzhugh Randolph say, when he arrives?" he asked, with assumed paternal solicitude.

"Wait and see!" I retorted saucily, as I was carried off by Leinster, the stately housekeeper in black silk, lace cap and lavender ribbons, to my charming rosebud chamber in the Keep, overlooking the lake and the spacious tennis court of velvety sward which lay between. Even the walls of my boudoir were covered in rosebuds, an exact counterpart of the dainty drapey with which the delicious four-post bedstead was adorned.

The Doctor and Virginia had a lovely turret chamber—the tulip room—and the baby and Mammy were ensconced in a quaint lacquered Japanese apart-

ment where the fascinating birds and beasts in ebony and ivory, were a never-ending delight to the child.

The castle was an imposing turreted structure, with its frowning fortress-like exterior, much belied by the delightfully modern arrangement within.

Lady de Vere had welcomed us at the castle entrance under the porte-cochère at the foot of the great stone stair-case leading up to the Warriors' Hall. Here hung storied coats of mail between armored steeds and horsemen, replicas in steel of Benbows who had fought for king and country from time immemorial. Overhead, a beautiful Byzantine gallery, upheld by pillars of jasper and porphyry, encircled the Hall, and formed a picturesque archway from which one could look down from the floor above into the old mediæval Hall beneath. A quaint richly decorated tapestry hung over the spacious fire-place. From the sides of a stalwart knight and his lady sprung two limbs which united in one family tree, and illustrated the devious branchings of the house of Benbow from the time of the Plantagenets, until the present.

Apparently, there were no skeletons in armor among these ancient settings, for present day and past were made to bow to the comfort and enjoyment of the passing guest within the castle walls. Between the armored steeds were the softest of divans and the cosiest of *tête-à-têtes*. An old jewelled rapier lay ready to sever the pages of the latest magazine. Here and there, a dented shield shaded the mellow light from the latest electric device; while another,

poised on a sturdy blade, formed a firescreen, unique and effective. All these proved the Marquis master in truth of his possessions, and a connoisseur in domestic architecture, who had made his feudal home a storehouse for things the most approved from both Old World and the New.

His lordship remarked one morning, while at breakfast, that he had heard much from his sister of the delectable table delicacies of America, and added that he hoped, sometime, to sample them himself. Mammy, overhearing the remark, offered, at once, to make him some waffles, buckwheat cakes, and "co'n-pome," for all of which she is famous. We searched the "tight little island" for the necessary ingredients, which were found at last at Liverpool, and included a can of maple syrup, as well.

Mammy made the tempting dishes in her noblest style, as well as that most toothsome of dainties for afternoon tea, Sally Lunn. The Marquis was charmed, and partook so abundantly that we feared for his participation in the approaching Coronation ceremonies. He vowed that the late G. W. Steevens, the well-known *Daily Mail* correspondent, had not overstressed matters, and agreed with him that, as soon as rapid sea-transit was established, he would get a season ticket for American breakfasts.

But one morning, another and a royal victim to Mammy's wiles was also present — King Willemanka, the famous African chief, who was being entertained in the neighborhood until after the Coronation. He had paid his homage to his overlord, King Edward, at a private audience a few days previous. So forci-

bly had he prostrated himself that two enormous bumps still remained upon his dusky brow to attest his loyalty and the validity of his phrenological experiments with the floor of St. James's.

But a few years previous, he had exchanged the pelts of barbarism for the flowing robes of civilization, which he now wore with a majestic, if unaccustomed grace.

The Marquis, one of the leading county men, to do him honor, had invited him over for a day or so. After Mammy's sumptuous breakfast, he became her abject slave. He smacked his big black lips, and rolled his eyes as in a fine frenzy, while he indicated that never in his most festive cannibal days had he ever tasted anything so toothsome. No other lady present received the slightest royal attention when Mammy was around. He played ping-pong and croquet with her by the hour, his white robes and stalwart black form, with its nose-rings and ear-rings, making a fitting companion-piece to Mammy's plump brown person, in a purple print gown, a beflowered pink apron, white cap and shoulder-kerchief.

"Rather an unusual pair of champions!" remarked the Professor, as he followed their movements, and pretended at the same time to be looking at the view.

When fatigued, they sat sociably down in Fair Rosamund's bower, she with her cigarette and he with his long black meerschaum, "pipe of peace," or whatever he called the tranquil weapon.

When the sun's rays were sinking in the west, thinking he had made perhaps, as good an impression as the time at his disposal would permit, he staked all

on one throw of the dice, and coming coyly close to Mammy, tried to rub noses, as is the genial custom in his country when about to propose matrimony.

"Go way f'om heah! you ole fool niggah! What you come foolin' roun' me fo'?" she exclaimed angrily, raising her croquet mallet with a practiced aim which betokened long familiarity with the broom.

He explained that he meant no disrespect, but only to ask her if she would be his queen.

"No! I won't be nobody's queen. Ain't you got eleven wives already. What you want wid eny mo'?" she asked, with withering scorn.

He assured her that he wanted her to round the perfect dozen, and that she should be the "fust lady ob de lan'," which, he told her, was nearly as big as the whole United States.

"Nuver!" said Mammy, "not even to be Mis' Queen No. 1. De You-nited States is good 'nough fer me, an' thank de Lawd, when I gits back dere safe ag'in — whar gem'man don't mek' love to ladies de fust day dey sets eyes on 'em," she added disgustedly to the abashed King of all the Willemankas. "'Twarn't nuthin' but dem cakes done it, nohow! Jes' like a man!" and, with another threatening wave of the mallet, she stalked majestically across the lawn, her head up and her arms akimbo.

"King Willy looks as if he'd had a stroke," said Dr. Irving, as he glanced up from the tea table in time to discover His Royal Highness absently putting the croquet balls, one by one, into the ample pockets of his Oriental robes. "He seems to be collecting souvenirs of his visit, or pleasant recollections of his game



"'TWARN'T NUTHIN' BUT DEM CAKES DONE IT NOHOW.
JES' LIKE A MAN!"

with Mammy,” he added to the Marquis;—“but look at Mammy!” he exclaimed in consternation, as she went trailing past like Queen Semiramis herself.

“Ye gods and little fishes! I believe she’s thrown him over, or given him a crack with a mallet, he looks so dazed,” continued the Professor, as the King turned off wearily, to hide his diminished turbaned head behind a tall yew-hedge, and doubtless ask himself in the language of a classic stanza, “If it be I, as I hope it be?”

To be sure, he might have added consolingly, “I’ve eleven wives at home, and they’ll know me!” But fancy coming to England, to be jilted by a common unringed black woman from “Ferginny!”

No wonder it rankled in the royal breast, not to speak of the loss forever of waffles, co’n-pome, and buckwheat cakes.

“My Kingdom! my eleven wives! for a first-class Virginia cook!” he probably ejaculated; but the Fates in the person of Mammy were relentless.

When we grasped the situation, the Doctor came to his rescue with truly fraternal zeal. The papers had said, when he arrived in England, that he was “a Christian and a transformed character, but was obliged to practise polygamy because of his religion.” This, the Professor undertook to explain to Mammy, with the facetious remark, “He hasn’t as many wives now as the Prayer-Book allows, which is sixteen,—‘fo(u)r better, fo(u)r worse, fo(u)r richer, fo(u)r poorer.’ He has only eleven; and he is obliged to have so many wives, Mammy, because of his religion, you see!”

"Den de less 'lig'un, an' de less wives he has, de betteh I likes him," said Mammy witheringly. "Is he Haid ob a Chu'ch, too, like dat ole Henery-de-Ate? I wouldn' b'long to it, ef he was," she said, with much contempt. "Nice shep'ud ob de sheep he'd make. Why, we mos' got shet ob ole Pa'son Jinkins jes' 'cause he made eyes at a peart-lookin' rosy black gal; but we sutney w'ud 'a' shook him quick 'nough, ef he'd took up wid mo'n jes' his lawful one Mis' Jinkins. His'n mus' be an awfu' country fer wimmen ter git dey rights in," she soliloquised.

"Then, Mammy, you don't mean to accept him?" asked the Doctor with interest.

"What, dat ole heethen niggah!—wid rings in his nose. No, suh! I ain' got no use fer him."

"Then, Mammy, why did you ping-pong and croquet with His Majesty, and encourage his hopes, and lead him on?" pursued the Professor, as one in support of his defenceless sex.

"I done it jes' to 'muse him," said Mammy, disinterestedly, "an' 'cause I ain' met up wid no gem'men ob my complexshun sense we come ovah heah, an' I was fair home-sick when I see him! But, Lawdy, chile, I don' 'spect ev'y man I smokes a pipe wid to go perposin' mattermony to me; an' dey giner'ly knows betteh'n ter try it; 'ceptin' dis ole woolly-haired heethen, what I ain' seed mo'n one day!" and Mammy walked off in high disdain.

"Davenport, whatever do you mean, by pleading that old pagan's cause?" inquired Virginia, who had listened to the last remarks with increasing anxiety.

"Do you want us to lose Mammy?" she added,

with some alarm. “I should like to know what you would do without her hot cakes yourself!”

“Well, I hadn’t thought of that,” replied the Doctor, with considerable contrition. “But,” he concluded, “she intimated that she preferred me to the King, so I think we are safe.”

As the Marquis said he never dared to interfere with Leinster’s prerogatives, that imposing family retainer escorted us over the castle one morning to visit the State apartments where royalty is entertained whenever it deigns to rest beneath the Benbow roof.

“We ’ave entertained ’Is Royal ’Ighness the Prince of Wales, and ’Is Grace the Dook of Yawk in recent years; h’also ’Is Gracious Majesty Jeems II. and ’Enery the H’eight in by-gone days,” quoted Leinster in the stereotyped phrase of “show-day.”

“My! I nuver would’a’ ’lowed dat bold scamp, Henery de Ate, un’er my roof one single night,” said Mammy, greatly to Leinster’s shocked but well-bred amazement.

Leinster however, resumed the thread of the descriptive program, with which she regaled visitors on the usual show-days, seeming unable or unwilling to vary it in a single particular. We passed down a long corridor and through the picture-gallery adorned with family portraits, a few of whom she announced in perfunctory fashion, only to stop in front of the full-length canvas of the Marquis, whose guest we were, with the enlightening remark, “H’and this is ’Is Ludship the Marquis, the h’owner of the Castle!”

“Ah, really!” said Dr. Irving irresistibly, under his

breath, as he adjusted his glasses. "I rather fancied I detected a resemblance to some one I had met."

We next examined a rare collection of Oriental bric-à-brac, one piece, a Hindoo idol being, as Leinster explained, "A verry ch'ice h'article of vertu, you will notice."

"Don't see no virtue 'bout dat article," said Mammy regarding it attentively and, with disapproval.

"Jes' looks de livin'-sisteh to dat li'le heethen Chinee god, de mish'nary brung home, an' said de Chineezers wu'shipped fer fair weather, an' flung dey gyurl-infan's to. Should reck'n 'twar reekin' wid vice an' inf'my stid er virtue, dat air black tar-baby!"

Mammy's sympathy for "furrin' missions" had once been keenly aroused by the visit of a "mish'nary man" fresh from China with various stirring devices, such as "heethen prayin' idols, li'le gyurl-wives' humped-up slippers, etc."

As one of the "'ficial sistren in de chu'ch," with quite a modest bank account, she was duly exhorted by the parson, "to distribute to de necessities of the black benighted heethens in furrin' fields."

She listened, but her shrewd thrift induced her not to make too big or remote a venture in "furrin mission" stock, although, as the Professor remarked, she "unfortunately invested in watered stock after all."

She came home one Sunday afternoon her face glowing with missionary zeal and announced, "I'se gwine in fer furrin missions. I'se gwine to 'tribute my collahs an cuffs to dem heethen Chineezers down de alley, an' see what a mess dey makes ob 'em!"

Dr. Irving remonstrated that this was not strictly “furrin mission” work. “Well, it’s fur ’nough to begin on,” said Mammy. “Ain’ dem heethen Chineezers right heah at we-all’s own do’-step, an I’se glad ob it, too. I wants ’em whar I kin keep my eye on ’em. Ef dey does well by dem collahs an’ cuffs, mebbe I’ll ’stribute my aperns to ’em too.” Unfortunately the near proximity to her “heethen” protégés and her deep scrutiny into

“Ways that are dark,
And tricks that are vain ;”

soon brought about the *dénoûement*.

One morning she came home with the baby unusually early, a bundle of laundry tucked securely under her arm and a look of fixed resolution upon her face. “I’se drawed out f’om furrin’ missions, I is,” she announced firmly. “Wid dese two eyesights, I seed dem messy Chineezers a-stan’in’ up in de front winder, mouf-sprinklin’ all ovah my bes’ lace collah what I mou’ned fer my las’ pardner Pius Potipher in. I done a heap er high-class laundry in my time, but I ’low, I ain’ nuver tried sich doin’s wid folks’ clo’es to git ’em clean, — an’ dat collah warn’t s’iled no’how ; reck’n he tuk de black bo’der fer dirt.

“I plunge right into de shop an’ tole dat ole Chin Chop-er to quit nasticatin’ my bes’ lace collah like dat, ’cause it didn’t need it — de idjit ! He looked me squar’ in de face wid dem li’le beady black eyes o’ his’n, an’ say, ‘velly nice, allee samee, makee shinee, — you gittee out ! Goo’-bye !’

“I ‘gittee out’ sho ’nough, an’ I ‘gittee’ my

collah too, an' nary nurr cent ob dis child am gwine to dem heethen Chineezers! Not ef I knows it!—No, indeedy!”

Leinster had regarded Mammy's interruption about the “article of virtue” with stony disdain, and Mammy evidently saw it was time to propitiate this injured custodian of the household gods.

We had approached some very ancient Gobelin tapestries, the mystery of whose exquisite coloring and workmanship Leinster explained had remained a secret with the Gobelin family of Paris for many generations.

“H't it is almost h'impossible to find colors soft h'enough to mend them with,” she added, exhibiting with pride a place where she had made a successful attempt.

Mammy's attention had been distracted for the moment by the entrance of the Marquis. Coming up too late to hear the explanation she looked critically at the beautiful wall-coverings and then addressed our guide deferentially. “Is dese heah big samplers yo' own handiwuk, Mis' Leinster, mum? Dey seem a bit faded out. I reckon you done 'em in yo' gyurlhood days; but a li'le sperits er noomonia er per-tater watah would freshen 'em up consid'ble. Dey sutney does you proud, mum!” said Mammy, with cordial appreciation.

“They were h'executed by the French Gobelins,” replied Leinster a little frigidly, yet not altogether displeased. “Goblins!” repeated Mammy mystified. “French goblins! My! but dem goblins was handy wid dey needles,—but all dem Frenchy folks is dat



“IS DESE HEAH BIG SAMPLERS YO’ OWN HANDYWUK, MUM?
DEY SUTNEY DOES YOU PROUD!”

way. Jes’ look at my bunnit,” she added, with proud recollection of her own Parisian triumph of art.

Mammy’s allusion to French triumphs of any sort were not likely to allay Leinster’s ruffled feelings, since one of the episodes of the old castle, we learned, was a mischievous prank of Lady Constance’s school-days in which Leinster was so painfully concerned that her offended dignity never totally recovered.

Lady Constance, coming home for the holidays one summer, brought with her a very jolly and inventive classmate, the Honorable Miss Ethelreda Darien. After exhausting the resources of the old stronghold, they decided to array themselves in character and appear on “show-day” as French countesses, to be escorted round by Leinster in all her glory. They drove up, registered in due style in the visitor’s book, paid the usual shilling, and then *parlez-vous* in voluble Parisian were escorted through the various salons by the pompous old housekeeper who duly spread herself to impress them with the household treasures.

When she displayed certain notable portraits, they made very disparaging remarks which, moreover, indicated such an intimate and uncomfortable knowledge of family skeletons as to be quite unbearable. A view of the bric-a-brac and tapestries only elicited a compassionate comparison with French master-pieces of greater fame. When finally they departed, Leinster, no longer able to conceal her rage and indignation, burst into the servants’ hall with the wrathful deliverance to the head-butler:—

“H’after this, sir, you and not me will show h’ignorant furriners the premises. H’I and the

family 'ave never been so insulted in our 'ole existence, and by two inferior French persons, too."

Later, Lady Constance summoned Leinster to her boudoir and inquired languidly, "What sort of people have you had about to-day? Gentry or commoners?" "Commoners, your leddyship!" said Leinster excitedly, still beside herself at the recollection,— "The commonest of the common!—the scum of the earth, my leddy!"

When she learned how she had been "betrayed h'and put upon," and that by her favorite member of the household, "'er y'ung leddyship 'erself," she was more than ever chagrined, and was only with difficulty persuaded to remain. "And for a long time afterwards," said Lady Constance, who told us the story, "she treated me as if she and not I should be addressed as 'my leddy!'

"Ah! these upper servants are sad tyrants sometimes, but so faithful that one forgives them," she said as she laughed heartily in memory of her girlish escapade.

"That little adventure could never have happened however," she added, "had it not been for Ethelreda. I am not at all smart or clever at things, you know," she said ingenuously.

The English are so frankly candid — so intrepid, as it were. Lady Constance frequently regrets that she has no ambition — "no bounce," as she says, to get herself on, "like you Americans." This is as delightfully refreshing, as ingenuous in its way as the remark the Marquis made to Virginia, the first time he met her. He inquired affably, to make conversation doubtless:

"How long have you been over, may I ask?"

"Only a few weeks," she responded modestly.

"Oh, then you are quite fresh," he remarked, rather equivocally Virginia thought; but she replied, demurely:

"That depends upon what you mean, your lordship. In America the term denotes 'unsophisticated,' 'green,' you know."

"Ah, yes," said his lordship, dimly, "we have quite the same meaning here; quite so!" and Virginia said that, for some time, she didn't know whether to laugh, or to have the Doctor "call him out." Now she says she is glad she was contented to laugh, since she is quite sure he would never have grasped why he was "called out!" This is a libel, I declare, for the Marquis is unusually alert — at least, for an Englishman — and no one enjoys a joke more heartily — "after he sees it!" interposes Virginia; "but how could he enjoy it *before*?"

During our stay at the castle, the approaching Coronation was naturally an ever-present subject of discussion. The ponderous "leaders" of the English dailies, which, the Professor says, usually require "lead and line," to test their soundings, gave place to articles almost flippant in description of former pageants. The efforts of the papers to outrival each other in the presentation of precedent, serious and grotesque, and the anxiety with which they anticipated the events and experiences of the present occasion, reminded us forcibly of omnivorous journalism at home.

"But America still seems in the lead," observed the

Marquis, with much amusement, to Dr. Irving, as he looked up from his morning's paper: "I notice the King has been compelled to decline the liberal offer of one of your enterprising American journals to write an article on 'How it feels to be crowned.' I trust he has not refused without due reflection," continued his lordship. "The matter of entertaining all these foreign princes and potentates will, I fancy, be no slight drain upon the resources of the Royal exchequer."

"Oh, well," responded the Doctor humorously, "perhaps he contemplates reserving the experience for a lecture-tour in 'the States.' I understand that when the Civil List for the King's maintenance was under such ruthless discussion in the House, the King was asked what he would do if the people refused to support the Crown. He is said to have replied that he would go to America, and lecture on the constitutional rights of the Sovereign!

"Capital scheme it would be too!" he went on, in a pseudo-serious tone, "and guaranteed to relieve His Majesty from any future financial embarrassment. It couldn't offend our democratic prejudices, as it would be an evidence of the decline of another of the 'effete monarchies' of Europe, and there is nothing an American audience will pay more for, than to hear of others not so fortunately situated as themselves. Tickles our vanity, you know, and is such an implied compliment to the U. S. as 'the greatest nation on God's footstool' and all that."

Just then Mammy appeared and joined the Marquis and the Doctor. She had been entertaining Doris with the pictured pages of the *Graphic* and the

London Illustrated, wherein were portrayed archbishops, earls, and lesser dignitaries in the performance of sundry Coronation duties. Believing that every member of the aristocracy bore a personal part in the ceremonies, she asked the Marquis with deep interest :

“An’ what does you have to do at de Crownation, Misteh Markis, suh?”

It was in vain that we had tried to overcome Mammy’s democratic principles, sufficiently to induce her to say “my lord” and “my lady.” She confided to me, she didn’t “think no less ob ’em”; but she didn’t “b’lieve in encouragin’ ’em, fer dey isn’t no bettah den we-all’s folks, and it on’y puts notions in dey haid,” so that the compromise she permitted herself, and which amused his lordship exceedingly, was to address him as “Misteh Markis, suh.”

“Ah,” he had said laughingly, “she is an uncompromising democrat. But I don’t know whether her reasons are solely democratic or whether it is from a discreet fear of getting things mixed, an occurrence which happens frequently, even here.”

The Marquis then related the laughable experience of a brother peer, the Earl of Grantleigh, who was putting up over night at a Surrey inn. The inn-keeper told the “boots” to carry up hot water in the morning, and on knocking, to announce deferentially, “My lord, the boy.” Boots, overcome with a sense of the proprieties, delivered the hot water and also the knock, but when the Earl inquired, “Who’s there?” he greeted his lordship with the rather startling announcement, “The lord, my boy!”

Mammy escapes all such dilemmas by adhering strictly to "Misteh Markis, suh."

The Marquis, thus interrogated by Mammy, replied with a keen sense of the necessity of improving the opportunity :

"Well, Mammy, as my ancestor's title and lands came to him for fastening his sovereign's shoes at a critical juncture, my duty appears to be to watch if His Majesty's boot-laces require attention on this august occasion. If they dangle, I am at liberty to 'hold up' the whole performance until he is in a condition to proceed. But Heaven grant he wear top-boots, buckles, or buttons — anything but 'ties'! My heritage came by a boot-lace, and now my all, as it were, hangs upon a string," said his lordship tragically, while we were almost convulsed by the impression he was producing upon Mammy.

When he concluded, "It will be a frightful ordeal to me; for, if they dangle and I wot not, he may deprive me of my all!" Mammy exclaimed, in tones of excited sympathy :

"Don't you go at all, Misteh Markis, suh. I wouldn't tek' no sich resks. Kings is wus den I thunk dey was — de onfeelin' creetuahs!"

As the Marquis left the room to control his merriement, Dr. Irving whispered to me :

"Fancy nothing but a shoe-string between the peerage and base poverty! Carolyn, my child, take no rash risks."

Then, presently, he said in an aside to Virginia and me :

"I understand now the true inwardness of the Mar-



“AIN’ DE MARKIS A FINE FIGGER OB A MAN IN DEM
FLOWIN’ ROBES?”

quis's title and attitude. The Benbows have been bent like a bow ever since the first one stooped to perform that honorable service for his sovereign, and they have been in that posture ever since. Congratulate me, my dears, on my penetration. I have solved the mystery of the house of Benbow.”

As a fitting heritage to his ancestral house, the Marquis had employed a rising French artist to portray himself and Lady Constance in their Coronation robes. The sittings, which occurred during our stay, gave us an opportunity to contemplate them “in full fig,” as his lordship remarked.

On one of these occasions, his lordship's valet being absent at the moment, Mammy performed the office of train-bearer, a duty which served to prepossess her ever after against an impartial view of the Marquis's merits.

When his lordship made his exit from the sitting, with his gold coronet of strawberry leaves interspersed with pearls, and his rich velvet mantle surmounted by an ermine cape thrown gracefully like a Roman toga round his form, Mammy appealed to me in audible admiration :

“Ain' de Markis a fine figger of a man, now, Mis' Car'll, in dem flowin' robes? He sutney do look gran' in his crown-et and skepter,” and then she whispered eagerly into my ear, “You'd bettah tek' him, Mis' Car'lyn.”

“I will, Mammy,” I replied ; “but remember, only on condition that he, everywhere and always, wears his Coronation robes !”

“Done !” said the Doctor, who had slipped in

behind us and now interposed, as if he were umpire and held the stakes. "I was afraid, Carolyn, until now that you did not appreciate the Marquis sufficiently. You must admit, however, that he has his points," he went on with enthusiasm, as if to establish my fluctuating opinion.

"Yes, he has his points," I agreed with a smile. "But, I assure you," I added, "I am quite out of the running. Like King Willemanka, the Marquis is far more attracted toward Mammy than any other member of our party."

"H'm! sends her fruit and flowers; takes her for drives; and asks her to 'hold the ribbons,' doesn't he?" said the Professor sceptically, for he is an inveterate match-maker and has an abnormal faculty for fancying situations where no evidences exist.

"Oh, that's merely a blind," I replied. "If I could bake cakes like Mammy's I might have a few innings; but since those cakes, I haven't the shadow of a chance. That reminds me," I went on with conviction, "I must get Mammy to show me how to make them. They seem a veritable open sesame to the masculine heart, only Mammy, like a true artist," I said, with some discouragement, "is most obscure as to her methods. When I asked her the recipe for her lovely soft gingerbread, she began professionally:

"'Well, honey, fust you takes two gullups of molasses'—now Virginia, I appeal to you—what are 'gullups'. I never even heard of them before."

"Oh," laughed Virginia, "don't you know the funny gurgling sound the cup makes when you dip it into the molasses, and it comes up full?—*that's* a

‘gullup’, and she means two cupfuls. I assure you, my dear, it is very essential to know the technical language of cookery, as of any other science.”

“Well, I fear I shall have to give it up at the outset, trounced by a ‘gullup’,” I said. “But is it all as bad as that?” I asked, disconsolately.

“No, you had a peculiarly difficult problem at the start,” she said consolingly, — “one which will probably never occur again. But it’s well worth the trouble, dear,” continued Virginia, with firm conviction, “especially if you have an appreciative recipient — like — well, like Fitzhugh Randolph, for instance. Some men never know what they eat — gastronomy as a science, is wasted on them; but I have noticed Mr. Randolph has a very fastidious and correct taste, — a taste which it would be a pleasure to satisfy,” she concluded, with a skilled grasp of the arts of domesticity, which I had always felt sure she possessed.

“Yes, and I believe it is only Randolph’s ‘fastidious and correct taste’,” said Dr. Irving, introducing himself pertinaciously into the conversation again, “which is making Carolyn so provokingly blind to other men’s good points. It would be just like him, now, to make the Coronation an excuse for coming over, and dwarfing other men’s gifts and graces by his Apollo-like proportions,” he said, as one who feels his “best-laid schemes” may “gang agley.”

“Oh, speaking of proportions,” I interrupted hastily, hoping to distract his attention from this — to me — threadbare subject, “did you know the Marquis has received the official regulations as to seats in the Abbey? — ‘fifteen inches for commoners’; and eigh-

teen for more aristocratic occupants, as if the ratio of avoirdupois were in proportion to social position. Isn't it too deliciously funny for anything?" I cried.

"Lady Constance is, however, in a state of mind about it. She tips the balance at nearly twelve stone, you know, and she says she can't conceive where she is to put herself, her robes, and her train in a ridiculous half-yard of space. The Marquis attempts to comfort her by jocosely telling her Punch's happy suggestion as to the donning of coronets in these contracted limits. Punch suggests that at a given signal, such as 'Tention! Coronets!' peers and peeresses should don their strawberry wreaths in alternate phalanxes, to prevent placing one's own coronet on one's neighbor's head. But Lady Constance complains it is no laughing matter. 'It will be a trying ordeal, at best' she says 'to appear in velvet and ermine in this unseasonable weather, without insisting on the physical impossibility of wedging peeresses of proportions into such an absurd space.'"

When later, she tried to persuade the Marquis to appeal to the "powers that be" on the plea that many would not attend at all, his lordship was not consolatory.

"My dear Constance," he observed, "if your sister-peeresses do not appear more fit than at the last opening of Parliament, I shall be compelled to agree with Thackeray's trenchant opinion, and think the fewer, the better."

"Why, what could he know about such an occasion?" inquired her ladyship, caustically.

"Well," he remarked, *à propos* of one of the late

Queen's drawing-rooms, that 'to see dowager duchesses of sixty in plumes, and low white evening gowns, with blazing diamond tiaras, in the broad glare of daylight, might be an edifying, but not a refreshing sight.' I must say, I heartily agree with him," said the Marquis, "only I must confess that to my vision it is not even an edifying spectacle," he added with an amused glance at the Professor.

Lady Constance was "fair," and less than "forty," so the shot quite missed her; but in defence of her maligned sisterhood, she asked with meaning:

"Wasn't Thackeray the man who went to Charterhouse School, and afterward referred to it as 'Slaughter-house'?"

"I believe he did," replied the Marquis innocently.

"Ah, well, he was evidently the sort of person to make slaughter-house remarks; but," she went on, "I must confess, Charles, that you and your brother-peers looked none too *chic* in the curtailed garments of mediaevalism; some of you I am sure, must wish that attenuated knee-breeches had been relegated to the Dark Ages, never to have seen daylight again."

"Ah, she has him there!" exclaimed Dr. Irving *sotto voce*, with an eye for sport.

"I noticed none of you were particularly keen on a display of the same kind, after the first outing," she added, fixing the shaft with a smile.

"Um! possibly!" replied his lordship, uneasily, and then looking over at the Professor, he said interrogatively, "I say Irving, perhaps the ladies will excuse us for a short stroll and a smoke. It seems to be clearing, now," he observed, as the clouds, which had

been hovering, lifted a little and offered a welcome retreat.

Crossing the terrace, they came rather suddenly upon King Willemanka and Mammy, near the scene of their former little "affair." He was arrayed in gorgeous robes, no doubt to dazzle Mammy's feminine eyes. She, had he only known it, despised "black folks' peacock feathers," and her simplicity of attire, against his barbaric splendor, made a striking contrast between the domesticated American and the native African negro.

The king had called to leave his *p. p. c.* on the Marquis; but, learning that Mammy was at home, endeavoured to make another appeal to her unimpressible heart.

"Too bad they can't seem to hit it off together," said the Marquis, with a humorous interest in the royal but rejected swain.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Doctor, half seriously; "Mammy would be the last person on earth to be content with Scipio Africanus's manner of living, after being reared among white folks all her life. Though born a slave, her developed tastes, ideas of propriety, and intense devotion to her mistress's family would make it fatal to her self-respect, had she to revert to a more primitive way of living," he said with conviction.

"Mammy interests me exceedingly," said the Marquis. "If not too much of a digression, I should really like to know more about the slavery system. How did it originate and attain such proportions as to produce the problem which I understand now con-

fronts America? Of course, I know in a measure, but I would like to get at the true inwardness of it from one who knows.

“I suppose slavery must have been a great curse, of course?” he said interrogatively.

“Well,” said Dr. Irving, smiling, “if you will pardon cold facts, perhaps you may not know how much the South was originally indebted to England for the ‘great curse’ as you call it. It may seem like ancient history, but slavery was a legacy which the English government left America after the Revolution. It was England’s policy to get the largest returns possible from the colonies, at least expense to herself. She was jealous of the loss of her own craftsmen, because they would enable the colonists before long to manufacture for themselves, and stop supplies from England. Besides, the slave trade was then the most profitable trade England possessed, and with the King and the Duke of York as chief shareholders, the Royal African Co. did an enormous business. Why do you know, my dear sir, that for a century before the Revolution the average export of slaves from Africa was 20,000 a year, and in 1771, just before the outbreak, 50,000 slaves were imported into America and the West Indies? Both North and South imported them at first, but the rugged soil and hard climate of New England made them unprofitable, and she shipped her slaves south to Virginia and Maryland, and took to fishing and manufactures instead of barren agriculture.

“Slavery was fastened on the South,” he went on, “not only by its physical conditions of soil and cli-

mate, but by England's desire for a great slave-market and for a supply of raw materials, like tobacco and cotton from the American plantations, for her own manufactures. Every attempt at manufactures in the South was suppressed, and so effectively that only now, a century later, are the planters beginning to manufacture the cotton they formerly sent to Lancashire. Had England not found the slave trade the most profitable she possessed, the system would probably never have existed, and had the South found slave-labor as unprofitable as the North, America might never have had a Civil War. Without slaves, the plantations of the South would have been developed much more slowly, and their resources utilized by white labor. The indentured white servants would have become freemen, and land proprietors in turn, and there would have been no slavery question."

"Oh, come now, my dear fellow," said the Marquis, "this is one too many. You say England forced slavery upon America,—wasn't it our own Wilberforce who set you the noble example of liberating them?"

"Yes," said Dr. Irving, "but not until long after England had lost the American colonies. With their loss, the trade also became a loss, and it is the rigorous logic of history that not until slavery was found to be unprofitable was it discovered to be immoral as well. I am a Northerner by education myself, but I believe if the North could have realized that it escaped slavery not so much by choice, as by sheer natural causes, it would never have assumed a position of superior morality about it, but instead one of sympathy, such as it is beginning to show of recent years."

"Well, what was the condition after slavery was abolished?" asked the Marquis, following the Doctor's disquisition with much interest.

"After the War, came a period of turmoil and reconstruction," the Professor replied. "Freedom meant the ballot, political equality, an uneducated vote, and friction, and the end is not yet.

"To-day the South has a great problem to solve. Many of the descendants of trained slaves like Mammy and Olympus, and scores of others who elected to remain on the old estates, live in wretched hovels and settlements round about and imitate each other's squalid habits, for they know none better. I meet them in the roads, but they rarely or never touch their hats, for they are "just as good as and a little better" than any white man living. I suppose the time will come when the darkey will find he is 'just as good as a white man,' not because he is a 'free nigger' but because he is as honest, as moral and industrious as a self-respecting white man.

"Manual training will solve the problem quicker than any amount of rights which they have in theory but do not know how to exercise in fact. As soon as the South can afford to manufacture her raw materials on the spot, she will employ these idle hands and heads -- and then," he added in humorous warning to the Marquis, "we shall need all the vessels of the Atlantic Trust, as you call it, and more too, to send our surplus products over to you. But I beg a thousand pardons," said Dr. Irving, laughingly interrupting himself, "for this unseemly onslaught, -- only I really think you were in a measure responsible."

"Not only responsible for it, but delighted to have it, my dear fellow, and to know your standpoint, which is certainly logical and reasonable enough, even if we suffer in consequence," said the Marquis, with that love of fair play which always distinguishes an Englishman.

After Dr. Irving's discourse on Mammy's race and her personal inclinations, he came back, he told us, a little concerned lest in spite of his representations she might have used her feminine privilege of changing her mind and have accepted His Royal Highness after all. As soon as he discovered her alone, he inquired casually, but with some foreboding, as to her interview with His Majesty. Mammy was very communicative and frank. She had evidently felt much better inclined to him than on the former occasion.

"Yass, suh! I tol' him I was ve'y pleased ter mek' his 'quaintance, but his ways warn't my ways," she said, decidedly.

"Did you tell him you'd be a sister to him?" said the Professor, so much relieved as to become flippant.

"No, suh, we didn' talk no nonsince," said Mammy reprovingly and with dignity, and then she added pointedly, "He don' want no sistehs nohow, wid all dem 'leven wives! I tried ter fix him up as easy as I could," she continued. And then, quite ignoring the potency of her own attractions, she said, sagaciously:

"I tol' him ef he c'd spare one ob his wives fer a spell, an' send her to Ameriky, I'd gib her a few cookin'-lessons, 'spheshually in dem cakes he likes mos' an' de co'n-pome; but my! Mis' Car'll," and she turned to me in some disgust, "I thunk arfterw'ds

what good would dat do? Dey couldn' nuver git de stuff to mek' 'em in dat heethen land whar he inhabits!"

"Oh, I dare say, His Majesty could import it from the States," said the Professor, thoughtfully; "but with such an inducement as hot griddle cakes, he'll make his whole kingdom a waving buckwheat field."

"Mebbe so!" said Mammy, unconcernedly.

"What did he say about your proposition as to a cook?" inquired the Professor, with interest.

"Well, he say he didn' know 'bout losin' one ob his wives; but he had a reel peart gal, one ob his dawters, he could spare, an' I tol' him to send her 'long ovah, an' I'd kind o' keep a eye on her, an' she'd l'arn a heap," said Mammy, generously. "An' arfter we'd 'scussed all dat, we parted fus' class frien's," she said diplomatically, and then presently added with an amused chuckle full of meaning: "Men don' know what dey wants. You cyan't tell by what dey axes fo'. Dey's jes' es easy satisfied wid sump'n else, on'y so es you git 'em out de notion," she said, with a keen relish for her intuition of the frailties of the masculine "sec's."

"I wonder if Mammy places all men in the same category — helpless, hopeless and heartless?" said the Marquis with much amusement.

"Dey's purtty much all ob a likeness, I reck'n," she said laughing. "On'y I don' tell all I knows," she added, discreetly drawing a veil over her hoard of experience. "De King, he say," she continued coyly, reminded of his parting words, "dat ef he uvah come to de States to see Pres'den' Rosefelt, he sho'ly 's

gwine to fin' out whar ole Ferginny is!" and she tossed her head in rich anticipation of the sensation he would create if he escorted her in person to the "Fus' Baptis' meetin'-house."

"My sentiments exactly!" interposed the Marquis, looking at me—at least, so the Professor insisted. "The South holds great attractions for me, as well,—only," he added, plaintively, with a native Englishman's insularity, "it's so far away! If only some one would adopt me and take me to the States, I am sure I should be blissfully happy ever afterwards."

"There, Carolyn, there's your chance!" whispered the Professor in my ear, as he strolled over and picked up a ball of worsted which had fallen at my side.

"No, thank you!" I replied promptly from behind my "crochet." "I should never think of interfering with another lady's prospects. This is Mammy's little game, and she shall have a fair field and no trespassers."

Shortly after this colloquy, the Marquis received an unexpected notice to attend the final Coronation rehearsal at Westminster Abbey on the following day. As we were eager to see something of London's preparations before greater crowds arrived, we decided to bring our enjoyable visit at Castle Benbow to a close, and return to town on the same day.

CHAPTER XXV

LONDON IN "CURL-PAPERS"

London in "curl-papers"—Seat-testing—Piccadilly in "widders' weeds," and the "garbage of woe"—Mammy a malignant prophet—The "Crownation" postponed Compensation.

WHEN we reached London, the Monday previous to the Coronation, it took us several hours to weave our serpentine way to the hotel, between grand-stands, and over timber, dressed and undressed, which suggested various belated stages of full-dress Coronation toilet. The funniest spectacle that greeted us *en route* was the pantomime enacted by hundreds of stalwart Horse Guards, who were being marshalled from stand to stand, for no more martial duty than testing the official structures. At a given signal, they stood erect and still, and then at another, sat down with a hard thump, which if not fatal to the seats, must have communicated even to their sturdy frames suggestions of earthquake.

"Lan' sakes! Mist' Dav'npot, what's dem gran' sojer-gods doin' now?" exclaimed Mammy, witnessing this unusual military evolution.

"Seat-testing!" replied the Professor much amused, as we watched them subject the grand stands to this searching ordeal.

When we finally reached our former abode, the hotel

in Piccadilly, we scarcely recognised it, so resplendent was it in its festive garb of red and gold, and dazzling electric designs. Piccadilly, in perspective, was so gorgeously agog that we could hardly await afternoon tea, before sallying forth to view the transformation. While we watched from the window the surging sight-seers, on bus-top and on foot, we noted with amused amazement the weird Italian decorations which later provoked such relentless criticism. We learned afterward that these dismal trappings were the decorations used at the funeral of the late King Humbert of Italy, and had been secured cheap by the English corporation, an odd emblem of their festive joy and loyalty to their new King on this august occasion. All down Piccadilly, the gaiety of Clubland, which had spared neither invention nor expense in the grandeur of its designs, was confronted by these garish green and red roses suspended from one gilt standard to another by sombre bedraggled red tassels, surmounted by—oh, agony of woe!—little stiff-starched white bows, such as are worn by widows in memory of their departed. One of these “newly-laundered neckties” (for their abject condition had compelled them to be “done up” a few days before) peered reproachfully in at our window as if rebuking our mirth. Mammy, being a relict herself, noticed its symbolism immediately, and with the superstition of her race at once prophesied trouble.

“Lawd-a-massy!” she exclaimed in consternation, “what dey got all dem gilt poles dickered out wid fun’r’l tokens fo’? Dey’s prezackly de same bows de ‘Sistehs ob Laz’rus,’ weahs to buryin’s at home. I

tells you, Mist' Dav'npot, I knows sump'n pow'fu' bad 's gwine ter happen, 'long er dem widders' weeds."

"O Mammy," said the Professor, sceptically, "don't be a malignant prophet."

"Well, I ain' sayin' it's scarlet feber, Mist' Dav'npot; but it's sutney gwine to be sump'n mighty bad, you see now!"

But we were too preoccupied to listen to Mammy's dire prophecies. We hurried through tea and out into the surging crowd, eager to behold the brilliant spectacle which Piccadilly presented.

The stately residences of the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire, Lord Rothschild's house, gay in crimson and gold, the Athenæum, and the Navy and Military Clubs, were all resplendent with rich and tasteful designs, while opposite, as if in mockery of the gay panorama, swung those uncanny "weeds," which caused Mammy at last to exclaim with grim satisfaction:

"Well, ef de Lunnoners don't 'gin'ly 'preciate crêpe, dey sutney's makin' up fer it now — de hull town dressed up in de garbage ob woe,—dough de good Lawd on'y knows what it's fer!" she added piously.

After Mammy's complacent but gruesome remarks, Dr. Irving exclaimed somewhat apprehensively:

"I declare, I believe Mammy has 'hoodooed' me. The whole effect is certainly weird and uncanny. I am half inclined to believe, as she says:—

' By the pricking of my thumbs,
Surely something this way comes ! ' "

By this time we had reached Hyde Park Corner,

and he added, "Suppose we cross over to the Park and welcome the King back from Windsor. It will be a satisfaction, at least, to know that he is altogether 'fit.'"

But even this satisfaction was to be denied us, for a few minutes later the Royal party drove by, the Queen bowing graciously, while the King's pale, strained face and weary expression caused Mammy to ask anxiously, as if she couldn't believe her eyes:

"Is dat de King, sho' nough? Well, he's sutney enjoyin' po' health. 'Pears like he's jes' a-sickenin' fer an illness, an' a-gittin' ready fer a heabenly, stid ob a earthly crown!"

The Professor echoed Mammy's convictions in a concerned voice, as he remarked:

"From his appearance, I am afraid Mammy is not far wrong. I should say he is a very ill man."

When at noon the next day the sad news of the King's illness reached us Mammy's prognostications had in a measure prepared us for the serious situation, though we were hardly ready to agree with her that "dem widder's weeds was 'nough ter temp' Providence!"

"It oughter be a lesson to 'em," said Mammy, referring to the inexpedient thrift of the corporation, — "wearin' mou'nin' at a weddin' or what's jes' natchully de same — a Crownation," and then she concluded with Biblical significance:

"Dere's times to mou'n, an' dere's times to be glad, and dere's times when a barg'in like dat comes too high!"

Dr. Irving and Mammy were indefatigable in their

visits to Buckingham Palace the next few days,— the Professor eager to follow the bulletins of the King's condition and progress ; and Mammy from no more apparent reason than that it was the centre of London's interest and anxiety, and because she beheld the Prince of Wales's equipage drive up at one time with the little Princes, Edward and George, and Princess Victoria. The little royalties appealed to her maternal heart more than any number of crowned heads, and she would have stood in line many hours for another peep at their bonny countenances.

On Mammy's return after one of these footsore expeditions, "waitin' fer dem li'le R'yal chillun to come out," the Professor remarked that, despite her principles, he feared we should, after all, take Mammy home a confirmed tuft-hunter.

After the first suspense attending the King's operation was over, and the crisis successfully passed, I must confess my attention was rather distracted by a more personal *dénoûement*. For the day before the Coronation, the latest steamer from America arrived, and with it a party of friends, including Fitzhugh Randolph.

He had just departed, after paying a hurried call to announce his arrival, leaving me rather *distracte* and preoccupied, when the Professor rushed in with the bewildering announcement — as it seemed to me at the moment :

"I declare, it's remarkable, Carolyn ! He's another man already !"

"Oh, did you see him?" I asked, with but one man in my thoughts at the time.

"Who? The King?" exclaimed the Professor, looking at me as if he thought I had "gone dotty."

"No! Fitzhugh Randolph!" I answered consciously. "I thought you met him going out."

"Oh! sits the wind in that quarter?" said the Professor, looking at me significantly. "And when did he arrive?"

"This morning," I replied. "His brother, who has been seriously ill, recovered just in time for him to catch the steamer at the last moment, so he came direct to London for Coronation day."

"Ah! Only this and nothing more?" said Dr. Irving quizzically, with a tantalizing smile. "I hope he bore up bravely, when you told him the Coronation was not to be?" he inquired.

"He might have borne it worse," I replied, smiling.

"Well, you ought to treat him handsomely to atone for his disappointment, Carolyn. You'd better be prepared, my dear, in case he suggests something of the kind."

"Thank you!" I said. "I'll make a note of it."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DAY AND THE DEED, BUT ANOTHER MAN

Coronation day at Hampton Court — How we “coronated” —
Lost in the Maze — Found at last !

CORONATION day dawned, bright, auspicious and inspiring — “a day fit for gods, and men” ; but a day withal, to make angels weep, for the King, — the man for whom the day existed, aye, verily ! was created, in response to the unremitting labors of the weather-bureau, — was prone within his Palace, powerless to enjoy the beneficent conditions which “time and tide” had wrought for this — his Coronation day.

The people, bewildered by the strange reversal of their hopes and plans, wandered through the streets, as if in a maze from which they could not for the time extricate themselves. Possibly their condition, possibly other conditions more premeditated, may have suggested the attractions of Hampton Court to Mr. Randolph’s mind ; for, when he — having come three thousand miles “just for the Coronation” as the Professor rather pointedly said — was given the casting vote as to our destination for the day, he unhesitatingly declared for Hampton Court, as the “beau ideal for a summer day’s excursion.”

“Oh, I suppose you want to see the Indians?”

asked Dr. Irving, rather quizzically, and I thought unnecessarily, "for, of course, you have been there before, haven't you, in your previous visits over here?"

Mr. Randolph admitted he had, but that the East Indian troops were quite a new attraction and worth the visit alone; and as this was one of the few places we had not "done" as yet, he declared himself delighted that there was anything remaining for which he might serve as cicerone.

We took the Piccadilly stage-coach, the most typically English method of transportation — a few relics of which still remain in London's crowded streets. Mounted aloft on this romantic survival of the past, with its alluring legend "Kew Gardens, Richmond and Hampton Court," and with trumpeter in full blast, we bowled our slow and devious way through London's barricades against the too numerous foes of her own holiday household, out into the glorious freedom, the glowing green expanse of an English country-side. It may have taken minutes or hours to reach Richmond and Hampton Court beyond. I am afraid I am not a reliable witness as to chronology, for the time passed all too swiftly, as I listened to home news and gossip, and interchanged reminiscences with my neighbor who had so recently "pinioned the Atlantic."

When we finally reached our destination I am sure that, for once, we failed to do what Baedeker, our ever exigent guide, expected of us. This disloyalty to our tried and tested courier may or may not have been responsible for the result. For neither the palace

itself, with its quaint old canvases of defunct royal-ties, nor the presence in the flesh of rich-hued Orientals, gorgeous, majestic and inscrutable, proved the absorbing attraction we had anticipated. As for our pseudo-guide, he seemed somewhat preoccupied and abstracted, and as the Professor observed critically, "by no means the consummate master of detail which Baedeker had proven himself to be." Every now and then, I noticed, he alluded in an apparently dispassionate way to the Maze, as being the chief feature for which Hampton Court was celebrated. Dr. Irving seemed a little obtuse or unobservant, at these suggestions, but finally, having exhausted the resources of the palace and our guide together, and having taken refuge at the last show-place available under the prolific "Royal Grape-vine," with its yield of 1200 bunches annually, he remarked in a resigned "no-alternative" sort of voice :

"Well, Randolph, my boy, bring on your Maze. We haven't tested its allurements yet, I believe."

"It is a case where Mahomet must go to the mountain, I am afraid," laughed Mr. Randolph, "for it is quite at the other end of the grounds; but it will never do to miss it," he continued urgently, as if he feared we might decline.

"Well, if we must, we must," said the Doctor submissively, as if facing a foregone conclusion.

After traversing avenues of hedge and trim-bordered flowers, we came at last to the green labyrinths of the celebrated Maze.

"Well, who are the rash and intrepid parties to lose and find themselves in this primeval wilderness?"

asked the Doctor, looking with amusement at the tortuous wanderings of trim-cut hedge which wound themselves in bewildering expanse before us.

"Will you venture, Mammy?" he inquired.

"No thankee, Mist' Dav'npot," said Mammy with decision. "I'se mazy 'nough 'bout findin' my way in a straight road, let 'lone gittin' los' jes' fo' de fun ob findin' myse'f ergin. I kin git los' quick 'nough, eny day, 'thout niver tryin'," she said with hearty enjoyment of her proneness to wander.

As I rather pride myself on a well-developed bump of locality, I did not feel dissuaded from the attempt for the same reason as Mammy. Fitzhugh Randolph, however, fearing lest I might be, assured me *sotto voce* that he would help me out, with the usual implication as to a woman's helplessness, which rather put me on my mettle.

"Oh, I am not the least alarmed," I said unconcernedly, as he and I started for the entrance together. "I've never lost my way yet," I added, as if any assistance would be superfluous.

"Do you appreciate the fact that you always have been the most provokingly self-reliant person, Carolyn?" he said, with a long-suffering but determined look which might mean anything, I concluded.

"Well, I abominate helpless people," I said, "and so do their friends usually, if they only dared confess it. So see what you are spared in my case," I went on in a bantering tone.

"I could stand the infliction a good deal oftener, if you'd only give me the chance," he replied with meaning.

In the meantime, Virginia had decided that she and the baby were too fagged to attempt a new diversion ; so the Professor suggested that he and Mammy would stand in the observation tower and direct our wavering footsteps as we " mazed."

" Give the lady five minutes' start," said the director to Mr. Randolph, with another inference as to my incapacity, which I thought quite unnecessary. " Keep straight ahead, and take the first turning on your right and the second on your left," was his parting injunction, with the usual lucidity — as to " turnings right and left " — which characterizes the helpful English public. I started in on the devious way with Mammy's stirring voice ringing in my ears :

" Dat's right, Mis' Car'lyn,— now tu'n to de left, an' go 'long, straight ahaid. Hooray, now you'se off!" she shouted excitedly, as if she were at a horse race, and I were the prize animal on which she held stakes.

" I b'lieve he'll ketch her," she said as Mr. Randolph started after me a few minutes later, " he looks dat 'tarmined-like."

" Yes, I'm afraid there's no escape, now," said the Professor resignedly.

As I happened to be wearing a light ostrich feather on my *chapeau*, the Professor said it was simply a case of " follow where you see my white plume wave," and he accordingly detected any discrepancies in my locomotion and gave me every now and then a figurative helping-hand.

" Fitzhugh Randolph appears to have lost his own reckoning altogether," I thought with some complacence, as he made no sign of aid or even of proximity,

while I was within reach of Mammy and the Professor. This was all very well until I reached the high part of the hedge which extended far above my head, where I was completely obscured from both of them, and left to my own devices. Then turn which way I knew not. I experimented with the "turnings right and left" only to bring up at a blank wall of impenetrable hedge, each time more "mazy" than the last. Finally I sat down, fagged and weary, on a seat, placed there apparently for over-confident mazers like myself, while I exclaimed contritely in my extremity:

"Well I haven't an idea what to do next! I surely am lost this time and no mistake."

Just then a manly tread echoed on the other side of the hedge, and Fitzhugh Randolph's voice called in knight-errant fashion through what seemed a mass of briars and brambles, "May I come over, and find you, Carroll?" and then as he strode valiantly into sight, he exclaimed with an air of "now is the time, and here the place":

"Do you know I've come all the way across the Atlantic just for this, Carolyn?"

"I thought you came for the Coronation," I said as I smiled at him, quizzically.

"Did you?" he responded as he met my eyes unflinchingly. "Well, that was a gross injustice and a palpable mistake. The Coronation was the avowed occasion, but you were the cause. I came hoping to do a little 'coronating' on my own account, and now, Carolyn, sweetheart," he said pleadingly, persuasively, "shan't we make this the crowning day of all our future happiness?"

As I did not reply for a moment, he said rather dejectedly :

"From what Irving's brother told me of your hobnobbing with Gog and Magog over here, I had a sneaking fear that that old antiquated Marquis might be poaching on what I had long hoped were my particular preserves. Tell me," he smiled but went on insistently, "that it is not you, but only Mammy and the Professor who have lost their hearts to that misguided old aristocrat."

"Well, not entirely!" I said tantalizingly, "I must say I am very fond of the Marquis myself. He is so considerate,—so unique,—so — so — well,—altogether different from other men," I began appreciatively, and then the Marquis's well-known "points" appearing to my mental view I laughed incontinently and without reserve.

Dear old "Apollo-like" Fitzhugh intuitively grasped the situation, and with a relieved look said, quoting the title of a current book — "'Not like other girls,' isn't he?"

"No, not exactly!" I admitted laughing, and then recovering myself went on, "but he is so nice, Fitzhugh. You must know him, he's such a dear!"

"Well, that's all very well,—but — but — what am I?" he asked with some personal concern.

"Oh, well, you're another!" I replied saucily, in the language of our boy and girl school-days together.

"Carolyn, dear, do be serious. You haven't told me yet whether my journey is all in vain?" he asked disconsolately.

"Does my getting out of this tiresome Maze depend upon my answer?" I asked.

"It looks that way. But tell me, may I not have the right and pleasure of helping you out of difficulty, not only to-day, but always. I know" he went on, "you have had a vast deal of fun 'gangin' your ain sweet gait,' heretofore; but Carolyn darling, life is a bit of a maze after all, and it's lonesome and bewildering trying to find one's way alone. Hereafter let me be your guide, dear?" and as I smiled in reply, he added "satisfaction guarranteed as well, next time, despite the Professor's invidious remarks. You see I wasn't quite myself this morning," he said apologetically. "I was determined to get a word somewhere, alone with you, and Hampton Court didn't seem to lend itself as I had hoped.

"And now, Carolyn," he said resolutely, as he came very close and took both my hands in his, and I saw there was no escape, "I may be your guide, sweetheart, may I not?"

"Well, you may try!" I murmured, as well as I could, while he proceeded to take liberties which I am sure no guide, official or unofficial ever presumed upon before.

Just as we reached this absorbing moment, we were brought back to earth and the distractions of the Maze by Mammy's voice in the dim distance as she interrogated the Professor anxiously, "Ain't it funny whar dem two's got to, Mist' Dav'npot, suh?"

"'Tis passing strange!" said the Doctor.

Then, as if to reassure her and to remove any uncertainty in his own mind as to the position of affairs, he called out, rather superfluously we thought, "I say, Randolph, do you need any help? Shall I come and

find you?" But to prevent any such unwelcome interruption Fitzhugh replied hastily and decidedly, and it may have seemed a little inconsequently, as well: "No thank you, old fellow, don't trouble yourself, — we're found at last!"

CHAPTER XXVII

CORONATION INTERLUDES

The King's Dinner — "Oh, what a jolly death!" — A standing need in England — A noble "kick-off" — A ducal turf-cutter — A Royal bazaar — England's "sky-pilots" saved, and her destiny insured.

WHILE we were endeavoring to adjust our plans to the exigencies of the "postponed event," and to decide whether to spend the intervening time before the "next Coronation" at an English or Continental watering-place, we were afforded a glimpse of what had been intended as Coronation aftermath — the King's Dinner and the Queen's Tea-Party. We went to Fulham Palace Park, where the King's Dinner was eaten by fourteen thousand people; but realizing the vicarious nature of the arrangements, we did not give way to our feelings like the little girl, who, hearing that so many people were to eat the King's dinner, wept because "he would have to go without." Considering the King's critical condition, and that one hundred and twenty-five tons of plum-pudding were provided, not to mention other edibles in like Roman-largess fashion, the Professor remarked that "in the circumstances, it was just as well the King was precluded from participation."

One fearless old veteran requested a second helping

of pudding, with the explanation: "You see, my old woman, Miss, is very queer (ill). She couldn't come, and h'as I can't take her dinner to her, poor thing! she's willin' I should 'ave her share." We wondered if his regret at her absence was not tempered by the compensation he could afford her by proxy. Probably hers was "poor thing!" The dauntlessness with which the King's "diners" disposed of the tons of what we should call, in July, *suicidal* plum-pudding, the Professor said, "spoke well for the rare powers of endurance and absorption which the English race enjoys." Virginia said it reminded her of one of her little "Cheerful Home" girls, who told her of the death of a friend who had suddenly deceased from taking too much ice-cream, lemonade and cucumbers at a charity picnic. She ended the sad narrative however, Virginia said, with an exuberant sigh, and the exclamation, "Oh, my! what a jolly death!"

We were surprised at the affluent appearance of many of "the poor" who were bidden to the feast, and thought how difficult it would have been to secure a like company at home for a treat significantly labelled "for the poor." But the fact that these pensioners on the King's bounty were the "King's guests" no doubt adjusted the matter in a country where the habitual attitude is "looking upward." The fact that members of the Royal Family promenaded around the tables, and gazed at and commented upon the guests in rather an unusual manner for hosts and hostesses, seemed to add rather than detract from the satisfaction of the company, and they, no doubt, felt in consequence quite "at home." Certain it is, that

the King's diners, with their mugs, and the Queen's tea-party guests with their brooches and boxes of chocolate, departed looking happier than when they came.

Dawson, however, informed Mammy with truly democratic pride that she'd "rather buy her own brooch and chocolate than be counted in with them poor 'uns." But while Mammy heartily applauds her sentiments, we fear she really "doesn't know her place," a very serious matter in this country, and liable to subject one to frequent and grievous humiliations.

The absolute necessity for royal, noble, or "distinguished" patronage of some kind to ensure the success of any enterprise from a church bazaar to a game of football is evidenced on every side. To secure a successful football season, a noble "kick-off" is absolutely indispensable, and exalted personages like Lord —, or the Hon. Mr. So-and-so, are imported to give the "kick-off" of the season. The intrinsic value of the "kick-off" is indicated by the fact that the referee frequently has the ball brought back, and the game begun by the regulars; but the æsthetic, social, or moral (it is difficult to select the correct word) value of the "kick" is inestimable beyond computation.

Sometimes the noble patrons "exceed their powers," or wish to prove that the duty is no mere sinecure. This was the case when the noble Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, the splendid executive the Coronation arrangements proved him to be, was asked to act as turf-cutter in turning the first sod of

the Sheffield District Railway. Although the turf had been loosened as usual, His Grace, not satisfied to lift this pre-arranged soil into the gorgeous wheelbarrow with the slight ebony and silver presentation shaft provided, plunged the reluctant spade into the "too, too solid" earth itself, and as it did not respond to this "tickling of the hoe," pressed it well home with the insistent ducal foot. The fancy instrument under this unexpected usage doubled up completely, whereupon the Duke with a rueful glance at his handiwork (or rather footpress) relieved the situation with the remark, "I suppose it can be put right again," and a hearty laugh in which the spectators joined. Other notables there are who patronize or "*patroness*" society events, with a fervor and *abandon* which is not always appreciated by recipients unaccustomed to such favors.

We went casually to spend an afternoon at the Royal Soldiers' and Sailors' Bazaar, not aware of the extent to which we should be "patronized" by the noble sales-ladies and dames of high degree behind the booth counters. We arrived early, just as the bazaar was about to be opened by H. R. H. the Duchess of——. The chairman, a leading pillar of the church, introduced Her Royal Highness in a highly appreciative address, and thanked her for her "gracious condescension in being present on this august occasion, to give it the benignant inspiration of Her Royal presence and deeply appreciated support"; with more — much more — to the same purpose. Then Her Royal Highness spoke a few words in a low, nervous tone, and declared the bazaar open. Another gentleman, prob-

ably an earl or some other pillar of society, then thanked Her Royal Highness in somewhat fulsome words, we thought, which sounded almost feudal in loyalty, fidelity and obsequious devotion. Then a third gentleman thanked the chairman, or rather offered him a vote of thanks, and a fourth seconded the motion with another elaborate speech, and after considerable delay as to whom it was proper to entrust the motion, it was put to the question and carried, and the bazaar was "weelly and twooly," as Doris says, open to all comers.

We wandered leisurely past the threshold, when before we were aware, we were besieged and appropriated by the most insistent and beguiling damsels it had ever been our fortune to encounter.

"Won't you have a drink?" inquired one fair lady.

"No, thank you!" replied Mr. Randolph with dignity to this unexpected invitation.

"Thanks, very much, I've just had one," said Dr. Irving, who had indulged in a "lemon squash" on the way thither, to see wherein it differed from real lemonade.

"Really! Can't you stand another?" said this determined temptress.

"Whatever is a man to do? Virginia, don't dare to leave me!" whispered the Professor, who, like most abstemious Americans who know what is good for them, sticks to Adam's ale with a fidelity which puzzles average foreigners to an extraordinary degree. They rarely fail to administer the sly, compromising thrust, "Oh, yes, Americans never drink *in public*, I

believe," but the Professor, as he says, "with a conscience void of offence, pursues the even tenor of his way, pocket-whole and brain-clear." He says he has noted the effect of "looking into a glass darkly" upon other men and prefers to keep his "thinking-machine" in the best running-order possible.

To extricate himself from the "drink-question," Dr. Irving bought an illustrated souvenir of the bazaar, with portraits of the noble patronesses — Countesses, Marchionesses, Baronesses, and Ladies, as he irreverently said, "of every possible complexion, title, and degree," and then we realized for the first time, that these were the fair charmers who had tried to entice us to drink.

Mr. Randolph had not wished to encumber himself with the souvenir until he was leaving. But his purpose was childishly futile. Until he and the Professor displayed their "souvenirs" as a shield and breast-plate, they were attacked, assaulted and bombarded, at every turn. Finally, one perfectly irresistible damsel got hold of Fitzhugh, thrust the "souvenir" into his reluctant hand, and clinched the matter, with this astounding ultimatum: "I will write my name in it for you." Fitzhugh tried to look sufficiently pleased, while he murmured weakly in my ear, he "didn't mind if she did." And she did! — and we then discovered from the signature, and from her photo, therein, that she was the Lady Violet Célestine de ——! and "from all such plague, pestilence and deadly destruction by land or sea," the Professor fervently exclaimed, "Kind Fate, deliver us!"

After we had bought ourselves poor, and the Doc-

tor and Mr. Randolph were laden like pack-horses, with unserviceable "bric-a-break," and needlework, unstable as water, several noble sales-ladies insisted on divesting Virginia and me of our Paris creations, for "this very *chic chapeau*, so smart, isn't it?" Great Heavens! Couldn't they tell the difference and that we wouldn't have exchanged for worlds! Virginia said she believed it was simply a device to get us to leave our Paris hats behind. I wouldn't go as far as that. I only remarked I wouldn't blame them if it was. Some of the patronesses' headgear both *beneath* and above their hats, was — well — "extrawd'nary!"

Dr. Irving said, as we finally extricated ourselves from their detaining grasp:

"I must say I have attended many bazaars, fairs, and festivals in my misguided youth, places where ingratiating counsel and alluring persuasion left a man scarcely much option all his own; but of all well-patronized affairs, I have never beheld such a snare of the fowler as a Royal Bazaar. One, two, three, four," and he counted heads as we made our escape. "Yes, we do seem to be all here, after all," he concluded, with an air of profound relief.

As we surveyed our inconsequent purchases on our return home, Dr. Irving laughed, significantly, as he remarked, "more Coronation victims, it appears! Had we taken wing the moment the 'postponement' was announced, we should be as well off as are the feathered songsters which thereby escaped the fowler's net."

He refers to the "slaughter of the innocents," the 12,000 larks, which were to have been "butchered to

make (an English) holiday," by a leading London caterer. At the time of the proposed sacrifice, the Professor waxed wroth. In fact, I have never seen him so wrought up before. He said, "And to think it was an Englishman who wrote :

‘ Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.’ ”

Then he went on eloquently, "In these raucous days, resonant with 'profuse strains,' which the most charitable cannot call 'unpremeditated art,' the wanton destruction of spontaneous songsters is nothing short of an international calamity. What, indeed, were England without larks?" he asks. "Kings and queens are transient attractions compared to these vocal survivors of England's pre-historic past. In this latter-day period of theological uncertainty, of doubt as to future destination, the voices of these feathered inhabitants 'from heaven or near it,' may prove the most tangible connection with things celestial with which England will ever be favored.

"Larks," he says, "are one of the magnets which attract other less-favored and more terrestrial peoples to visit England, and it behooves her not lightly to sever the connection."

And so, although he admits the Coronation postponement has meant loss to us, and to many, he thinks it "an ill wind" etc., and that the preservation

of her "sky-pilots" may have preserved England from a more serious fate than she ever wot of.

The Doctor says that the same poet feelingly concludes:—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
And our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught."

And so, remembering our Coronation losses, of time and money, we have decided to leave England for a trip, perhaps through economical Belgium, to retrieve our losses (though not at gay Ostend) before Coronation number two is announced.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CORONATION

The Day, the Deed, and the Man — A Parliamentary view — From Palace to Abbey — Side-shows — A peer's point of view — The Primate and the "widower" — A fish story and a fairy tale — A new version of Cinderella — The King is crowned at last !

BACK in London are we again ; for to-day is *the Day*, and the Day and Man are all in readiness for the supreme event — the Deed, which is to crown the long-drawn suspense of months and the world-wide anticipation of thousands. The day was heralded by the sound of bugles crossing the parks, and the sturdy tramp of troops took up the refrain, as they lined the streets with a brilliant kaleidoscope of color and motion. Long expectation murdered sleep, and we rose with the lark — one of the rescued 12,000 ! — and gazed from our windows at the jubilant throngs which surged to their well-earned stamping ground.

Piccadilly's fateful "widder's weeds" had long been discarded, and far more "lovely dekkers," as a little news-girl called them, waved in their stead. Through the waiting crowds, we made our way down Whitehall, to the seats the Marquis had secured for us near the Abbey. Here, indeed, was a coign of vantage, for we beheld the procession both to and fro, as well as the unique aftermath when peers and peeresses

roamed the Abbey round, in search of fugitive vehicles, and in a motley garb which woke the risibles of the attentive onlookers.

While our customary little quartette were all present, and the culmination of our hopes so near at hand, I must confess I experienced an aching void. For *the man*, who had come over "just for the Coronation," as the Professor still provokingly said, had been suddenly recalled while we were on the continent by the relapse of his brother, and so was obliged to forego the great event after all. While I missed him sadly, I remembered he had said comfortingly that he should "return home with the coronation of his highest hopes accomplished" and "that was all he had come for, anyway;" and then he added playfully, "you will have the King's Coronation and all the absorbing pageant as well, while I must be content for a time with the memory of things past and the hope of things to come." The reality of things present did not prove as absorbing as he had supposed; but not to appear *distracte*, I tried to lend a listening ear to the Doctor, who was improving conversation, as is his wont on such occasions.

"Isn't it curious," he observed, "in the presence of all this display of pageantry, to recall that Arthur Hallam wrote to Tennyson in 1833, when the first reformed Parliament was inaugurated within those very walls over there, 'Yesterday, I saw, perhaps, the last King of England go down to open the first assembly of delegates from a sovereign people.' And then just forty years later, Professor Freeman assured the Cambridge undergraduates that Coronation ceremon-

ies 'the religious sanction of kingship' were gradually but surely 'dying out.' And yet, we have a King crowned with all this pageantry and religious ceremonial, the very day after the close of a Parliament more democratic than was ever dreamt of by England's most radical reformers."

"What is the reason, do you fancy, of the perpetuity of these institutions?" I asked, trying to appear properly interested.

"Without doubt," he replied, "the growth of a profound attachment to the late Queen, who stood for everything noblest and best in her people's estimation; as well as to her son, whose life among them has made him a part of themselves, and of their development. And, above all, 'a belief that he will justify the hopes of a liberty-loving people, who look to him as the illustrious head of their constitutional machinery.' The King is the supreme key-stone at the top of the social and political edifice; but the people are the creators, and in deifying the institution, they are in fact but exalting their own creation. England is a constitutional monarchy, with the constitution first, as cause, and the monarchy second, as effect. The King is by tradition the result of the constitution in England; just as the President is by election the result with us, and the powers of both are limited by the will of the people expressed in the constitution."

But, seeing that I appeared somewhat abstracted, and quickly divining the cause, Dr. Irving dismounted his hobby, and with his usual tactful and kindly wit introduced a more frivolous diversion:

"Why, after all, doesn't the King need to be

crowned, Carolyn?" he asked, jokingly. "You will find the answer in evidence in the be-lettered decorations all around us," he said, which I noticed combined the King's and Queen's initials in such telling devices as, "E. R.,"—(Edward Rex)—"E. A. R.,"—"E. R. A.," the first, however, the most conspicuous. As I failed to detect the connection, he answered laughingly, "Because E. R.!" ('e are), rolling the cockneyism over with much apparent relish.

"That was suggested to me, I will confess," he said generously revealing the source of this witticism, "by a scroll in the City, bearing the genial legend:

' For he's a jolly good fellow
E. R! E. R! E. R! ' "

At this moment, boom! boom! boom! went the cannon, rudely interrupting the Doctor, who said excitedly to Doris, with the expectant glee of the small boy:

"Hurrah! The King has left the Palace!"

Just then, a gay cavalcade of splendidly-caparisoned Horse Guards swept past, escorting the gorgeous coach in which sat the Prince and Princess of Wales. Then a few moments later, appeared in the distance a splash of scarlet—the brilliant-hued bargemen who preceded the King. Next, an oriental group of turbaned rajahs, so at one with their Arab steeds that one did not wonder how the legend of the Centaur originated. Then another moment, and an advance guard of Yeomanry in their picturesque garb caused Mammy to exclaim in joyful recognition:

"Dere's dem same ole gory Beef-eaters," and she



“‘DE QUEEN LOOKED STRAIGHT AT ME AN’ SMILED,’ SO SHE JUBILANTLY AFFIRMED.”

chuckled gleefully, as if recognizing an old acquaintance. "Reck'n dey's had anurr squar' meal f'om de bright looks ob dey clo'es. Lawdy! ain't dey gran'-colored, dough!"

And now a wild tumult of greeting made us think the King at hand; but it was the King of War and Peace, Lord Kitchener, "de man dat fit de hardes' an' done de mos' in Afriky," explained Mammy for Doris's benefit; and then alone, erect and solitary, came another war-hero, Earl Roberts, who received a like reception.

But the tumult intensified in loyalty and enthusiasm; and a moment later, the grandly-ornate State coach appeared, drawn by eight cream-colored ponies, so much like a vision of fairy-land, that Mammy in her excitement held the baby aloft to see "Cindyrelly's kerridge, honey! wid de eight white mice." Beside the King in the great golden coach, in health as in sickness, sat the Queen.

When Mammy espied Her Majesty, she dropped the baby, and producing a gorgeous red silk bandanna handkerchief, a treasure of her girlhood days, she waved it so frantically that "de Queen looked straight at me, an' smiled," so she jubilantly affirmed. "My lan'!" said Mammy, in sheer admiration, "she's dat young-lookin', it's a natchul wonder she don't tek herse'f fo' her own daughter sometimes, de sweet young thing! De King he sutney oughter think a heap ob her, nussin' an' 'tendin' him fer weeks, an' keepin' up her sperits, so's not to show how she's feelin'. She's a rare fine lady, she is! De King he looks tired an' wearied-like; but I reckon it's dat cap he's

got on," she said, alluding to the clumsy Cap of Estate. "'Tain't ev'ybody dat's lucky 'nough ter git holt de right milliner," she said with becoming pride in her own royal "cat-sang Frank bunnit."

By this time, the fairy vision had wound past St. Margaret's until it reached the grey old Abbey annex, where in the distance we could see Their Majesties alight amid the glad acclaims of the long-silent Abbey chimes, and the welcoming multitudes.

During the long wait which followed, Mammy commented at length on the gorgeous new uniforms worn from the highest officials down to the waiting soldiers on guard,—everybody, everything—the newest of the new.

"What a sight de Crownation mus' 'a' cost 'em!" she said, sympathically, thinking of her own extravagant purchase of head-gear alone.

Times have changed, I thought, since the Coronation of George II and Caroline of Anspach, when it was particularly recorded that the Queen had "put on everything new for the occasion even to her linen," which would lead one to infer that changes of raiment, royal or plebian, were not of frequent occurrence in the brave old days.

"Times have changed, indeed!" said the Professor, as if in answer to my thought, but I found he was referring to the ceremony in the Abbey, the investment with scepters, mace, and crown, which spoke eloquently of the changes which had come about as well in the usages of kingship.

He said humorously that one authority had suggested that "the first crown was probably a rude

circlet of copper, and the first scepter a club or something to hit with. Men looked around among their fellows in the tribe, and said 'I agree with the man with the big club.' Later, when the king grew too kingly to do his own killing, his club dwindled into a mere wand with which he simply pointed to a superfluous subject. Whereupon a bodyguard, with a great mace, or scepter, did his duty."

While we passed away anxious moments, Mammy grew momentarily more uneasy "lest sump'n ailed de King, an' he shouldn' git crowned arfter all him an' us has been through," she said. Suddenly a peal of joybells sounded forth, echoed by the resonance of deep-voiced cannon and all London, all England — all the world — knew the King was crowned at last. A few moments later, and the King came forth to show his waiting people that the emblem of royalty, the kingly crown, was his as well at last. The radiant smile of relief which lighted his face was reflected from the countenance of the Queen, and seemed to dim for the moment the lustre of the Great Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light, which rested on the Queen's brow. Their joy was in turn reflected by the joyous multitude whose shouts of gladness rent the air with welcome, congratulation and thanksgiving.

We lingered long, watching the gladsome crowd, as well as the gay panorama afforded by ermine-robed and coroneted peers and peeresses, who wended their way over to "the Lords" for a much needed repast. They had not found chocolate and biscuit furtively nibbled from the recesses of a coronet the sustenance which hungry nature and the long wait demanded.

Others there were, with velvet robes held high and coronets dangling from their arm; and some who, with these discarded for a racy great-coat and tall silk chimney-pot, exposed an incongruous length of white silk stocking and gay buckled shoe, as they sought baronial coaches, amid an impromptu ovation from the highly edified throng.

While we were enjoying this improvised show, we beheld what seemed evidences of a familiar figure approaching, guiltless of a hat and with a jaunty overcoat, half concealing, half revealing, a pair of white broadcloth small clothes and a rotund extension of white silk stocking which was absolutely appalling. Mammy, looking hard at the oncoming figure, exclaimed excitedly :

“Fo’ de Lawd! Mis’ Car’lyn, ef it ’tain’t de Markis! But what has dey been an’ done to him — de creetuahs! Dey’s done took his crownnet, an’ scepter, let ’lone all dem gran’ clo’es. I warned him not to resk it. Dey might a lef’ him his gyarments jes’ fo’ nicety’s sake,” she went on. “Wonder now ef I couldn’ git dis heah shawl an’ bandanner to him. I reck’n he’d ruther have dem, den go ’long lookin’ like he does, po’ feller!”

“He’s all right, Mammy! Those are his dress clothes,” said Dr. Irving, consolingly. “He wore his undress garments at the castle rehearsal, because these had not come home then, I believe.”

“Looks like dem’s mo’ ondress what he’s got on,” said Mammy, quite unconvinced, and before we could stop her, she excitedly waved in the Marquis’s direction her bright-figured Paisley shawl, a pre-

sent from her old "Mistis," and only used on grand occasions.

To our consternation, this unusual standard waving amid the flying Union Jacks attracted the roving eye of the Marquis, and before we knew it, he touched his hand to the spot recently adorned by his coronet, and on which his lustrous top-hat usually rested, and crossed over to join our bewildered group. The Professor rose to the occasion, and while laughingly apologizing for Mammy's danger-signal, explained that, seeing him without coronet or mantle, she was afraid he had been ruthlessly divested of them by the King, as she had prophesied. The Marquis, highly amused, assured her that they were safely reposing at the Abbey, and that, as the King wore boots, he had passed unharmed through the ordeal. His present loss, which seemed even more serious, he said, considering his attire, was of his coach and footmen.

As he spoke, his powdered lackeys, mounted high on a superb equipage, drove around from the Embankment at full speed, and their noble master assured Mammy again that he would, at once, return to the Abbey and rescue his more historic garments from any untoward emergency. As the resplendent coach drove off, with its anachronistic owner in up-to-date top-coat, and with its gorgeous flunkies standing aloft behind, in powdered periwig and supreme disregard of Mammy their former acquaintance, Mammy sniffed disdainfully: "Dem stuck-up monkeys!"

Then, as the whole comical episode occurred to her, her portly form shook the stand with a vigor which

put the efforts of the Horse-Guards to the blush, while she ejaculated between her paroxysms of laughter:

“An’ to think—I mos’ offered him—my shawl an’ bandanner!” Then, leaning over to me, she said, in an audible whisper, “Ain’t you glad, Mis’ Car’lyn, dat Misteh Fitzyou don’t need no shawl? I reck’n you knowed what was what!” And I—reckoned I did!

Later in the afternoon, we went to tea in Park Lane, and heard from Lady Constance and the Marquis the inside story of the great ceremony. Lady Constance had been much amused by the *gaucherie* of the Commons, who, in elaborate court dress, she said, occasioned their much-plumed and *décolletée* consorts great anxiety for fear of decapitation by these unaccustomed swordsmen. She confessed it was a critical moment when the peeresses donned their coronets, for though becomingly small, they were most difficult to adjust at a moment’s notice.

Mammy almost convulsed me by whispering under cover of administering Doris’s tea, “Dey mus’ ’a’ felt awful oneasy wid dem napkin-rings perched up on dey top-knots, mus’n dey?”

“The most anxious moments, however,” the Marquis said, “revolved, not around the King, but the Archbishop of Canterbury. He insisted on calling upon the King ‘to help and defend *widowers* and orphans,’ and then emphasized this unusual formula,” the Marquis laughingly said, “by repeating the word denoting the sex of the bereaved ones.”

Mammy murmured: “Reck’n he knowed what he was about, mo’n dey gib him credit.”

Following upon this infirmity, the Marquis remarked, the audience were almost prepared for another misadventure which occurred when the Primate, after exhorting the King to "stand firm and hold fast," succumbed himself, and was unable to offer the essential kiss of homage, while the King was obliged to render active assistance in placing the crown upon his own head.

"My!" said Mammy, *sotto voce*, as she listened to this trying recital. "What tribberlashuns dat man's gone thoo, to git a noo headgear! It's a heap sight wus' den in Paris."

The Marquis continued, "The King evidently thought to vary the scriptural injunction — 'If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other also,' — for when the Prince of Wales offered him the kiss and vow of liege devotion, the King drew him down with a warm paternal grasp, and kissed him, in turn, on the other cheek. It was a personal touch of tenderness," he said, "which thrilled all who beheld in the little act the father, as well as the King."

His lordship also had his confession to make, and agreed that velvet trains, fur capes and crown-pieces, "three sizes too large," were not a costume he cared to adopt for every-day wear.

"But," he added, "in splendid effectiveness, in order, in display, and in satisfaction at the *fait accompli*, the magnificent ceremonial was a great and unqualified success" — and we heartily echoed his opinion.

We had arranged to witness the illuminations in Clubland at night, and so "make a day of it," as the

Professor said. As no vehicles were allowed, I endeavored on our return home to shut out the day's giddy panorama, and take a rest before the evening's excursion afoot. But as I rested, half-slumbering, half-awake, I heard Mammy in the room adjoining, vainly trying to soothe the baby to sleep after the exciting events of the day. Doris was, however, wide-awake and persistently begged "des a teeny-weeny fairy tale, Mammy dear." To quiet her, and perhaps to rehearse for herself the vivid scenes of the day, Mammy said appeasingly: "All right, honey chile, you listen now to yo' ole Mammy," and then she began:

"Oncst dey was a han'some young gem'man, nominated de Prince ob Whales. His given Christyun name war Albu't Edwu'd, but he war called Prince ob Whales, 'cause he war de bigges' fish in de pond, nex' to de King an' Queen fishes. His pa war daid long 'fore dis time I'se telling you 'bout, but his ma war active an' 'ficiatin' still, not troublin' de watahs 'zactly, but jes' lettin' all de fishes know she war dar, ev'y now an' den. She jes' es kind — on'y she wouldn' stan' no nonsinse. When some de lady fish switched roun' sportin' too bright colors, an' distractin' too much 'tention, er de gem'man fishes stayed out in de middle o' de pond galivantin' roun' too frisky she'd let 'em heah f'om her, sho' nough."

Where Mammy had secured her intimate knowledge of London's social circles it is difficult to say, unless from "Mis' de Vere's maid."

"Den bimeby, a big fracas crop up out in anurr pond, way off whar de Queen-fish owned a lot ob urr

fish — gol'-fishes dese heah was. Dey say dey don't git dey rights, dat de big brown fish in de pond out dar, want all de gol' deysel's, 'cause dey was dar fus', an' wouldn' gib 'em es much es dey craved, an' natchully mus' hab, fer dey daily diet, to keep 'em nourished proper, es gol'-fish thinks dey's got ter be. Den de Queen's 'visers bein' so fur off, an' not believin' dat brown fish was es good er es pow'ful es gol'-fish nohow, an' wantin' dat gol'-fish pond mighty much deysel's — gol' bein' purtty skeerce in de home-pond jes' den; dey sen' word to de gol' fish, jes' ter flop dey tails in de brown fishes' face, an' say, 'Tails, you lose; hails, we win!' But de brown fish say, 'Wait an' see!' So a big fish-scrap begin. But de brown fish dey been dar longes', an' dey know ev'y nook an' cranny in de pond, so dey could play hide an' go seek wid dem gol'-fish, an' beat 'em mos' ev'y time.

So dey helt out strong, nuver lettin' on how few dey was, nur how hungry an' hard-up; an' dey skairt de gol'-fish so bad wid dey tricks an' traps, dat lots ob 'em got cotched, an' many ob de rest gone daid. An' de sick ones come back to de home-pond so fas', bringin' dey daid brudders to dey pore mas an' pas, dat de pore ole Queen-fish bein' sich a good-hearted lady couldn' stan' it no longer, an' she jes' natchully died ob a broken heart. Den ev'ybody so sorry 'cause dey b'lieved she'd nuver 'a' got inter a fracas, ef it hadn' been fer dem res'less, onquiet men her 'visers, wantin' ter gobble up de urth an' sea, an' all dat in 'em is, an' de fullnes' dereob," said Mammy, repeating Scripture with great satisfaction in support of her narrative.

"Well, den," she resumed, "de Prince ob Whales he gits to be King-fisher hisse'f — on'y he ain' de reel King tell dey puts de crown ob his gran'fathers an' fourfathers on his haid. Dis all happen in de cold black winter-time. Den dey has a big fish council, an' dey 'cides it'll be bettah ef dey waits tel summer come roun', an' dey kin tek off dere mou'nin' fo' de Queen an' look peart an' gay in colors. An' what's mo' important, dey says, by dat time de great ocean (what we come crost in de big ship, honey,) gits all thawed out, an' dey cousins, de gol'-fish f'om 'Meriky kin come ovah, an' git rid ob some ob dere gol' in de ole home-pond. Dem fishes war a schemin' lot, warn't dey, honey?" laughed Mammy. "So dey 'pinted a day in June when mos' ob de 'Merikin gol'-fish is easies' cotched, an' den dey waited an' talk all de yeah roun' 'bout de prospecks ob de weather, an' how de King's gran' robes an' de Queen's powfu' long train mus' be made in Inglun, to please all de fishes in de home pond," said Mammy, beginning to mix her metaphors sadly.

The baby must have detected this incongruity, or else she had the usual disbelief in fish-stories, for presently a little voice, so tired as to be almost fretful, protested vigorously: "But Mammy, zat are not a nice fairy tale. Zat are a fish-story. Doris wants a boo'ful fairy tale like Cindewella, wif a golden-haired Pwincess an' Kings an' Queens an' a fairy god-muvver in it,—an' nobody daid!"—she said emphatically, explaining her objection to the fish-story.

"Yass! yass! honey-darlin'," said Mammy, consolingly, "we'se comin' to all dat. Dis am a true

fish-story fust," (fancy!) "an' a fairy-tale like Cindyrelly all de res', on'y de fish turns into de fairies like de caterpillow into de butterfly, you know, darlin'.

"Now, sense de King stopped bein' Prince ob Whales, dis ain't a fish-story no longer, but jes' plain gospel troof, an' a reelly trooly fairy-tale. Dey done git as far as 'pintin' de day fer de Crownation, an' de King, he pinin' roun' so many weary yeahs waitin' fer dat crown, got anxiouser an' anxiouser as de time snailed by, fer fear he'd miss it arfter all, tell jes' afore de ve'y day, he couldn' bear up no longer, an' he bruk clean down, an' couldn' hol' his haid up even fer de crown, nur nuthin', an' folks said he sho'ly gwine ter die, an' git a heabenly crown, instid.

"Den his fairy god-muvver, she step into de Pallus right lively, an' she brung de bes' doctor-men she could find. An' dey come wid some nasty med'cine,—it tasted drefful bad, some like parrygoric; but de King he set up like a good boy," said Mammy, improving the occasion to the detriment of royal dignity, "an' gulped it all down in a minit, ar' pres'ny all his bad feelin's 'vaperated, an' he begin to look younger'n uvah he had, people said, sense he was bawn. De Queen-lady," Mammy went on, "she nussed him an' tended him, an' one day, when he was asleep, she tuk some de wonderful med'cine, too, an' when he waked up, she looked younger'n her own daughters, like we seed her to-day, honey." Mammy seemed to feel in duty bound to explain this transformation. Considering the marvelous effect on the royal couple, I could hardly restrain my curiosity as to the life-giving elixir, when the baby came to my rescue with a wistful question :

"Was ze med'cine pallygolic, weelly and twooly, Mammy, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, it tasted like dat," said Mammy, judicially, "but it might 'a' had a drap ob pep'mint, er a li'le ippycack-you-hannah in it." I quote these constituents on Mammy's authority, hoping I am not rashly revealing a State secret, or any treasured formula of *materia medica*. "'Twarn't no shugah-pills, dough," she said scornfully, "it had a reel searchin' taste an' smell, mind." Virginia had tried homeopathy several times, much to the baby's delight and Mammy's equally profound disgust, and this was her opportunity to get even with "dem shugah-pills."

"Den, jes' see what happened arfter he tuk dat med'cine," said Mammy, eager not to let a chance like this escape. "His fairy god-muvver, she promised she'd mek it all up to him, jes' like Cindyrelly's. An' while de King was away on a voyage in a big ship like de Coon-yarder, she went ovah a-callin' at Buck-'em Pallus, fer she said 'when de cat's away, de mice will play,' an' sho 'nough, nobody bein' at home, an' de servants kin' ob keerless, she found a lot o' mice an' rats runnin' roun' loose in de back yard, right to her han'. An' she teched 'em wid her wand, like a long golden kitchin poker, an' dere was dem eight boo'ful white hosses we seed dis mornin' drawin' de glass coach. Den she turned a lot ob plump black an' white kitties into dem footmen wid de black jockey caps an' white breeches, an' set 'em ter gallopin' roun' de gyardin hoss-back, so es ter git used to it, 'fore de King come back, so dey won't spill him out'n de kerridge."

"But, Mammy, where did ze glass coach come f'om, an' was it 'zackly like Cindewella's?" pursued the eager little voice again.

"I'se comin' to dat," said Mammy, composedly, as if she were approaching her masterpiece: "den she foun' a mons'ous big watah-milyun in de pantry what a rich 'Merikin gem'man had sent de King ter mek him bettah, an' it sho'ly would 'a' cured him, ef he'd had it sooner,—an' she tech her wand to it, an' it bust right open, an' tu'ned into dat gran' red an' gold glass coach we seed to-day, wid de golden angels, jes' like dey lit down on it right outer heaben, a-blowin' dey ho'ns."

Nothing but a "watah-milyun" with its heavenly accompaniments, could have measured up to this emergency in Mammy's estimation.

"Den de King an' Queen reterminated ag'in to de Pallus de same day, an' dey find ev'ything right spang up ready, 'cause de fairy god-muvver she been cuttin' roun' lively. Dey both tuk anurr dose ob dat nasty med'cine dat night"—Oh, Mammy! you sly old diplomat, how could you introduce that again?—"an' in de mornin' dey was both es good es noo, an' de King, he say he nuver felt pearter in all his life, an' jes' es leave do dis Crownation biznis ev'y day, he felt so made ovah. Den dey all dress in de gran' clo'es de fairy god-muvver perwide 'em—all velvit, an sattun an' white fur capes. Don't think dey kin be any pussycats lef' in dis town, arfter all dem capes an' mantillys was made. Den de percession come stately f'om de Pallus, down de Moll, past de lake wid de ducks in de Pawk. You 'member feedin' 'em, Mis' Doris?"

"Yes, I 'members," piped the little voice, assenting.

"Den all de so'jers passes on hossback, settin' up straight an' salutin' dem two hard fighters—Lawd Kitchinger an' Lawd Robbuts, what some folks called 'Bob' right to his face, de shameless creetuahs! Den come de noo Prince an' Princess ob Whales; but dey don't count much now, 'cause dey hain't much 'speryence yit. Den wid de canyons roarin' an' de people shoutin' like mad, come de gran' watah-milyun coach, wid de King a-settin' kinder low down, wid a big cush'in cap ob red velvit an' fur on his haid, to keep him f'om ketchin' col', tel dey pour de ile ob gladness on him an' fastens on de crown, an' de Queen a bowin' an' smilin' like a young girl angel.

"An' pres'ny dey 'rive at de great tower meetin'-house. An' dey goes slow an' stately up de aisle like a weddin', er like I does in de Richmun' meetin'-house, to drop my nickel in de 'lection basket,'" said Mammy, reminiscently, forgetful of the injunction "Let not thy right hand know," etc.

"Den de King set on de throne wid de stone fer de seat—mighty hard an' onfeelin' it was fer a sick man, too.

"Den de Ark-bishop, he axed de King would he be good to widder men wid orphan chilluns. He axed him dat twicst ovah, an' some say he made a mistake, but he knowed what he war about, I reckon. De King say he would,—knowin' how awfu' it would be to be lef' wid a passel ob chillun, an' no wimmen folks aroun'. Den de bishup, he dropped a teaspoonfu' ob ile on his haid, an' rubbed it in, so he shouldn't ketch col'. Den dey removed de ugly fur cap, an' started

to put on dat gran' shiny gol' crown, what come down from his fourfathers an' mothers. But de po' old bishup was so comfusticated, he put de crown on hine side fo' most, an' de King wid all dese mis'ries jes' despairin' now lest he'd nuver git crowned at all, turned it right roun', an' crowned hisse'f.

"Den de canyons boomed, an' all de people shouted right out loud in chu'ch — so overpowered wid gladness was dey — 'long lib de King!' Den de Ark-bishop ob Cant'bury had to kiss de King on de cheek, but he war so f'ustrated de King wouldn' turn to him de urr also. Don't know why dey called him 'can't-bury', 'cause dey was a sight ob urr things 'sides buryin' he couldn't do, but I reck'n his feelin's overcome him.

"Den de Prince ob Whales kissed his Pa, an' de King kissed him back, an' gib him a good squeeze showin' right in publick how much he loved dat boy. An' when de King was crowned, de ristycrats all put on dey crowns, but dey was a collapsin' sight, de Markis say — some ob 'em comin' down to dey yeahs, like a can'le 'stinguisher, an' dey was so out o' sight, you'd hardly reck'n eny Urls, er Dooks, er Lawds was dar at all.

"Den de lovely Queen was crowned in her gran' gold robe, made in Indy an' Paris, wid de train yards an' yards long, an' de mons'ous sparklin' jewel on her brow what an' Indy Prince went bankrup' jes' to give her, — but its light warn't nuthin' to de glory on her face when she knowed de great long wait war ovah.

"Den de canyons an' de bells, all ragin' like mad, signified it all come to an end. An' de ve'y fus' ker-

ridge to drive back home was dem li'le r'yalties, wid dey nuss — so tired an' sleepy dey could hardly keep dey eyes open, dough one ob 'em, li'le Prince Eddie, in de blue an' white sailor-suit, I 'spec's will hab' to weah dat big heaby crown hisse'f one o' dese days. Mebbe, he kinder 'spicioned dat, and hurried back to git rested up — fer purtty soon dey was all at Mar'boro' House, an' dey ole nuss was busy puttin' 'em all soun' 'sleep, like dey hadn't seen all dem gran' doin's. Sh-sh-sh! Sh-sh-sh!" whispered Mammy, softly, suiting the action to the word.

"An' Mammy," murmured the dreamy little voice, "is ze King dot — dot his trown on now, all wight? An' — won't he lose it, like — like Cindewella's slipper, never no more?"

"No, indeedy, honey. He's got it on now, sho' nough.

' An' all de King's hosses an' all de King's men,
Cyan't tek de crown off de King's haid ag'in! '"

said Mammy, improvising a royal version of the quaint old nursery rhyme. "You kin jes' let yo' li'le min' res' easy now, darlin', — an' all de res' ob us too,—" she said, sharing the universal sigh of relief. "Yass, bress de good Lawd!" and Mammy echoed the great Te Deum which earlier in the day had repeated in every breast the message of the loud voiced cannon to the waiting nation, and the world — "De King am crowned — am crowned at las'!"

Then as the little maid still turned restlessly, she endeavored to efface the distracting vision of kings and queens by a more familiar memory, for presently I heard the strains of

“ ‘Mongst pleasures an’ palluses dough we may roam,
Be it niver so humly, dey’s no place like home.”

But this “humly” comparison could hardly have satisfied either of the twain, for once more the tired little voice murmured dreamily :

“ Now Mammy dear, swing low — meetin’-fashion — won’t you ? ”

“ Sho’ darlin ” ; comforted the old nurse, and then cradling the little form in her motherly arms, she swayed back and forth, as she had done so often within the sacred walls of the “ Baptis’ meetin’-house,” crooning over and over again :

“ Den swing low, sweet char-yut,
Swing low, sweet char-yut,
Comin’ fo’ to cyar me home.”

But almost before the words of the old darkey melody had ceased, that beneficent ruler of great and small, of royalty and commoners alike—the “ sandman ” held them fast in his embrace,—for as I peeped through the doorway, I saw that the “ sweet charyut ” of dreamland had “ swung low ” and carried them both far, far away to the land of Nod.

25 10/11/10



University of
Connecticut
Libraries
